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TITLE OF THESIS/*TITRE DE LA THÈSE* IN SEARCH OF TIME AND SELF: PERSONAL AND DEVELOPMENTAL PERSPECTIVES

UNIVERSITY/*UNIVERSITÉ* UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

DEGREE FOR WHICH THESIS WAS PRESENTED/ *GRADE POUR LEQUEL CETTE THÈSE FUT PRÉSENTÉE* Ph. D

YEAR THIS DEGREE CONFERRED/*ANNÉE D'OBTENTION DE CE GRADE* 1978

NAME OF SUPERVISOR/*NOM DU DIRECTEUR DE THÈSE* DR. BRUCE C. BAIN

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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

IN SEARCH OF TIME AND SELF:
PERSONAL AND DEVELOPMENTAL PERSPECTIVES

by

© STEVEN S. SCOFIELD

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE

OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

IN

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

FALL, 1978

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled IN SEARCH OF TIME AND SELF: PERSONAL AND DEVELOPMENTAL PERSPECTIVES submitted by STEVEN S. SCOFIELD in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Educational Psychology, Human Development.

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External Examiner

Date June 19/78....

DEDICATION

To Stephen W. Lewis: co-responsive friend, and mentor. He knows better than most, the real meaning of being-in-the-world.

PREFACE: FROM MY OWN LIFE

As I begin this book, I am aware that most prefaces are revealed after the text has been written, in effect, as an after-thought which uses the brilliance of hindsight. Many too, are presented as if the body proper, constitutes an enormous unknown quantity; as if the author really does not know what is to follow. And with great humility and trepidation, he prays to the reader to accept his modest effort, as a significant work. I think such a presentation is begging the question, asking us to believe that the writer knows little or nothing about the quality of his already finished product. It is a bad example of the reversibility of time.

This preface is being written before the body of the book has been conceived, let alone revealed. It is truly a pre-face, pointing in tone and substance to a time which is being announced now, but which is nevertheless undefined and undetermined. Recognizing time's rightful control in this manner, is not without its attendent bothers, however.

Every time I write about "Time," the beginnings are achieved only after a lengthy approach-avoidance conflict is resolved. Perhaps it is understandable that before I actually begin to write, these conceptual tasks *do* appear to be beyond my reach. (Maybe they are. But I think not.)

It is interesting that while I despise the dis-ease I feel in coming to terms with the demands of this work, it is from just such avoidance that I seem to learn the most about it —— learning by complementary opposites, as it were, as in knowing about death by the act of living. The avoidance ultimately leads me to the right approach, because it makes me aware of what is most important, of the priorities. At the very moment that I say, "I can't do this because...," an entirely other universe rears its head behind my every word, demanding equal time and equal consideration: The "No" hides the "Yes"; the "Later" hides the "Now." In effect, the avoiding prepares the way for many half-articulated truths to present themselves, even though their rational explication will have to await further developments.

Now, all I have to do is write 250 or 300 pages, each of which must necessarily relate to the others. No small task to be sure, this thesis. But the greatest battle is already won...that with my self: *I am* writing.

I remember the very first time I wrote a long paper: I was in a Grade Eight English class in the Junior High School in Union Springs, New York, population 1,200. The year was 1962. For that, my first "term paper" ever, I chose the topic, "France" —— no subtitle, no colon with additional information forthcoming —— just "France."

It appears that even in 1962, I was drawn to rather holistic topics. That "epic" about our august, continental neighbor, covered everything from succession of kings and decisive military battles, to a "quick review" of French culture. And the pièce de résistance was five, full pages of *National Geographic* color plates.

Well, no surpirse! Here I am, sixteen years later, still writing about BIG topics. I guess some things never change.... Thank you, Plato! And thanks to Plato and company, we know, too, that change and permanence are not contradictory, especially in the human realm. In many essential ways I am still the same person who wrote that charming twenty page paper, years ago. And of course, in multitudinous other ways, I've moved, grown, developed, and in effect changed, beyond the recognition of that thirteen-year-old boy, and at times beyond the recognition of the man he became.

It often feels as if I have come full circle, or at least to the end of one more circle. Here I am, embarking on the most significant piece of writing I have ever attempted, a very large piece of my life —— so momentous, so huge and self-consuming that I do understand why it is that I avoided coming to it for so long: I am more than a little afraid of how this book will transform my life. For just as writing that term paper on France molded my academic consciousness, so this present work will no doubt modify my life consciousensss. The difference amounts to much more than sixteen years, more than just time passing, or growing older. The difference is in time lived, time used, time experienced, and time abused.

Could I possibly write a book about the *experience* of time, without opening *my* hopes, fears, memories, desires —— in short, *my* life, to the consequences of such an undertaking? I think not, because the more removed I make "time" from my self, my consciousness, the more removed will be my ability to understand and write about it. But I am not at all sure now, whether this close juncture between my self and "time" is because *it* comes to me, or because *I* am looking for it (Perhaps I shall answer that question later). For the present, I do know that without my person at the center of this effort, it is doomed to failure.

Earlier, when I said that I felt as if I were recycling my own "natural" inclination towards holistic inquiry, I did not mean that fate has forced its ironic hand again, nor did I mean to imply that

I have made a continuous and conscious effort to return to earlier modes of thinking and analysis. The situation is hardly that simplistic. It is, in fact, as complex as existence, as life itself —— my own life being representative of a thousand and one others.

I was a child of that nearly infamous and tenuous entity-nonentity, called the American Middle Class, circa 1950's-60's. It constituted, and perhaps continues to constitute, the most shocking and paradoxical set of values ever housed under the same rubric. I have, even now, the most vivid image of churches, flags, factories, golden rules, money, appliances and cars, and "speedy" people —— all combined into the most contradictory collage entitled, "WHY *THINK* ABOUT YOURSELF, WHEN YOU CAN *DO* FOR OTHER PEOPLE?" This protestant, puritan hangover was so oriented to the "out-there" that it is no wonder that Watson and Skinner (*et. al.*) have written as they did, for they too, were middle-class, American brats.

Anyway, I remember feeling (knowing) from very early on, certainly before my primary schooling, that "People are what they do;" that I would become happy, well adjusted (and helpful, courteous, brave, clean and reverent as well, since I was a Boy Scout) if I did good things. Of course the "Catch 22" was that this category of "Good Things" was not what one could call creative, undefined, or openended. It was in fact, very proscribed, value-laden and instrumental. Calvin, Luther and Wesley would have been proud!

The outcome of this incredibly didactic and external focus, was that we were sold on anything that was bigger, faster, tougher, or otherwise "better." *Everything* was resulting in *nobody*.

No-body stopped to consider that our need to surround ourselves with "better" was conspiring with the already entrenched tendency to ignore self-consciousness. So the trends continued: toward the equation, "Buy more = more happy," and away from the equation, "Grow more = more happy." We chose and/or had pushed on us by the Great American Machine, productivity at the expense of human processes, at the expense of viewing our lives as a continuing creation, filled with our own affect, activity and meaning.

It is not surprising then, that as usual, events developed into a neat little package, albeit stuffed with dreams, myth and repression. Nor is it surprising that such repression so often became oppression, and vice versa. Schools stressed facts and passing exams; industry pushed workers towards ever greater yields; government "blew their horns" over their accomplishments and ultimately sold out to Big Business amid a hoopla of campaign promises.... And everwhere, "things" and "doing" appeared to be winning-out over "human beings" and "becoming."

In the midst of all of this, there I was, a fat, peri-pubescent, eighth grader, writing a term paper on France; a paper which, while "good," was nevertheless a compilation of facts and figures, of chronological events and tourist information.

So embedded was I in the Middle American Ethic, that I wrote about many parts, and never really knew there was a whole, much less that it mattered. Yet the topic *was* big and not given to easy dissection, just as "Time" is that sort of subject. But the difference again, is lived time. Whereas that thirteen-year-old boy, in his naïveté, did not know that life can be seen either as bits and pieces of behavior, or as a coherent life of thoughts, directions, reasons, hopes, fears, and choices, I, the thirty-year-old man, now know that life is understood best and appreciated most, if we look at what is there, inside and out, as a life-in-process, or as a reality which has changed before, and which will doubtless change again. And that is really all the difference in the world. That is the experience of time about which I am writing, the time of lives-in-process.

This feeling of time is so grounded in human consciousness that it is as a veneer on our souls, a birth and death mark at once. It is based on the depth and significance of our relationships to people, places and events, no less that its limits depend upon the limitations we, ourselves, impose upon our consciousness.

I have lived a long ways, and many times over, since I was a child in Union Springs, New York. It feels good and reassuring to have finally found a psychology which is consonant with a positive view of human nature. It makes me feel hopeful and grateful, as well. My time is still happening: Welcome home, Steve.

Edmonton, Alberta
October 23, 1977
S.S.S.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Unremitting thanks...

To Dr. Bruce Bain, for his guidance and support throughout this project, and especially for all the ways and all the times he "went to bat" for me, when I was really needing someone.

To Dr. W.H.O. Schmidt, for his warm Platonic ideas and Socratic method, but especially for putting them together in *Child Development*.

To Dr. Juanita Chambers, for her honesty, warm intuitive dialogue, and insightful clinical mind. She has always appreciated me.

To Dr. Max Van Manen, for his willingness to support and educate me co-responsively, and for his recognition that politics and good education are inseparable.

To Professor Fred Clandfield, for his openness to my need to bring art and science back to a proper interface, and for his fine literary mind and sensitive criticism.

To Dr. Martin Nystrand, for being an intelligent and sensitive acausal connecting principle.

To Tom Edge, for his support and bibliographic help.

To Diane Davidson, for typing this humongous thing.

To the staff of the Edmonton Public and University of Alberta Library Systems, for all their assistance.

And most importantly, to Cheryl, Steve, Tom, Jo, Rosa, Doug, and all of my other friends who know the difference between being *human* and being *Homo sapiens*: We are the ones who know the true meaning of "care."

Additional Acknowledgment:

The use of the masculine pronoun, "he," is used for the sake of literary cohesion, and is not, in any way, intended to reflect a sexist bias. (Perhaps I'll write my next book with "she" throughout).

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AN AFTERTHOUGHT AS PRELUDE

What you are about to read, is one person's personal and studied account of the experience of time. In this account you will find that there are numerous and paradoxical conjunctions which summate human experience-in-time, in this culture: hopes and fears; affect and intellect; intuition and reason; individuality and conformity; self and others; the potential of choice and the actuality of choosing; the filling of time and the fulfillment of a life-in-process; being and nothingness; re-creation and re-production; the possible and the probable; the linear and holistic; confrontation and repression; openness to the future and adaptation to the past, and many, many others.

These polarities of human existence are examined in the light of the various abstract and concrete realities which serve to structure the psychological fabric of time, and which, in return, are themselves defined in time and by it: consciousness, affect, language, work and leisure, death and dying, and education. They are described both from the point of view of adult and early childhood experience, as well as from the conjunction of individual and cultural phenomena. The focus, however, is quite clearly on the person-in-time.

To that extent, my purposes in writing this book are multifold:

1. To reaffirm a positive, creative image of man.
2. To reassert the priority of the future, in the personal construction of a temporal perspective.
3. To describe as fully as possible, the kinds of human events which fill, fulfill, destroy, create, or otherwise constitute one's perception of time.

4. To return ethics and value to psychology and education, in the form of care and responsibility, vis-a-vis the meaning of *being human*.
5. To support a more balanced interface between intuition and intellect; reason and feeling, and therefore, between art and science, also.
6. To raise my own and the reader's consciousness of the importance of time in the study of human development and education.

And given these more or less intentional motivations, the reader is now invited to the future: IN SEARCH OF TIME AND SELF.

"I sought myself."

—Heraclitus

CHAPTER ONE

AN IMAGE OF MAN: THE NECESSITY OF THE FUTURE

> Who then will not wonder at this chameleon of ours, or who could wonder more greatly at anything else? For it was man who, on the ground of his mutability and of his ability to transform his own nature, was said by Asclepius of Athens to by symbolized by Prometheus in the mysteries.
>
> —— from *The Dignity of Man* by Giovanni Della Mirandola, 1486.

> We never know how high we are
> Till we are called to rise;
> And then, if we are true to plan,
> Our statues touch the skies.
>
> The heroism we recite
> Would be a daily thing,
> Did not ourselves the cubits warp
> For fear to be a king.
>
> —— Emily Dickinson, J 1176, 1870.

I

In one sense, it can be validly stated that time is history, and that history is time. But upon closer examination, it becomes apparent that this is a statement of equation, equally weighted, only if we grant to the past a superordinate position in time. If that is the case —— that we believe it is the past which determines individual and cultural lives —— then the equation, time equals history, can be said to be true. However, that does not appear to be the whole story.

When someone says, "Time will tell...", he usually means that events will be assessed as to their value, truth, and effect, only from a retrospective stance, from the viewpoint of history. Indeed, it is easy to have expanded perception of an event, or person, *post facto*, so much so that it is part of our Western bias to ascribe cause and effect relationships in history, as if they justify our present moments.

We begin with our present time, the "now," and move backwards historically, until we find the causes of the current events. We then move forward from this rather arbitrary causation, following events along, to the present, again. And with a "eureka!" we think we have discovered the true circumstances of the present, as if the future could not be the cause of anything.

More than this quirk of logic, the paradox is that history, itself, has demonstrated repeatedly, that the future is never "determined" by the past. Human experience is always too variably affected by choice and chance to be even closely predicated on antecedent events. It is more likely that man feels some comfort in looking to the past for answers, not because hindsight is more comforting, but because foresight is more difficult, and because death lies somewhere down the road. But time is much more than history, just as history is but a fraction of time. To believe otherwise is exactly the trap that has led many powerful figures in history to search the past for answers to their present situation. And in some cases, war genocide, tyranny and subversion have been the result.

By its very nature, the past will never provide sufficient answers to present questions. It can offer expert advice, clues and warnings, but the solutions proper must come from the demands of the present —— a present which is necessarily focused upon a constantly changing future. It is in one's aspirations and anticipations, based in the present moments, that truly creative solutions are to be found; not in the past, no matter how exactly it duplicates the present characteristics. That is the curiosity of change: It inquires as to the evolution of the new, the different, and its very essence directs us to the future, not to the past.

Moreover, it is man that creates history and culture in the same movements of his body and mind that give birth to art, dance, poetry, myth, ritual and science. And it is only in such creations of individual man that collective, cultural experience receives any credence, at all. This is true, not only for the likes of Copernicus, Newton, Freud or Einstein, although their contributions are more apparently individual. Every man is a creator, a contributor, if he believes he is. One need only recognize his life as a process to see that. "The times create the man", only if he feels controlled; only if he feels that he is an historical artifact, and not a significant historical event: a life which continuously creates and re-creates.

Even that most august recorder of the past, the historian, re-creates history just as he re-creates his own personal past. He does this from the point of view of his own experience, replete with biases, needs, anticipations, and individually chosen symbols. One need only look at the variously changing interpretations of any set of events, at different times, to quickly realize how arbitrarily, if honestly, history is altered. For it is not only the incessant accumulation of new events and facts which changes the face of the past, it is also a matter of man's interpretation of what has already gone by. In fact, we have no choice but to choose *how* we shall recreate our own past as well as the history of the collective. To choose to merely reproduce the past is to lose touch with change, with time.

But to say that human beings must continuously re-create and refine the details of their lives, also means that this changing perspective varies according to our feelings about what is happening to us: whether or not we feel controlled, whether or not we feel afraid of the future, and ultimately whether or not we can live fully in the face of finite existence. Hence the historian, poet, farmer, politician and teacher, alike, interpret the events of their lives, and those of the culture, according to their own experience in the world. And not surprisingly, they all have different perspectives on most things —— history, art, religion, and ultimately, different views about the nature of man.

And so it goes: Some have always seen man as essentially rational, creative, dignified and free to choose. Others have viewed man as essentially bestial, re-productive, controlled and controlling: Protagoras was re-created by Plato, St. Augustine, Erasmus, Kant, Rousseau, Marx, Husserl and so on. Democritus was re-created by Aristotle, the stoics, Thomas Aquinas, Locke, Hume, Watson, Freud and so on, too.

History has certainly shown us that the issue over man's nature is not a new one. It has been the first and last pronouncement, and will likely continue to be so. No man can escape such an important choice: What conception of man does he choose to believe, or oppositely to reject? Is man the pinnacle of earlier evolution, and now a particular evolution of his own, or is he simply a consequence of evolution, or even a survival? Can man be a king, or can he only be another creature?

II

Emily Dickinson was one of the first, great poets of the modern English-speaking world. Her insights into the nature of man's existence, its polarities —— life and death; anxiety and joy; friendship and lonliness —— indicate that she was a truly existential poet, as well. History has not obscured the fact that nearly one-hundred years ago, she gave expression to her recognition that man is his own greatest victimizer; that it is man himself who inhibits his own potential, his "plan to touch the skies".

Her openness and sensitivity to man's potential for creativity, caring, and responsibility, and all of the implied opposites, made her much more a spokesperson for the twentieth century, than for the Victorian New England, in which she lived. Few people in her own time could either understand or appreciate her humanistic ideas. She was considered an "eccentric spinster," and few of her poems received public acclaim until after her death in 1886. Now, of course, she is considered to have been a genius of rare brilliance. But that is simply an irony of time. The sad fact is that probably no more than seven of her poems were printed during her lifetime.[1]

While Dickinson would be gratified by some of the changes her fellow beings have made in the past hundred years, she would also be greatly pained by the evidence that we still "fear to be a king," and that in fact, the reasons why, are essentially the same. How is it then, that man has come to so severely circumscribe his own potential, his powers to become...?

Before a conclusion is too readily reached (metaphorically or actually) that it is "fear of the gods" that inhibits us, let me say quickly that this is not so. While some people may be afraid of incurring the "immortal anger"—— that anger is man's own creation, just as the gods before whom he cowers are his creation. No, it is not the gods: We, the creators are responsible, now, as always. Our own creations in image, idol, myth, ritual and language have warped the true measure of our-selves. We have given assent by voice, silence, and otherwise choice, to a view of human nature which is not only restrictive, but destructive as well.

In fear of each other, we have come to be man-tearing-down-man, in order that none shall be a king with a human face, in order that none shall care or be co-responsible. In fear and consensus we have withdrawn from our-selves and each other, at first believing that we must not strive, and eventually that we cannot strive. We move one step closer towards becoming a survival, an outmoded relic ——"Hollow Men" as Eliot called us.

In an ironic tone of voice, Loren Eiseley has summarized well the reality of this choice, between continual movement towards the great abyss, as it were, and getting on with the development of our distinctly human potential.

> "Everything changes with time". And so it does, but let us be as realistic as the gentleman [the technocrat] would wish. It may be we who go. I am just primitive enough to hope that somewhere, somehow, a cardinal may still be whistling on a green bush when the last man goes blind before his man-made sun.[2]

How have we come to view ourselves as this man who appears to be in the process of destroying himself? How have we come to feel simultaneously controlled, controlling, and out of control?

Essentially, I think the answers lie not in what man really is, but rather in what we have been "sold" to believe he is, or at least what we have chosen to believe he is. No view of human nature is provable, or otherwise reducible to statistical evidence. Man is.... That is provable. But what he is, is never so easily ascertained, for that is a matter of one's world view and of one's assessment of self-in-the-world. In short, we believe what we *will* about man: That he fundamentally "is..." versus that he fundamentally "does..."

To my chagrin, it appears that many people are all too easily sold on the "doing" facet of man —— that he *does* X, Y, Z and¶ r^2, and therefore *is* A, B, C, and whatever else. In effect then, we think that if man does controlling, destructive things, those behaviors constitute his essence, his humanity. How could we have lost sight of the significant idea that even essentially "good" men can still do "bad" things? Kathleen Nott puts the issue in proper perspective, it seems to me, when she says,

> We are often bad tempered, malicious, envious, covetous, but there is no convincing evidence that as a species we are inherently destructive, intra-specifically or inter-specifically. We suffer much more from want of imagination, and even our cruelties arise more often than not from callousness rather than from sadism.[3]

It does seem clear that we have always had a perverse interest in the callous and sensationalistic aspects of our-selves, and perhaps that is because we choose not to look at the interesting, the exciting that lies within each of us, awaiting our discovery and experience. Whatever the reason for its presence, it has always received undue attention, and has been explicated repeatedly, in works of literature, art and music. But artisans respond, in part, to the climate of their time, as it is reflected by the pre-eminent authority. And so the question must be asked, "Who are the authorities?".

III

First and always, there was the priest or shaman, who, in attempting to control human lives, created the image of evil, sinful man. People listened to their description, and most "bought" what they heard. Religion gave birth to philisophy, economics, politics, and science, but the pervasive influence of man as "sinner" affected these areas of human concern, as well. Hence, centuries later, Darwinism, while rejecting the Biblical interpretation of creation, was nevertheless, itself infused with the controlling, destructive themes which religion had so meticulously developed.

Later still, Freud, profoundly influenced by his own religious-cultural heritage, and by the apparent destructiveness which man evidenced in the beginning decades of the twentieth century, presented us with an image-shattering view, of man as controlled by unconscious, agaggressive feelings. And while his contributions to various fields of human endeavor, are monumental, they are, in part, a legacy of violence and degradation, e.g. woman as second-class citizen, aggression as instinctual, and so on. Part of the problem, as Nott has defined it is in Freud's temporal confusion between origin, cause and nature.

> "...There is here a partial identification of origin, cause, nature. But in practice what we can call "becoming" is disallowed —— the actual ways in which we become what we now are, of which it is inherently absurd to expect a full description, for it depends on continual changes absorbed continually into growth and development."[4]

Nevertheless, Freud's impact on the nature of man, is still with us, and I need not comment further. Suffice to say, that few other individual persons have changed the face of human experience as much as Sigmund Freud.

At about the same time as Freud's career as a brilliant thinker was drawing to a close, Skinner, Hull, and others descending from Watson, were equally filled with a vision of man as passive and manipulated being.

It is a curious commentary on the history of psychological theory that such conflicting schools as behaviorism and Freudianism should have both viewed man in such a negative and reductive manner.

But of course, in the United States, and to a lesser extent in Canada*, we were sold on behaviorism, even more than Freudianism. The former was so "simple" and its promises so grandiloquent: Society, and the individual, can be directed in any manner the psychotechnician determines. It is simply a matter of behavioral control, of programmed reinforcement.

Such reassurances would perhaps have only gained credence in North America, especially in the United States. The complex milieu which technocracy, religion, economic power, and outward-focus, combined to create, was seductive indeed. It was sold, and we bought it for years (see the preface).

At the present time, it might appear, at first glance, that there is no authority reflecting to us an image of our-selves. In fact, there is, but this authority is more slickly impersonal, more anonymous: It is the media. Newspapers, magazines, radio and especially television, have taken over the selling of man's image. And it appears to be doing so at the expense of us all.**

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*Canada has historically found a greater appeal in ecclecticism.

**For a startling vision of man as product of media technocracy, read Jerzy Kozinski's *Being There*. Toronto: Bantam Books, 1972.

This exaggerated focus on the destructive, violent *behaviors* of some men, is presented as if it is really "all the news that's fit to print". What nonsense! The media filters reality as much as any individual does. They *choose* what they present, and too often shirk the responsibility that such immense power carries, in favor of an economically based appeal to sensationalism. Even the most staid, conservative daily papers promote an implicit (or even explicit) image of man according to what they choose to cover, and how they present it. That this appeal is supported —— in fact paid for, by the power-based complex —— is its own sad indictment.

Simultaneously, this lack of media responsibility in supporting a humanistic, creative focus, has combined with the popularization of behaviorism, to effect a thoroughly negative and controlled vision of our human existence. We seem to be all too ready to grab onto whatever current psychological promises are made. And then, the result is bookstores filled with "Do-This-and-That-Books" oriented to making us "feel better", and television and radio shows about behavior modification, or transactional analysis, or Est, or whatever. And while I recognize that these various presentations may make a claim to different theoretical bases, the end result is ultimately, "Do this and you'll feel better." In one sense, this wholesale delivery of "psychological aids" is irresponsibility of the highest order. But on another level, it is simply a sad reflection of the times.

Hence, we now see virtually anybody —— garage mechanics, homemakers, businessmen, and *children*, watching talk shows about behavior modification, followed by news of murder and government sedition, or by an empty-headed and repressive program, which throws together every possible cliche' and stereotype, in an attempt to make us laugh and cry. The result is a conditioned response of the most collusive sort. It is in fact, an Orwellian nightmare, or scenes from *Clockwork Orange*, come true: nightmares created by the same symbolic processes used by others, who create a more positive vision —— a vision where being a king is more related to care and responsibility, than to power and subterfuge.

IV

This other vision, is of man as "creator of an open-ended system" of choices and directions.[5] It is man constituted as an active, striving, cooperative and growing being, who is open to the future, content with his past, and free to choose that which will become his present. It is the view of the radical humanist, and it is in opposition to what might be called "the old guard." This humanistic image of man has been stated before by the likes of Erasmus, Marx and others. In contemporary terms, Philip Slater puts it thus:

> The old culture, when forced to choose, tends to give preference to property rights over personal rights, technological requirements over human needs, competition over cooperation, violence over sexuality, concentration over distribution, the producer over the consumer, means over ends, secrecy over openness, social forms over personal expression, striving over gratification, Oedipal love over communal love, and so on. The new counterculture tends to reverse all of these priorities.[6]

I admit that these images and symbols are as much a creation of one world view, as the symbols of control and aggression are of Skinner's, Freud's, and the media. But the point is this: If words and images constitute the primary means by which I interact with nature, then I can *choose* words and images which construct a positive sense of who and what man is.

We do not see "evil" or "good" in organic nature, itself. It does not display its cruelty and gentleness to us directly. We interpret and understand it because of the forms of symbolic mediation used. We can choose a whole array of symbols and images which necessarily imply different meanings for our experience in-the-world. And even when my contact with the world *demands*, or calls up the use of a particular word, it is still my choice, my word, and it is I who confer significance or not. As Cassirer has put it, "The word is open to every form which thought wishes to imprint upon it, for it is itself no independent being, no concrete, substantial thing, but first takes its meaning from the predicative sentence and from the context of speech."[7]

Following the lead of Cassirer, Matson, Langer and others, I have chosen to no longer believe that which I have been told to believe about the nature of human beings. I have quite oppositely come to recognize that what I choose to believe, *is* true: That man as I constitute him, is free to choose between good and ill, and that if he is allowed and indeed encouraged to create, grow, and strive actively, he will not choose to be destructive or malicious. But the corollary of that is also true, then. If man-as-man is inhibited in his growth towards becoming a forward-looking, loving and caring being, then he may well become that very destructive and compulsive being, which I reject as his basic tendency.

In other words, any idea of man is built upon words-as-human-experience. And those words are the main link with whatever objective reality exists. Nature is objective reality: the planets move, the wind blows, day and night follow each other in succession, each with duration —— these are "facts" of the objective world. But such facts are only rendered meaningful by my symbolic and imaginal interaction with them.

After a fashion, I do experience some elements of the world directly, so to speak. I breathe air, I feel heat and cold, and so on. Indeed, there is much more of experience which can be had directly, by "listening to the silence." That is the wholistic, *participative* action of the body-in-the-world, as Bain would call it.[8] The nature of this *participation* is that we experience elements directly, and may even know them intuitively. But we do not understand them at that level, for understanding requires reflection, distance, or *contemplation*, as Bain uses the term.[9] And this *contemplative perception* most often requires symbolic processing, or at least reflective imagery. My own view of the nature of man is therefore grounded in my personal reality, my being-in-the-world, which is itself resident in my mediated relationship with nature. There is only meaning where I invest meaning; reality only when I make things, people and events, "real." Reality is *within* me. This is what Cassirer intends when he says,

> We should seek true immediacy not in the things outside us but in ourselves. Not nature, as the aggregate of objects in space and time, but our own ego —— not the world of objects but only the world of our existence, of our existential reality —— seems able to lead us to the threshold of this immediacy. Thus if we wish to see reality itself, free from all infracting media, we must submit to the guidance of inner instead of outward experience. We shall never find the truly simple and ultimate element of all reality in things; but no doubt it may be found in our own consciousness.[10]

V

Cassirer's reference reminds me of an interesting conversation I had not long ago with a close friend. We were talking about the differing psychologies which have arisen from (indeed, are still attached to) various philosophies about human nature. We quickly realized that the very discussion we were engaged in, represented our consciousness of the close tie between our personal orientation to psychology and our fundamental beliefs about the nature of man. But at the same instant, we realized as well, once again, how resistent many psychologists are, to accepting any connection between the two, whatsoever. The issue is frequently dismissed by these people, notably the behaviorists, with a rhetorical question, such as, "What has 'reality' or philosophy of human nature got to do with my orientation to psychology?".

That sort of thinking will ultimately be the Social Learning Theorists' Swansong. But on a more personal, immediate level, the fact is, that at this moment, philosophy is considered most irrelevant by those who are so desperately in need of it. Perhaps it is, that many have simply not articulated their personal philosophy —— that tacit knowing,that even the most uneducated have. I should like to believe that to be the case for many, since it is frightening to me that any psychologist *should not want* to periodically examine his own philosophy. In any case, there is a division of opinion which is quite evident in any gathering of psychologists, and it is interesting, and perhaps a bit disquieting, that this conflict of opinion over things philosophical and scientific —— and hence over the nature of man —— has carried on in psychology for such a long time, as Matson has noted. He voices clearly what we risk in this ongoing controversy.

> "...The division of opinion in psychology —— of ideology and methodology, theory and therapy, assumption and aspiration —— has, if anything, cut deeper and persisted longer than in other fields of study. And in psychology, more explicitly than anywhere else, what is at issue is the *nature and future of man* [emphasis added].[11]

On a practical and urgent level, the issue can be seen at work in both behavioristic teaching and in behavioral therapy. Both student and patient alike are lead to believe, directly or indirectly, that any introspection, intuition, or evaluation of consciousness, is not only pointless, but invalid. Consequently, both newly *trained* (sic) psychologists and teachers, and the people they try to help, lose the only focus which can direct them to the answers they seek, different as those questions may be: They lose their individuality, that uniqueness of person, which is the only source of genuine solutions. In effect, they are, teacher, psychologist and client alike, forced by the behavioral method to look outside of themselves, for answers which lie within, all along. They develop consensual identities because they are induced to reproduce rather than to create. They live in-the-world as a new generation of psychotechnocrats, who continue this tired vision.

And I am not disputing here, that the proper study for psychologists as men of science, is in taking the germ of an idea, an observation, a clue from nature, and explicating its meaning in logical, linear form. We are, I think, all in agreement, relatively speaking, about that task. The apparent problem arises after we examine the methodology, after we look at whether or not the method suits the subject matter. The real issue appears when we ask the question, "Where do we get the *germ* of the idea, the concept, or of the theory or principle?" Does that first glimmer of "knowledge becoming" simply spring from the world-itself, as a completely formed sentence? Does the great scientific, psychological idea suddenly stand-out from the world, as a presentation of objective reality, as a billboard which advertises itself?

The answer is obvious. Regardless of the methodology —— whether it be a behaviorist analysis, a conceptual analysis, Freudian, or what have you —— those very buds from which great scientific ideas stem, arise from our-selves, from the innermost part of our being. They may come to us as a vision, as a missing piece to a puzzle, as a dream, or as a vague image or audible echo. But in any case, *they arise from within a person.*

Of course, part of our being is posited in-the-world, so that clues or hints do come from the "out-there," but the bud, that first stirring towards discovery and knowledge, comes from *within a person* —— scientist, as well as farmer and poet.

Even Albert Einstein, the epitome of scientific genius, spoke of the complementary processes of the internal and the external in science. About his own creative process, he said, "The really valuable thing is intuition."[12]

So it appears to me, that psychology, as a science which necessarily uses philosophical inquiry, (albeit for some, unconsciously), should stop pretending it has no relationship to philosophy. It is clear that the world of living, human beings deserves as much consideration and benefit of all scientific resources, as does the world of inanimate objects. But such an idea presupposes a radical re-conception of science and especially of psychology. As Michael Polanyi, a well-known physicist and philosopher, has said,

> "...A humanistic revisionism can be secured only by revising the claims of science itself. The first task must be to emancipate the biological sciences, including psychology, from the scourge of physicalism; the absurdities now imposed on the sciences of life must be eliminated. The task is difficult, for it calls in question an ideal of impersonal objectivity on which alone we feel it safe to rely. Yet this absurd ideal must be discarded. And if once we succeed in this, we shall find that science no longer threatens man's responsible existence and that we can re-start the great work of the Enlightenment without danger of the traps that have so disastrously ensnared its progress in the present century.[13]

Polanyi's message is still well advised, eighteen years after its publication during the peak of the Cold War years (1959). Some will listen, and many it appears, will not.

It is a sad irony, indeed, that a science which most often claims to study human behavior, behaves itself as if its field of inquiry developed *in vacuuo*, as if Wundt, Freud, Husserl, James and Watson never read Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Liebniz or Kant. And in its haste to rid itself of metaphysics; in its rush to justify its own independence, most of psychology has come to bury its roots, burn its bridges and barricade its doors. The subject of inquiry, man, became the object, alone; persons became behavior; and shorn of any philosophical guidance, psychology has also lost the idea of ethics. In "Logic and Tacit Inference," Polanyi pinpoints this horrendous paradox:

> Behaviourism tries to make psychology into an exact science. It professes to observe—— ie. *look at* pieces of mental behavior and to relate these pieces explicitly. But such pieces can be identified only within that tacit integration of behaviour which behaviourists reject as unscientific. Thus the behaviourist analysis is intelligible only because it paraphrases, however crudely, the tacit integration which it pretends to replace.[14]

VI

Enough about behaviorism, for now, because there have been, all along, psychologists with a different vision of mankind, though admittedly this collective voice has often been drowned out amid the din of technocracy. In Europe, these humanists, descending from the Kantian belief in man as the noble center of reality, continued to counteract the negativistic conception of man, both from the Watsonian and Freudian traditions. There were Husserl and Heidegger, and their phenomenological tradition; Dilthey and the Gestaltists; Stern, Lewin, and Bühler. In the United States, were the Allports, and others descending from James, McDougall and Dewey, and in Canada people like Blatz and Kellogg. All were working towards a unified, holistic concept of man as active, psychological being.

Later still, the Neo-Freudians, Horney, Sullivan, Fromm and others, not wanting to accept the pessimistic view of "the master," joined to voice a conception of man as active, creative, and choosing. This Humanistic Psychology as it became known, waxed and waned through the decades of behaviorist ascendency, but never did it falter in its vision of man.

As a psychologist *and* person, I am one of the grateful, contemporary recipients of that vision. From such diversified sources of wisdom as Maslow and Piaget, Bruner and May, Rogers and

Werner, Schachtel and Vygotsky, Allport and Merleau-Ponty, and even Skinner, Tolman and Hull (by studied negation), I have arrived under the humanistic wing.*

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*But I have not always shared this personal-professional vision of man as creator of an open-ended system of choices. I remember well, the old days, in the early 1970's, when I used to sit at my desk at the rehabilitation hospital where I worked, wondering how I should program such-and-such a behavior for one patient, and another still for a different patient. I was, in fact, a good, knowledgeable behaviorist: well read in Skinner, Bandura, and others, observant, astute in my selection of reinforcements and schedules, watchful for the response, etc. And it never occurred to me that my behaviorist manner implied necessarily, certain notions about the nature of man.

Then one day, as I was taking a "behaviorally disordered" child from the time-out box for the "umpteenth time" that afternoon, I thought to myself, "I wonder what this kid thinks about this big control number that's happening to him?" And with the insight that only nausea can bring, I saw that not only was I trapped into accepting a view of human nature, and hence myself that I didn't much like, but as well, I was sentencing the child there at my side to the same automatic philosophy of control and determinism, long before he was old enough to choose a philosophy of his own.

VII

This view I now have, places man in-the-world, and very possibly, at the center of it. It is a hopeful idea and offers a road out of despair, alienation and consequent meaninglessness. It is a credo which ascribed to man a complex, cultural nature; one in which he is responsible, actively striving and choosing; one which sees him as a caring and open being as well; creative in dealing with his life as a process, and cognizant of the benefit of conflict and confrontation. And finally, as a result, he is a unified human being, who is affective as well as effective: Man, whose greatest drive is towards growth, change, renewal, and the future.

More specifically, man as a complex being, is in opposition to any view of him as reducible, simple or manipulated. *Man-qua-man* is most clearly understood *before* any attempt to dissect him into thoughts, drives and emotions, not to mention behaviors. He is, in his complexity, whole, complete, and more than the sum-total of any of his identifiable parts. He is primordially a person, first, last, and always.

But man's time *is* cultural, and that is not to disparage the biological import of our nature, either. It is rather, that while man evolved from earlier forms of life, he took a turn, at some point, from the evolutionary spiral, when his consciousness allowed him to see things temporally and symbolically: And so we now speak of man and history, and of man and civilization, and not of man and biological evolution. It is our living-in-the-world through time and symbol that is the essence of our heritage.

Merleau-Ponty has used the term, "institution" as a proper means of understanding this cultural condition of human life. He speaks of persons who "institute" experience rather than "constitute" it (Both stem from the Latin, *stituere*, meaning "to set up"), because the idea of institution points to the personal and historical use of the past, not as a simple frame of reference, but as the source of a "search" or elaboration" directed towards the future. In effect, man institutes his life, in order that he may later transcend those institutions:

> Thus what we understand by the concept of institution are those events in experience which endow it with durable dimensions, in relation to which a whole series of other experiences will acquire meaning, will form an intelligible series or a history—— or again those events which sediment in me a meaning, not just as survivals or residues, but as the invitation to a sequel, the necessity of a future.[15]

This necessity of the future announces man's active and striving nature, and denounces any attempts to make him the blind, passive recipient of other forces. From very early infancy, the human being continues to exhibit his purposefulness, his developing will to know what he wants. And as he grows into an adult, that active, striving nature is transfigured by choice.

Man as chooser never guarantees that the possible options are few, or many. It simply means that man *always* has choice as to how and what he does with his time. Even he who is in poverty, chains, and mental anguish has choice —— choice to think or not, to hope or despair, to live or to die. And even not choosing, is a choice —— the choice to give up control to fate and time. (But we shall see shortly that there is a difference between CHOICE and choice, as it were).

Choice implies responsibility as a fact of humanistic being. Responsible being is not necessarily oriented towards socially proscribed norms, nor to any other external expectations, although personal choice and social prescription may coincide. "Responsibility" means that the choices I make —— the course of events-in-time that I decide upon —— are mine, and that they be made with care and respect for my own being, and that of others. In fact, when I have a solid perception and appreciation of my own being, I-will-to-make responsible choices. Responsibility is not the "ought" but the "will," not the "I must," but the "I want to." In one sense, it is true that one man's guilt is another man's responsibility. And in that best sense, we choose responsible action because we care about our-selves and other people —— about the quality of time we share, together.

A concept very closely tied by human "beingness" to responsibility, is that very idea of "care." Care breeds responsibility. It is also care which makes us live intentionally among others of our kind, and care which makes us want fulfilling time, rather than filled time. In short, it is our concern about being human and our concern about human beings. It lies at the root of any specific *human* purpose, whether love, will, or passion. Taking care, is taking responsibility for the choices we make in our time.

Caring precludes a considerable degree of openness —— openness to self as well as to others. It is virtually impossible to arrive at knowledge of self unless we are open to our identity, its pain as well as its joy. Therefore, openness implies introspection, in combination with extrospection. For many persons, there is a poverty, or perhaps even a fear of looking inward, which fosters both a noncaring and apathetic attitude towards self, as well as the beginnings of non-care for others (the root of non-being-in-the-world).

Genuine being-in-the-world demands an open attitude to others as well as self. Empathy —— that highly appreciated and often ignored human capability —— is the grandchild of care and the child of openness. For it is virtually impossible to effect the needed imagination and sympathy, which constitute empathy, unless we are open to the other being's time and experience, whether that be peaks of exhilaration or depths of sorrow. Imagination is the "I see;" sympathy is the "I feel." Both are essentially important.

Unfortunately, people frequently seem to substitute "agreement" for empathy, believing that he who agrees, understands. Of course that is nonsense: It is simply *easier to sympathize* with someone with whom we have an ideational affinity. But agreement is no good measure of either openness or its child, empathy.

In a temporal sense, agreement places the emphasis on the past: "I have come to believe what you believe." Sympathy, on the other hand, implies an exchange of sentiment, largely present, but based on mutually shared, past experiences: "I share your feeling, because I have *experienced* it, myself." But empathy, as the ability to combine imagination (the unexperienced) with sympathy (the experienced), demands the full participation of one's person in another person's feelings. It does mean quite literally, "I am *within* you, in your grief and suffering." And consequently, empathy accommodates the past, as it transcends the present. And in that leap of imagination into the unknown, we also leap into the future, as it comes to be.

The issue of agreement-disagreement, is one which constantly receives attention in discussions about the nature of man, and rightly so. It is of the utmost importance to decide whether or not to conceptualize man, as consensual or as individual man; as open to conflict, or urgent for agreement.

The meaning of "conflict" here is not used as "the source of destruction," or as "prelude to consensus," either. It is conceived, rather, as the confrontation between different ideas, different choices, different personalities, and different experiences of time. Indeed then, confrontation is thus conceptualized as the source of self-analysis, creativity, and growth. Conflict in this meaning, is not a threat to the continuance of society, but rather an affirmation of the human beings who ultimately decide whether it should continue or not.

Humanistic man is also process-oriented man, for whom life is not simply a series of vaguely connected ends, or of products and production. He is man who believes that the world itself, is in process; that his work is a process by which he feels involved and not alienated, and that language is a primary process by which he understands his being, rather than as a series of linear phonemes, words, or sentences. Indeed, man-as-man views the process as more important than the product, in most cases. He knows that the product is implied in the process, and that the reverse is not necessarily true. He knows that play, creativity, control, and even affect are processes. And he most certainly can recognize time, life, and death at the highest levels of process. Process asks "how" not "what." It inquires into the attitude and manner, and not into the commodity or product. And most important of all, it places persons above things.

In a temporal sense, product-oriented man is time-structured, even time-bound. He is frequently bound to a future moment which has no meaning to him, other than as that time when the product is finished, or the job is done. Hence the present, a virtual reproduction of the past, is often monotonous and alienating. The process has no meaning for him, because the present, which *is* the process, is also meaningless. Emphasis on process, on the other hand, provides the individual with the thread which combines his own personal style with the ongoing events, so that he feels not only involved, but interested as well. Process, implies that time is ongoing, and that if care is taken with the process, the product which eventually comes with the future, will also be valuable. Process-oriented man is open-ended man —— man who can stand-back from himself far enough, to be able to see the connection between the "yet-to-be," the "now," and the "before." He is man who knows that the process itself may include some surprises, or even some major upsets, but that such events are part of his becoming, too. Consequently he feels vital, alive, and even important.

Placing persons at a level of importance above things, is perhaps the first step (granted, a giant one) towards providing us all with the supportive attitude we need, in order to be creative. But man-as-creator does not preclude creative encounter. It does preclude the presence of great potential, however. And that creative potential needs encouragement.

As a process by which we combine novel or even given elements, in a *different* way, creativity is not restricted to the production of things or objects. In fact, if we are dominated by the need to produce palpable "evidence" of our creativity, that "proof" will vanish into mere conformity and crass commercialism. True creativity, which arises from an open attitude to the world, and from expanded perception of the possibilities in it, does not mean that what is created must be tangible. Creativity can be as remarkably the means by which we solve our daily problems, or the manner in which we fulfill our human relationships. That is why product-oriented creativity is often a dead end: It masks much of what is truly creativity-in-process.

In addition, I think we demean ourselves and our potential to create, by restricting our recognition to the presentation of *new* ideas, or *new* products, or *new* solutions. Creativity should more properly be seen as a relative process, related to each individual's ability to expand his perceptual awareness of the possible, to suspend judgement, and to free himself from inhibiting preoccupations. Otherwise we "overlook the forest for the trees:" the mother who comforts without words, the craftsman who builds with few materials, the child who plays without toys. It is these simpler processes of creativity which we are ignoring —— the creative anxiety, the ecstasy we can all feel, every day of our lives, in the small truth, the quiet word, and the intimate moment.

I think it is apparent that this sort of creative use of time, is what we should be providing for all people, all the time. And to great measure, adopting the view of humanistic man, which I have been suggesting, will begin that road to support and encouragement.

But to encourage creativity is to encourage individuality, conflict, and even irrationality. For the process of creativity requires that one be open to points of view, not shared by the majority. And to do that —— to reject the preconceptions of society —— takes courage, as Rollo May has said so well, in his book, *The Courage to Create*. It takes courage because we must leave what is safe, secure and predictable, and "leap into the unknown."[16] But that leap can be made more comforting if we look at the relationship of man-to-man in its positive perspective. In effect, this outlook can be effectively seen in the relationship between the meaning of "courage" and the meaning of "encouragement."

And given the encouragement to create a life full of meaning, man, as the humanist sees him, *wills-to-be* complex, responsible, nonconformist, caring, choosing and striving. And all of these processes result in man who is both affective and effective. What lovely and proper products we do end up with, when we orient ourselves to the processes of living —— to the priorities of being-in-the-world-with-other-beings: affective man who is feeling, empathic, tender and loving, and effective man who can consequently attain creative heights unimaginable to mechanized, aggressive man. This is man, who lives fully, who welcomes change as he welcomes a friendly shoulder to lean upon, and who opens himself to the future as he opens himself to his own consciousness of being human.

VIII

Every human being is born into a milieu of time —— into a distinct life space, which will be individually defined by him and for him. Delineations made in the continuous process of living, in this individual time, will be according to the significance contained in his relationships to people, places, things, events —— to his world at large. It is, indeed, against a complex ground of relative change and performance, that each human infant comes to establish and refine the details of his life. He does this because he must. He cannot avoid the ultimate reality: that his life is finite.

This ultimate reality of time requires that each person necessarily create a framework, a perspective for his own life-events, in order that they be understandable and clear. Otherwise, life is nothing but a diffuse, unarticulated set of sensations, which rushes towards him, and away from him, void of seriation and duration, and hence without meaning.

It is this personal, psychological, or experienced time, which makes us conscious of our own experience. And it is also this same awareness, which makes us both vulnerable to, and in control of the events of our lives. That is one paradox of time: Nothing else creates such boundless possibilities for our lives, and yet nothing else makes us so aware of our own finiteness.

We *can* construct a sense of time, a psychological perspective which allows us to exert control over our lives-in-time —— to remember the past fondly, to project into the possibilities of the future, and to utilize both in developing a continuous stream of meaningful "presents." But the manner in which we develop this framework, to large measure, depends upon how we conceptualize our-selves, as individual human beings.

Any philosophy of man has inherent in it an implicit statement about time, whether that philosophy is of controlled, aggressive man, or of creative, purposeful man. Each case necessarily has different implications for the development of individual, psychological time.

Essentially, any panorama which restricts us to control, inexistence of choice, and hence, absolute determinism, forces us into a view of personal time which results in our feeling thrust into the future, *beyond* our control, and perhaps out of control. Time becomes psychologically irreversible, relentless as the sea: The past, whether considered as a series of behavioral events, or as innate and repressed elements of the unconscious, determines what our present becomes, just as the future is seen as a modified determination of our present.

This flow of time, past-into-present-into-future, is what I would call the *bound experience of time*. Given an extensive duration of such a perspective, time is *reduced* to the level of controller. Even in the case of the person who believes that his past is constituted by manageable memories, and not by repression or punishment, time has him, caged as it were, unless he also believes he has the power to free himself from that which binds him, from the determinations of the past, regardless of how manageable it appears. And if the past is, in fact, an unassimilated, painful burden, which constantly fetches him back, against his will, then he is virtually at the mercy of time. He may feel pushed, beyond his control by this overwhelming past, into disconnected, goal-less instants, which seem to stretch infinitely to the grave. And to a lesser extent, the individual who actively chooses the past —— who chooses the safe, status quo as the guidepost for the present —— is also bound. He does not "realize" his life because he has limited awareness of its possibilities. And at the same time, he feels agitated and remorseful for not testing the unknown. In both cases, time is a prison, built by the individual's own perspective. It is a prison that is, at best, inescapable, and at worst, victimizing. Possibility becomes probability and man becomes victim, when he does not choose the future.

In a more positive light, when we see ourselves as creators of an open-ended system of choices, time necessarily becomes open and *viable*; that which provides all things, not that which takes away. The adult who chooses to believe in this friend-in-time, come to conceive of the flow quite differently, much more optimistically. The future *comes* to him, offering infinite choices, from which he selects those which he wants as his present. He picks on the basis of *what he can see there* (which may only be what the society tells him is "there"). And the more open he is to the possible, "the more he can see there." Or more exactly, the more expanded his perceptual awareness, his consciousness of the possible, the less constraining are the choices. This person, conceived as having a more mature, healthy personal framework, recognizes that future, present and past interact and interpenetrate to form his life. He recognizes, too, that such freedom of movement and thought, fosters a flexible organization of his time —— his life. Thus, each successive present endures until something else is chosen, so that there is constant movement, desirable change, in the form of the future-becoming-the-present-becoming-the-past.

The use of "becoming" here is appropriate because it has significance on various levels of abstraction. Just as I may say to a friend, "That coat is becoming to you.", I may also say that the future, like a fine coat, "is becoming to the present," and that the present "is becoming to the past." Time becomes suitable, comfortable as a warm coat: It sets me off to good advantage. Time becoming then, is not reduced, but rather expanded infinitely, to the level of human freedom and dignity.

In his remarkable and touching book, *Man's Search for Meaning*, Frankl gives us poignant examples of the importance of this future-oriented present. Here is one such passage about death camp experience, and its effects on time:

> A man who let himself decline because he could not see any future goal found himself occupied with retrospective thoughts. In a different connection, we have already spoken of the tendency there was to

> look into the past, to help make the present, with all its horrors, less real. But in robbing the present of its reality there lay a certain danger. It became easy to overlook the opportunities to make something positive of camp life, opportunities which really did exist. Regarding our "provisional existence" as unreal was in itself an important factor in causing the prisoners to lose their hold on life; everything in a way became pointless. Such people forget that often it is just such an exceptionally difficult, external situation which gives man the opportunity to grow spiritually beyond himself. Instead of taking the camp's difficulties as a test of their inner strength, they did not take their life seriously and despised it as something of no consequence. They preferred to close their eyes and live in the past. Life for such people became meaningless.[17]

It is most certainly, only in light of such experiences, of despair, alienation, fear, and hope; attachment and contentment, as well, that the notion of psychological time is best understood. Ask an incarcerated man, or a pregnant woman about time, or a young child, or a dying patient. 33 Psychological time is as different for every human being, one from the other, as are their individual experiences, hopes, fears, dreams, and memories.

IX

To digress slightly, I should now like to deal with some objections which might be raised regarding my conceptualization of personal time, as I have developed it thus far. First, I must stress that the positions just described, are essentially opposite points on the same continuum: the ideal versus the non-ideal. In reality, most of us are never totally in control of time, nor totally in its control. We rather seem to fluctuate between the "Bound" and "Viable" attitudes, depending upon the affective nature of different events, or periods. During times of undue stress, and certainly during periods of necessary personality disintegration, we all experience strong negative reactions to time. One may "know" that the immediate future holds psychological trauma for him, and therefore retreat into a pleasurable, or even painful past, which appears as some sort of refuge, in comparison. Or one might have experienced emotional pain for long periods in the past, and therefore project himself into the fantasy of the future. Whenever we perceive that the past or future is closed to us, the other takes on a disproportionate importance, of course.

It is apparent now, that it is a present-future focus which I believe to be most healthy; that is, a present which is largely guided by plans and dreams, as well as by a reconcilable past. Living exclusively in the future, not being able to be present-centered, is no more healthy than living in the past. An exclusive emphasis on either, relegates the present, our living-in-the-world, to chaos.

The second concern, consists of a series of questions which center around the issue of "determinism" and early child development. It is, I think, much too easy to believe that children, per force, have no self-direction in the early years. There is no doubt in my mind that, quite the opposite, children are active and purposefully oriented towards their life from very early on. Young infants are known to attend differentially to varying stimuli, depending upon what they want. And even for the effect known as the orienting reflex, while the child's attention may be demanded momentarily in such cases, the results of that demand characteristic are largely based on how he incorporates the event into the *flow* of his life. There is no obvious and necessary consequence of any action. It is a person who responds, in every case. Perhaps part of the erroneous assumption that children are "blank slates," stems from the fact that adults project onto the child, their own feelings of *being in control*, the corollary of which, is that the child *must be* in a state of passivity.

And even if I accept the notion that much of a child's early life is necessarily controlled by adults, to the extent that he is, to varying degrees, "helpless," the growing person still has choice as to what he *does* with whatever feelings of control he feels, as he grows older. That is the nature of assimilating the past into a manageable perspective versus being overwhelmed and burdened by it. We can choose to make our past, indeed even our cultural past, understandable and clear in a wide variety of ways. Kagan and Klein have highlighted this reductionistic bias, which has blocked other notions from being accepted in the West:

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> From Locke to Skinner we have viewed the perfectibility of man as vulnerable to the vicissitudes of the objects and people who block, praise, or push him, and resisted giving the child any compass of his own. The mind, like the nucleaus of a cell, has a plan for growth and can transduce a new flower, an odd pain, or a stranger's unexpected smile into a form that is comprehensible.[18]

Moreover, if we examine the temporal nature of ontogeny, it becomes apparent that, although each individual re-creates the specie, his individual, ontogenetic development is not determined by antecedent events. The mere act of sperm fertilizing egg does not mandate what a life becomes. Even the growing embryo did not spring from the "before." It had no *past of its own,* prior to conception. Rather, life came from the future —— from a *future of his own*, which exists, and continues to exist, long before he has a personal past of any consequence.

There is, in addition, an ethical question here, which needs to be raised. (It is patently absurd to support the idea that psychologists as men of science do not make ethical, value judgements, even at the most objective moments). The question is this: What do we want for children? Do we want them to have feelings of control, or feelings of freedom and choice? Answering the question by *denying* that there is freedom, that there is choice, is simply an admission that children are not usually offered choice or freedom, and hence grow into adults who believe in determinism.*

In my view, the ethics of the situation insist that we offer children as much possible choice as we can, from as early on as they can perceive the notion of choice. And that concept is learned only if it is offered, so that even the nine-month-old baby can begin to appreciate the notion, at the same time that he begins to learn what mother means when she says "just one...take just one." Is it so terribly difficult to offer a young child two kinds of cookies, or two different toys from which to choose? And later on, is it beyond our abilities as parents and teachers to say to the four-year-old, "Would you like me to read to you, or would you like to watch television?" And even later still, is it too much, to ask the adult to say to the eight-year-old who has "been naughty," "What kind of punishment would be fair, this...or that?"

Imagine the freedom the child raised this way would *feel*, especially if he is also provided with the love and care, which makes choice into responsibility. Freedom and self-respect would then provide such firm foundations for his time to come.

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*I have often wondered whether or not people, psychologists included, who do not believe in free-will and choice, are in fact victims of childhood control which they themselves did not make manageable, later on in life. Or the question could be asked, "Is it those who feel most controlled, who also have the vision of man as always *being* controlled, *being* shaped and formed, beyond the will?"

It is then, two largely incompatible views of personal time, which I have been presenting: One which leads to a conception of man as controlled, manipulated and "bound" by time; the other to a view of man as free, choosing, and living in "viable" time. The two views are therefore, most inimately related to one's view of self-in-the-world, and hence to one's idea of man.

It is important to note, that while there may exist some inconsistencies in belief, such that an individual may believe that the future really is open and coming to be, at the same time that he believes in determined man, such inconsistencies are *clearly* a result of a lack of introspection and analysis. In its proper relationship, one's view of time, must be consistent with one's view of man-in-the-world.

How we use our time —— whether or not we feel productive and worthwhile; whether or not we are driven to work and keep busy, and whether or not we are satisfied with the time we have —— is largely a result of an inter-acting and inter-relating network of temporal conditions, which jointly comprise what might be called, "reality-in-time." There are three components to this reality: (1) *the cultural era*, or the societal demands of time, which includes all of the external influences, such as schedules, appointments, etc., and which necessarily impinges upon our own, personal time; (2) *personal history*, or those events which the individual has experienced, and which now form his past, whether they are considered to be choices made, or external determinations; and lastly, (3) *attitude and attention to time*, is the person's perceptual organization of the present, as well as his attitude towards the flow of time, as being either largely "bound" or largely "viable." A representation of these three components is presented below, in Figure One.

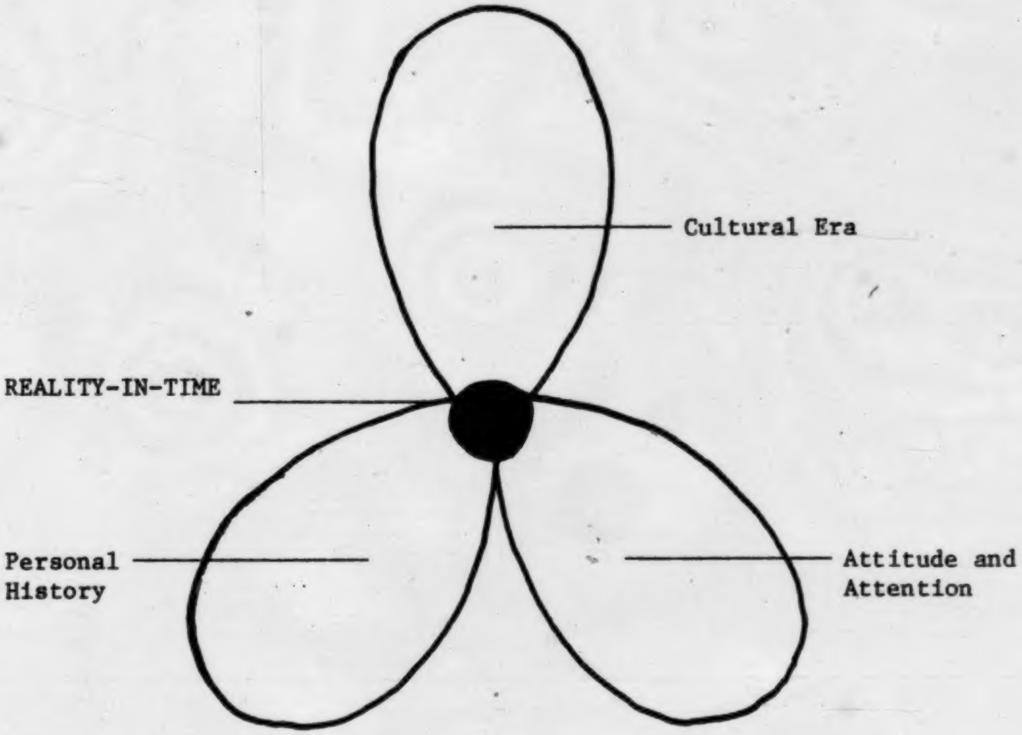
Cultural Era
REALITY-IN-TIME
Personal History
Attitude and Attention

Figure One: Reality-in-Time

Time and human development then, are mutually illuminating processes. As we grow and become, our notion of time changes because of the nature and number of significant events in our lives. Time, our personal notion of it, changes because we change. Oppositely, but in a complementary manner, it is time which gives meaning to our development. It is largely through time and in it, that the significance of events is judged. As we develop, we assess our life, increasingly according to what we hope for and what we are afraid of, at the same time, and according to what we believe is possible. We change because time —— how much is gone and how much remains —— changes. Bernice Neugarten has discussed these changing perspectives, the "aging process," as some would call it:

> The adult, surely by middle age, with his highly refined powers of introspection and reflection, is continually busying himself in making a coherent story out of his life history. He reinterprets the past, selects and shapes his memories, and reassesses the significance of past events in his search for coherence. An event which, at the time of its occurrence, was "unexpected" or arbitrary or traumatic becomes rationalized and interwoven into a context of explanation in its retelling twenty years later. ...To deal with both the past and the present [and the future, one might add] simultaneously is a unique characteristic of human personality.[19]

This two-way street, of individual development shedding light on our ideas about time, and time, as a veneer which infuses life with meaning (Time⟷Development), is one of the fundamentals of human consciousness. It is at the heart of all experience and constitutes the main source of conflict between being and non-being, between meaning and emptiness, hope and despair.

X

The nature of this transparent exchange can perhaps be better understood through the analysis of the concepts of "being," "being-in-the-world," and "becoming." I have already used them to a considerable extent in preceding pages, but a more thorough understanding of them, now, will aid in the elucidation of what it is I mean by "personal time," since these existential terms are so inherently tied to "time."

It is not a trite apology, either, to say that it is difficult to define or explicate these terms, especially "being." The term nearly defies expression. In fact, "being" is perhaps best understood when it is least articulated; most appreciated when it is threatened. It has both survival value and creative value, and its significance subsumes virtually every polarity of human experience.

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I could say that "being" is existence, and inexistence, as well; that it is presence and absence both; that it is subject *and* object, person *and* behavior. It could be said that it inheres, as well, in giving *and* taking; in knowing *and* in being known; in the virtual and in the actual —— All *point to* or signify, being, but none *is* "being." For to think so, creates an illusion of "beingness" which will always elude comprehension, just as "truth" and "justice" play from our hands at the moment we seek to grasp them.

Whatever "being" is; whatever it constitutes, and institutes, collectively, it *is* that which gives me strength and hope, when I feel it, and that which makes me despair, when I have lost sight of it. It is at the core or center of what is *me*, my person, and it precedes and provides all movement, change and growth, as well as stasis and regression.

In the primary meaning, being simply *is*, but in an important, secondary sense, it is of *something*. "I am...", but I am *something*, as well, and that something flows from my being: I am authentic or not, kind or cruel, open or closed, and so on. Unfortunately, the focus is too often on our *way* of being, on those adjectives and modifiers, which describe and categorize, to the exclusion of being-for-itself. At best, that narrow-sightedness is a possible means of *beginning* an examination of "being," and at worst it is a measure of disrespect for "being."

To get closer to the meaning, it is necessary and desirable to also discuss the notion of "being-in-the-world." This is the reality that we are, each of us, in-the-world, as beings-among-other-beings. This being-in-the-world implies all of the responsibility, care and choice, characteristic of humanistic man: I am in-the-world, learning, playing, loving...living with other persons. This is the cultural context, the social conditions, which confront my being with its own mirror image. This is being-human-with-others-who-are-being-human. In the most positive manner then, being-in-the-world is the strictly human quality which gives my individual "being" meaning. And with this direction, the idea of "being alone," takes on an entirely different interpretation, as well.

If I am to affirm and give credence to my own being as it is, in-the-world, I must necessarily learn to see my-self as both subject and object of experience: to recognize that I act and am acted upon; that I hear and am heard; that I feel and am felt. And eventually I must come to know that I care, and am cared for. In effect, I must distance the "me" from the "I" in order that my-self, (with my being at the center), stand at the interface between the private person inside me, and the person that others see, directly.

When I say that I must distance myself from my-self, I am not speaking in terms of aloofness, nor uninvolvement. I am intending rather, that this *distantiation*, as Schmidt[20] has called it, is a process which begins with the mother-child relationship, and continues in refined states, throughout life. In adulthood, it is the process by which I am able to mentally and spiritually, stand-back from a situation, and "see my-self seeing something," or "feel my-self feeling something." Distantiation is the process which occurs when I say to my-self, "Just a minute...I'll be right back...I want to go check-out who I am, right now."

This notion of distantiation is unfortunately often misinterpreted, not only as "detachment," in an inter-personal sense, but as "withdrawal" and "alienation," as well. Every human individual has, or will have experienced, many social situations in which he feels uncomfortable, or unsure that he "belongs," and thus he sometimes withdraws his-self from the activity, even though he may continue to stand there, as a physical involvement. He may even experience a kind of mental image of himself standing there.

But I am not speaking of this sort of distancing, which is likely nothing more, than another ego defense, or an example of undeveloped consciousness. I am speaking of *voluntary* distantiation, which is perhaps the highest level of the ability. It is the separation of self-as-object of action, from self-as-subject of action, that is the essential idea. It's practical importance is in allowing a person to gain insight into who he is and what he is doing, both from the perspective of other persons around him, and from the perspective of his other-self, as well. At this level, one becomes a person who knows and acts with the complementarity of inner and outer faces. And consequently, "being" is better comprehended by self and by others.

Being-in-the-world, therefore suggests an open attitude towards self and others, and hence to the future. Otherwise, if we are closed to experience, we are not in-the-world-in-process —— we simply *are*.... It is beyond dispute that every sapient human has a "being" which is his alone, idiosyncratic and unified. But the authenticity of that being is not, in itself, guaranteed.

"Authenticity" is a rather apt but involved term. It does mean "genuine," "true," "trustworthy," and so on, but by themselves, these words simply lead us on to a deeper analysis (Ah language, what an enticing siren you are!). Because we can understand the meaning of authenticity of being, only in respect to its relationship to illusions, identity, and life, itself.

There is here, as always, a choice: The choice between authenticity, the unknown, the future, and therefore anxiety, on the one hand; and inauthenticity, the secure, the past, and hence guilt, on the other.

The unknown is always frightening. It is the "dark at the top of the stairs," when we are young, and it is the future and ultimate death when we are older. Yet it is only by affirming that very future-within-me, that "dark at the top of the stairs," that I become an authentic person —— a person who recognizes that anxiety is only the first step towards exhilaration; towards becoming anything I want to be.

But if I choose to live my life only from that which is safe, secure and predictable —— the past —— I lose sight of becoming; indeed, I am afraid of it. I cease to strive, to test-out, to change and grow, and consequently, I am reduced to inauthenticity. My being verges on "nothingness," long before I die, because I have turned my back on my own potential.

It is one of the ironies of human existence, that man so often believes that the "way things have been, is the way they should be." It is ironic because the past by its very nature, can never be the proper guidepost for the present. It is things done, and events gone. Even memory does not help us in maintaining the past as it was. And perhaps it is somehow intentional that memory is never a photograph of given events, even though we may strive for such exact storage. Memory is rather, that construct of past events, which is constantly re-created, in the effort to make a changing life, the present moments, coherent, and more pleasing.

So the person who looks into the past for the "secure" nature of life, finds only an illusion of the present, in the re-creation of the past. It is an illusion because he thinks it is "real," just as he thinks what he remembers is "real." He feels somehow safer with the past, yet cannot be at ease, because the future —— his future, which he tries to ignore —— will not let him be. He tries to push away that artifact of living in the past, guilt, at the same moment that he pushes away the demanding nature of the future.

Such an individual has not yet learned, and perhaps never will, that the anxiety of the future, which he so hates and fears, is but the inherent and irrepressible element of a life that will not easily quit. And in a simpler and equally valid sense, he has not yet learned how good it feels to give up control.

Maddi summarizes well, this choice, between the past and the future:

> Choosing the unknown future brings *ontological anxiety*, whereas choosing the safe status quo brings *ontological guilt* (sense of missed opportunity). Authenticity involves accepting this painful state of affairs, and finding the *courage* (through a sense of human dignity) to persist in the face of ontological anxiety and choose the future, thereby minimizing ontological guilt.[21]

But this futurity of being-in-the-world does not, in any way, exclude the use of a meaningful past. Rather, the past is transcended and re-created, in the service of a present, which is oriented towards the future. I do not say "I will..." to the exclusion of "I remember...," but rather "I will...because I remember." It is exactly this mastery of the past which gives such great power to the future, and hence to becoming. If I choose not to remember, however, then the "will" becomes nothing more than a tool of repression. Being-in-the-world consequently loses its connection to "becoming," and memory and "being," are threatened.

Openness to the future obviously does not eliminate the threat of non-being or nothingness. We all must die, and that is *absolute* non-being. We shall all most likely experience alienation and despair, too, and that is non-being. But the risk of "nothingness" is increased immensely, if we choose the safe, static past. We become the living dead, which is the ultimate, *relative* non-being.

Non-being *in-itself*, is not negative. It is really only in the light of non-being —— in the face of death, fear, alienation, etc.,—— that being, itself, is acknowledged and strengthened. However, non-being, *by-itself*, is a cancer which eats away at being, insidious even to the point of sometimes replacing being. Paul Tillich has put it this way:

"The self-affirmation of a being is the stronger the more non-being it can take into itself."[22] The danger, thus exists, when "non-being" takes-over "being", for it is a fine line, indeed, between life and death, and hope and despair.

XI

If it is hope, joy, and life that we want to assert, we must be open to the possibilities of who it is we can become. "Becoming" is perhaps an even more appropriate term than "being": becoming — coming to be, becoming-in-the-world. The meaning is significant, whether we take it on the level of my analogy to something which becomes us, like a coat, or on the variously more abstract levels: The focus is definitely on the future. We may think of events which are coming to be, of ideas, or even whole lives, but in any case it is the future which is becoming, just as I am becoming. Time itself is coming from the future: A distant star burns-up in the galaxy, and a flash of light comes to us generations later. And in the same manner, what we "are," comes to us from the future constellation of our own being.

We ask a child, "What do you want to become?", and we literally mean, "What work do you want to do one day?" But when he replies, "I want to be a doctor," or "I want to be beautiful," we know on another level that this child is expressing choice about the nature of his own being-in-the-world; that he knows something about what he wants to become.

It is clear, however, that the opportunities for "becoming" are not equally distributed for all people, in time. The possibilities for becoming are indeed circumscribed, not only by prejudice and fear, but also by the institutionalized nature of economics, politics and education. The slum child, or the Native child on the reservation, obviously does not have the same opportunities for becoming, as the middle class, white child. Simply stated, a lack of money means a constant struggle to obtain the basic needs of food, shelter and clothing. Consequently, the values most of us place on prestige, education, and power —— all derived from economic bases —— are not shared.

It is senseless to talk about "becoming," or fulfilling one's potential, in terms of creativity, openness, and so on, if the individual is continuously forced by circumstance to fight for his very existence. Or to commonly paraphrase Maslow's hierarchy, "When you're up to your ass in alligators, it's hard to remember that your initial task was to drain the swamp."

An examination of the power bases in Canada and the United States, however, should provide ample evidence that authentic becoming requires much more than money, education and social prestige. The political, economic flow of events, during the past few years has amply demonstrated the inauthenticity of many powerful people. A minimum standard of economic security is most essential for "becoming" to occur, in a positive sense. But money itself, or power alone, is no help: By its very nature care will not be bought, any more than guilt can be bought-off.

So it is not ironic, that he with the least, often appears the most caring; that he who is the most uneducated, often seems the most feeling; nor that he with the least power is frequently the least abusive. That is the lovely part about "authenticity": It pays no more heed to those who've "got it," than to those who don't. But at the same time, it is important that I make it clear, from the outset, that I am primarily dealing with the middle class experience. For it forms the North American majority, if not entirely in terms of economics, then at least in terms of aspirations. And more pertinently, since I am also a middle-American brat, I can speak best from that recognition.

XII

There are then, four main themes which will recur within the specific chapters. To summarize, they are: (1) time and human development as a mutually illuminating system of personal constructs (T↔D); (2) process, as the relevant means of understanding both time and human development; (3) creativity, as I have defined it, as a highly desirable process for people, in time, and (4) the priority of the future. In addition, examples will be drawn from the comparative psychology of adult and child, as well as from the study of the different realities which time has brought to different individuals, some of whom society has defined as "sick," "psychotic," and so on.

Following this initial chapter, Chapter Two will deal with the relationship between time and human consciousness. Briefly stated, it is my contention that just as there is an active side to our consciousness, there is also a holistic, non-linear, non-logical, non-deductive sense of time which children and adults experience. Recognition of this aspect of consciousness can give us renewed direction towards the proper interface between inner and outer experience —— between linear time and timelessness. Chapter Three, "Time and Affect," is devoted to the relationships of emotions, personal style, and the intuitive aspects of the self, to the development of a personal perspective on time.

And Chapter Four, "Time and Language," concerns itself with the intricate involvement of language in the construction of temporal perspectives, and oppositely the influence of time in relationship to signs, in general.

Chapter Five consists of a discussion of the inter-relationships between time, and work and leisure, which form the main parameters of "filling" or "fulfilling" time. Next, "Death, Dying and Timelessness," is the title for Chapter Six. The inclusion of these topics, may at first glance, appear strange or even irrelevant. But it will soon become apparent that our notions of personal time would not even exist without our awareness of death. "Time and Early Childhood," Chapter Seven, then re-capitulates much of the previous chapters, in the form of infant and childhood developments, towards a secure personal perspective. And finally, Chapter Eight, "An Invitation to the Future," contains some summary ideas about the experience of time, education and the proper interface for being-in-the-world.

What I have presented in this introduction then, are the components of our personal time, as I see them. And all of them, work, play, language, affect, and so on, should point us unerringly towards increasing consciousness of time, self and world, but especially towards the notion that consciousness for us, is consciousness about being human.

To return to an earlier thought (or to bring time past, back into us), developing our consciousness of what it means to be human, knowing beings, will direct us to the pinnacle of our own, personal and collective monarchy. We shall no longer "fear to be kings." We shall symbolize our-selves as full of potential, which we actively strive to attain. And then, we shall truly know how very free we are, as we open our arms to the future which is coming to be.

The first step, is simply to say, "Enough!...I choose man-as-man, man as creator of his own world." Or as Lewis Mumford has so beautifully capsulized the sentiment:

> For those of us who have thrown off the myth of the machine, the next move is ours: for the gates of the technocratic prison will open automatically, despite their rusty ancient hinges, as soon as we choose to walk out.[23]

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NOTES

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22. Paul Tillich, cited in Rollo May, "To Be and Not to Be: Contributions of Existential Psychotherapy," in A. Maslow and H. Chiang (Eds.), *The Healthy Personality*, Toronto: D. Van Nostrand, 1969, p. 73.

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23. Lewis Mumford, cited in Matson, *op. cit.*, p. 133.

FIRST INTERLUDE

Things Were Drifting Toward The Abyss *

Excerpt from *Confessions of a Child of the Century*
by Alfred de Musset (1836)

It was a denial of all heavenly and earthly facts that might be termed disenchantment, or if you will, despair; as if humanity in lethargy had been pronounced dead by those who felt its pulse. Like a soldier who is asked: "In what do you believe?" and who replies: "In myself," so the youth of France, hearing that question, replied: "In nothing."

Then formed two camps: on one side the exalted spirits, sufferers, all the expansive souls who yearned toward the infinite, bowed their heads and wept; they wrapped themselves in unhealthful dreams and nothing could be seen but broken reeds in an ocean of bitterness. On the other side the materialists remained erect, inflexible, in the midst of positive joys, and cared for nothing except to count the money they had acquired. It was but a sob and a burst of laughter, the one coming from the soul, the other from the body.

This is what the soul said:

"Alas! Alas! religion has departed; the clouds of heaven fall in rain; we have no longer either hope or expectation, not even two little pieces of black wood in the shape of a cross before which to clasp our hands. The star of the future is loath to appear; it can not rise above the horizon, it is enveloped in clouds, and like the sun in winter its disc is the color of blood, as in '93. There is no more love, no more glory. What heavy darkness over all the earth! And death will come ere the day breaks."

This is what the body said:

"Man is here below to satisfy his senses; he has more or less of white or yellow metal, by which he merits more or less esteem. To eat, to drink, and to sleep, that is life. As for the bonds which exist between men, friendship consists in loaning money; but one rarely has a friend whom he loves enough for that. Kinship determines inheritance: love is an exercise of the body; the only intellectual joy is vanity."

Like the Asiatic plague exhaled from the vapors of the Ganges, frightful despair stalked over the earth. Already Chateaubriand, prince of poesy, wrapping the horrible idol in his pilgrim's mantle, had placed it on a marble altar in the midst of perfumes and holy incense. Already the children were clenching idle hands and drinking in a bitter cup the poisoned brewage of doubt. Already things were drifting toward the abyss, when the jackals suddenly emerged from the earth. A deathly and infected literature, which had no form but that of ugliness, began to sprinkle with fetid blood all the monsters of nature.

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*Lewis A. Coser (Ed.), *Sociology Through Literature*, Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1963, pp. 386-389.

Who will dare to recount what was passing in the colleges? Men doubted everything: the young men denied everything. The poets sang of despair; the youth came from the schools with serene brow, their faces glowing with health, and blasphemy in their mouths. Moreover, the French character, being by nature gay and open, readily assimilated English and German ideas; but hearts too light to struggle and to suffer withered like crushed flowers. Thus the seed of death descended slowly and without shock from the head to the bowels. Instead of having the enthusiasm of evil we had only the negation of the good; instead of despair, insensibility. Children of fifteen, seated listlessly under flowering shrubs, conversed for pastime on subjects which would have made shudder with terror the still thickets of Versailles. The Communion of Christ, the Host, those wafers that stand as the eternal symbol of divine love, were used to seal letters; the children spit upon the Bread of God.

Happy they who escaped those times! Happy they who passed over the abyss while looking up to Heaven. There are such, doubtless, and they will pity us.

It is unfortunately true that there is in blasphemy a certain outlet which solaces the burdened heart. When an atheist, drawing his watch, gave God a quarter of an hour in which to strike him dead, it is certain that it was a quarter of an hour of wrath and of atrocious joy. It was the paroxysm of despair, a nameless appeal to all celestial powers; it was a poor, wretched creature squirming under the foot that was crushing him; it was a loud cry of pain. Who knows? In the eyes of Him who see all things, it was perhaps a prayer.

Thus these youth found employment for their idle powers in a fondness for despair. To scoff at glory, at religion, at love, at all the world, is a great consolation for those who do not know what to do; they mock at themselves, and in doing so prove the correctness of their view. And then it is pleasant to believe one's self unhappy when one is only idle and tired. Debauchery, moreover, the first result of the principles of death, is a terrible millstone for grinding the energies.

The rich said: "There is nothing real but riches, all else is a dream; let us enjoy and then let us die." Those of moderate fortune said: "There is nothing real but oblivion, all else is a dream; let us forget and let us die." And the poor said: "There is nothing real but unhappiness, all else is a dream; let us blaspheme and die."

CHAPTER TWO

TIME AND HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS

> In all the dreams and visions that now swarmed across his sleep, dreams and visions which can only be described as haunted fatally by the sense of time —— his mind seemed to exercise the same complete control it ever had shown in all the operations of its conscious memory. He slept, and knew he slept, and saw the whole vast structure of the sleeping world about him as he slept; he dreamed, and knew he dreamed, and like a sorcerer, drew upward at his will, out of dark deeps and blue immensities of sleep, the strange, dark fish of his imagining.
>
> —— From *Of Time and The River* by Thomas Wolfe, 1935.

I

The notion of "consciousness" is a most elusive and complex one. It at once encompasses an enormity of "life," and yet so easily evades analysis. It is perhaps the superlative example of a "whole," unifying the highest and the lowest ingredients of life.

I recently read of a good summary of research on "plant consciousness."[1] It was the first convincing, scholarly treatment I had experienced, and it has made me more of a believer in consciousness as a universal, cosmic phenomenon. That is, I believe that consciousness, as levels of awareness, is not restricted to the human realm, alone; nor is it necessarily limited to the animal kingdom.

I am convinced that there is a unity of all organic life which is affected by what could be called "organic consciousness"—— a consciousness which, at a very basic level, links man to every other living organism that is capable of producing its own energy, its own vital pulse. In a most profound sense, therefore, I do ascribe consciousness to plants, to lower animal life, and most certainly to humans.

But when we begin to talk about consciousness and our sapient species we are no longer discussing simple awareness. Human consciousness is of a rather special nature, because it transcends the mere biological, the protective. It is the human, psychological claims to awareness of time, use of language (and other symbol systems), and highly developed imagery abilities, which together, provide us with the transcendent consciousness, that makes us know that we are both conscious and human. Could we say of any other species, that it knows its own consciousness, or its own identity? Does a bee know that it is a bee? Is a chimpanzee aware that it is aware?

Human beings are probably the only species to which we could ascribe such knowing —— a cognizance that develops in time, and through it, and which synthesizes and unifies all of our psychological processes into a life which is continually changing and re-integrating.

Because time and human consciousness are so embedded in each other, it is not surprising to realize that the way "things" are combined in consciousness, is very much temporally arranged. The interaction of our attention to the present, our re-collection of the past and our anticipation of the future, contributes overwhelmingly to the manner in which much of consciousness combines and knows itself, and hence, is known to us.

At the very depths of embeddedness and intuition, consciousness knows itself as a hand knows a glove: intimately, directly and timelessly. But at the more linear, analytical levels, which comprise most of our living-in-the-world, we know our own consciousness because of temporal mediation. The existence of a past, present, and future, creates in us a tension, a consideration of possibilities. This tension directs us to be selective and discriminative, or in effect, to think about things. And to think about things is to reflect upon our own consciousness.

For a clearer understanding, however, consciousness must be defined in more exact terms. First, we must discuss form and content, which are the "street signs" to human awareness: one marks the arbitrary boundaries of consciousness, and the other points to its objects.

"Form" refers to the inescapable human need for coherent structure, for organized parts and wholes. The degree and articulation of this form may vary according to personal and societal dictates, but it always exists, even when it appears to recede into "formlessness." And essentially, we may speak of two different forms which consciousness takes: the active, logical, linear, and mathematico-deductive; and the receptive, holistic and intuitive. The former is the realm of language, science and mathematics, and hence of causal thinking and intellectual processes. The latter is the province of the tacit and diffuse: rhythm, art, myth, and dream.

These two forms of consciousness are in reality, different ends of the same continuum, and at the highest levels of human achievement, are very much as the yin and yang —— at some point melting, one into the other. It is from this conjunction of partners, that true creativity arises. In Western thought, however, the orientation has been much more towards the scientific and rational, and less towards the arational and intuitive. And that is why time, in opposition to timelessness, is so very important to our consciousness of every-day living. Yet if we look into the recesses and cul-de-sacs of our consciousness, we can quickly realize that we frequently *know* that which is embedded, long before it has been articulated or understood. Let me give an example of how these two complementary modes operate.

A short time ago, I saw a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*. Ballet, as with all dance, mime, or other extended experience of body movement, is holistic and nonverbal. The body expresses meaning, but it does not fully articulate the significance. That is left to the observer, the perceiver. As I watched, I was continually caught-up in a multiplicity of meanings which those human bodies were expressing: Was that look on the prima ballerina's face one of sadness, resignation or complacency? Was that graceful sweep of the arm intended as an invitation to linger, or was it simply the bowing of a willow, or the momentary ripple in an otherwise continuous flow of human experience? I didn't know, and the point is, that it didn't matter one iota. For I was conscious of a continuous, timeless experience ——— an act of creation, which, when forced into logical, articulated form, by my own contemplation, or by reading the program notes, broke that holistic ritual of the dance, into splintered pieces of time's arrow, at least momentarily destroying the unity I felt with it.

At that instant of contemplation and distance, I could feel my-self, my consciousness, shift from that of participant-experiencer, to that of observer-judge. I became a critical thinker, a spectator, who then understood the ballet not as a re-creation of nature, but from a critical appraisal of a work of genius. My appreciation of the ballet was no more or less in either case. I was simply experiencing the same object via different modes of consciousness, the combination of which, enhanced my enjoyment of the event.

My experience of certain elements of the ballet, is an example of *contents* of consciousness, for human consciousness is always about some object, some event, some perception, image or conception —— in short, it is always about "some-thing." In the phenomenological sense, consciousness is always intentional. It points us towards some-thing. But when I speak of the "contents of consciousness," it must be clearly understood that I do not imply "a place," or even a brain localization that "contains" ideas, images, etc. Consciousness is not a product; it is, to the contrary, the supreme human process, and as such, can never be located. Hence, any reference to things being *in* consciousness, is misleading. Consciousness is *about* things, or as Sartre has put it, "The object is a consciousness."[2]

To return to the example of the ballet, there were many things about which I was conscious. At times, I was very aware of my body's participation in the dance, its heartbeat or posture. I was very conscious of the appearance and agility of the dancers, of the way their bodies related to each other, and even of the color of the ballet slippers. I was less aware of my own thoughts, of the changes in lighting or musical inflection (which were very subtle), and I was least aware of such things as what I was going to do "tomorrow," of the first ballet I had ever seen, or of the tap dance lessons I took when I was a child. I was, in effect, most conscious of those things which were, at the moment, outside of time, verging on the timeless.

And although that timeless present was "real," and "there," I could have just as easily closed my eyes and imaged things on stage, as I had just seen them, or even imagined them as they never were or would be. And had I done so, those images would also have been objects of consciousness. But the difference is this: while I could look at and perceive the dance in any of its intricacies, I could only *image* that which I actually did see, or knew to be there. I could not image "black slippers" unless I had seen them, or knew them to be there, or had otherwise conceptualized their presence, as "black slippers." I could, however, *imagine* them to be any size, shape and colour I chose, even a green one and a pink one.

And similarly, at this moment, as I am writing, if I close my eyes and try to visualize the stage scenery, which I did experience, I can only image that which I really did see. There might have been rows of tall trees in the background, but all I remember, or all I was aware of, was a polymorphous, dark ground. Hence, as I try to image that background, now, all I "see" is that undifferentiated ground. Yet I can imagine trees, castles, mountains, and so on quite in context.

Imaging and imagining both contribute to the creation of mental images. The former is oriented towards faithful reproduction; the latter towards the creation of any sort of mental representation. As such, imagination is much broader, not surprisingly, since its place is with the possible, or even the impossible, and not with the "real." Image, perception, and conception are the three means by which the same object can be consciously experienced, according to Sartre's interpretation.[3] And a moments reflection about our own consciousness, should be sufficient for us to realize, that any object can be experienced successively, simultaneously, or in combinations; that an instant is all it takes to be aware of a perception, image *and* conception of the same object. Quite literally, in the blink of an eye, I can be aware of black objects worn on the dancers' feet, of a mental picture of those black objects, and of the words, "black slippers." All three avenues to the object intermingle to varying degrees, at different times, effecting what is called, *significance*.

Consciousness as a unifying process, is indeed oriented towards the forming of new combinations, because syntropy and entropy, creation and disintegration characterize the changing face of human consciousness. We can never know an object again, in the same way, because it is the essence of human experience, of human time, that our consciousness continually directs, and is directed, towards new knowledge: different perceptions, enlarged visions, and more articulated conceptions. Images change, perceptions expand or shrink, and conceptions continually incorporate new experience into the word. In effect, that is the basis of personal time, and of human development, itself.

II

Incorporating the experience of self and objects into ever higher and evolving cognitive hierarchies, is the heart of human change. Consciousness necessitates and demands change to such an extent, that it is really no wonder that we must see objects and events temporally; that we must organize our lives according to some principles, which coordinate "the now," "the not yet," and "the before," into pattern and meaning Change unites human consciousness and time into a very seductive relationship. But it is never actually clear which one is the whore and which is the procurer, nor is it ever transparent which is the illusion, and which is the allusion.

Time and consciousness reside in each other, continuously reflecting upon each other, and back upon themselves. We know about madness and sanity because our consciousness is capable of both, and because we usually distinguish between the two on temporal grounds: What today is boredom, may tomorrow be depression; what is now hopeful, may have earlier on, been desperate; what we see in the mirror tomorrow, may be exactly that which we foretold last week.

In other words, change is real; change is unavoidable and incessant. It is, in fact, the ground of life. Permanence and stability are simply artifacts of our temporal organization; security blankets in the face of old age and death. We mold our-selves and our lives into permanent fixtures, believing that we will then be, somehow, more resistant to change. Or that change in our lives will only occur if we let it. But we have, in that case, confused "time" and "change."

The very nature of psychological time means that we can "lock ourselves away" in the vaulted past, or in the fantastic future. We may even believe that we have escaped from time. After all, personal time is only what we make of it: We can destroy it, create it, remember it, and so on. But this is a psychological process, or human experience. Change, on the other hand, is a natural, irresistible law. Therefore, if time doesn't "get" us, change will.

At any moment, when we are conscious that we are conscious about some-thing, are we not automatically implying a temporal condition, a change, which invokes a whole life of hopes and fears, disappointments and achievements, of discovery and learning, of anticipation and remembering? At the instant that that I *know* that I know some-thing, have I not already moved on to another bit of life? A moment of reflection or of intuitive knowing, is ample time to change any experience.

Even for those great "psychological bugaboos," known as habits, change is always a condition of occurrence: The antecedent events are never the same, nor are the present situations, in which the habit pattern takes place. And last, but not least, the future is always a relative unknown, expecially in relation to choice and will. The habitual behavior may always appear to be exactly the same, but that is only a relic of restricted vision, of narrow perception, or limited self-awareness.

For example, this morning, I got out of bed on the right-hand side as I always, habitually do. But my consciouness of this pattern was rudely altered by the fact that, as I stepped on the rug, I also stepped on a pin. That painful event, made me realize that on any other day, there are always other events in my perceptual field, which occur simultaneously to the act of rising on the right side of the bed: a fly buzzing, the chill in the air, a dream, or the growling of an empty stomach. But these events do not ordinarily intrude on my consciousness, as the pin did. Yet, I know that these other events combine themselves with my awareness of rising in the morning, such that the experience of getting out of bed, *is* different, every day.

If change is one characteristic of the relationship between personal time and human consciousness, then *continuity* is another. Psychological time and consciousness are both continuous, because one image, perception or concept, unceasingly follows, precedes, or occurs simultaneously in combination with others. All such elements of consciousness have duration and sequence, which, when interpreted by each of us, into a continuity of presents, pasts and futures, becomes our personal, perceived time.

It might occasionally appear that there is no continuity in either our consciousness or our time. But in reality, any break in consciousness and time, is simply a matter of a "fading of saliency," as Stern has put it.[4] This fading, into the ground of more holistic consciousness, results in apparent gaps in our awareness. But continuity is assured by the unifying structures of consciousness, which append one perception, image or conception onto another, no matter how discontinuous or unrelated the elements may rationally appear.

Moreover, these apparent gaps are filled by our own affect, by our own emotions, feelings, and personal style. And this "personal mortar," as it were, arises from more intuitive levels of consciousness, to cement together a life, which would otherwise be fragmented, incoherent, and consequently timeless, in the worst sense of the word.

Similarly, when we have difficulty in assessing the duration of events, it is probably because the objects of consciousness (and their construction into temporal events) are more embedded, more affective, and more in the realm of tacit knowledge. But every event has its duration, and if we believe to the contrary, it is probably because we are not aware of its endurance, and that in turn, is related to attention, and the giving of signification. In Schaltenbrand's opinion, and I am in full agreement here,

> ...Each element of consciousness has its adequate duration; *some of them may last as long as our own conscious extension of our presence in the world* [emphasis added].[5]

And of course, the more we become aware of our-self, and of self-in-the-world, the more extended is our awareness of our temporal presence (or presents), or of our personal extension in the world.

III

It is duration then, via the perceived continuity of the self, which forms the main fabric of our temporal experience. We feel the lengthening and shortening of events relative to other events, and relative to our own psychological states. I believe Henri Bergson has presented the best analysis of personal duration, when he says,,

> ...The truth is that there is neither a rigid, immovable substratum, nor distinct states passing over it like actors on a stage. There is simply the continuous melody of our inner life —— a melody which is going on and will go on, indivisible, from the beginning to the end of our conscious existence. Our personality is precisely that....This indivisible continuity of change is precisely what constitutes true duration....*Real duration* is what we have always called *time*, but time perceived as indivisible.[6]

We are most aware of duration if it interferes with some-thing we want; with the attainment of a need or desire. Time appears to drag unbearably whenever we are waiting for a particular event to occur, and the duration appears even longer when we are already engaged in a boring or displeasing activity, which necessarily precedes one we eagerly await. Oppositely, time appears too short when we fear for what is to come. For example, a salesperson can wait, empty handed, for half-an-hour, for a customer to appear, and feel that the time is much longer than the half-hour he spends waiting for the doctor to give him a painful injection. Yet he knows by looking at his watch, that an absolute and equal time has passed for both waiting periods.

This presents one of the very curious devices of time: When we have an intuitive, inner sense of the passing of time —— whether it be fast or slow —— the direct confrontation by clock time that we have misjudged the duration, often does not aid in realigning our personal sense of duration. In fact, we continue to periodically look at the timepiece, and even react with some measure of surprise or displeasure, that the hands of the "damn thing" are not where we want them to be. We seem to regularly rely upon our own sense of the passage of time, and use the objective reality of clock time, only as a cue, which is not always taken. But of course, in our culture, the enshrinement of punctuality —— of appointments, set arrivals and departures —— limits the opportunities for us to observe the extent to which we cling to this inner time.

In addition, part of our reliance on a personal estimation of duration, is based in the degree to which we use the number and nature of our memories. We are able, via language and memory, to re-construct events, and to establish durations for each, relative to the durations of others. But more of this in a later chapter.

What about succession then? What part does it play in the mature person's conceptualization of time? It would appear that in our culture, we become aware of, and use the flow of events to integrate our life, because we must. The very nature of the culture, demands order, seriation and coordination of events, to such an extent, that we can hardly function together, without such structure. Moreover, succession appears to be the fundamental component of mathematical, physical time. And this is largely irrelevant, since in the psychological realm, we are not concerned with instants, nor with the succession of integers, but rather, with events in a life; events which psychologically stop and start, mark time, or rush by; events which are understandable, largely outside the realm of logic.

The issue is perhaps moot, since in a practical, lived sense, we cannot really know one without the other. That is, in the context of a life-in-process, how can we know the extent to which an event lasts, when we do not know when it began and when it ended, in relationship to other events, which also have a beginning and an ending? And conversely, can we know the order of events if we have no perception of how long each event lasted? Visualize the ordering of a complex week's events, independent of the relative duration of each, or trying to decide how long an event lasted, without knowing what came first, third, last, before and after. But here again, we most often use objectifiers, such as calendars, clocks, and symbols to establish both duration and succession, so that once more, our *intuitive* awareness of them, is obscured. The question appears to be somewhat culturally inadmissible, therefore.

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Fraisse leads us back to our notion of the person-in-time, when he says the folowing about succession and duration:

> ...One unit of perception succeeds another. Between them there is a slight lapse, a pause that we do not even notice; in speech it's presence is marked by punctuation. But discontinuity in perception is disguised by continuity afforded by the emotional quality of events and their unity of significance. Each unit perceived takes its place in a stream in which the durability of our attitude and our memory are the factors which determine continuity.[7]

The reference from Fraisse, presents the next series of relationships between time and consciousness, relationships which are much more apparently psychological: It is obvious by now, that the past, present and future form a trichotomy, in which the "already been," and "the not yet," are mediated by the "now." The adult realizes this, not only because he can, for example, intellectually schematize the interaction, in a spatial sequence, running from left-to-right, or top-to-bottom, with the present in the middle, but more significantly and personally, because he is conscious that what he has been in the past, and what he wishes to become in the future, is reflected in his present activity. He knows, at some level or other, that both his cummulative experience and his future aspirations, intermingle in the form of his present enterprise.

IV

Consciousness of the present is largely based upon perception, which in turn is predicated upon attention and focus. The very use of the term, "perception," orients us to the apprehension of a current event; an event which is, however, always interpreted in respect to the past and future. Perception alone, which is of "the thing," will never give us the lived present. In the absence of retrospection and prospection, perception builds nothing but unrelated fragments, meaningless instants, rather than a continuous chain of "presents."

We appear to perceive the continuation or cessation of this chain, and of links in the chain, depending upon the organizational principles which we have at our disposal. These principles are very similar to the Gestalt principles of visual perception, such as continuity, closure, proximity, and so on. That such a similarity exists, is not unusual, if we recognize that personal time is the "psychologizing" of one's personal space. Therefore, the extent of the psychological present, is a result of how we organize and group together our individual perceptions.

For example, at this moment, my writing is not dictated word-by-word, but according to the manner in which I organize and combine the words into complete ideas. These thoughts are combined by the proximity of one word to the next, and more superordinately, by my intention to communicate a specific idea. But whenI

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This is so because the organizing principles are more difficult to apply, visually. And to transfer this event to an auditory, temporal one, imagine someone reading the above sentence, aloud, according to the given organization: While listening, any person would have considerably more difficulty interpreting the sentence as a continuous event, because of the temporal breaks. Yet most of us would have little trouble integrating the words into an unbroken idea, *post facto*.

In addition, we all use previous experience in interpreting a present event, as I have mentioned. Musical experience provides us with many good examples of this. Such auditory input demands full use of temporal integration: The first time I ever listened to an avant garde work by John Cage, consisting of many fleeting, isolated rhythms and lines, I did not have any immediate, organizational principles to apply, in apprehending the piece, largely because it does not, itself, aid in organization. However, the second and third times I listened to the same music, *I remembered* some parts of the work, and could use this memory *to anticipate*, and therefore organize what was to come, into a more meaningful series of personal "presents."

In contrast, when a series of events occurs as a continuous stream, as in nature, they readily lend themselves to perceptual, temporal organization: The rising sun, or the opening of a crocus in spring, *could be* perceived as a continuous, salient present. The event unfolds gradually, and without interruption, so that we could interpret it as a single, ongoing present, if we could attend to it long enough.

And the condition of *attention* and *focus*, is indeed an important one, in determining the nature and extent of the conscious present. Attention is a general attitude of consciousness towards things; a disposition to looking at *some* of what is "there" in consciousness. For example, I become aware of time, only if I attend to its passing. But in order to personally understand something specific about *my* passing time, I must *focus* on a select part of my present time (which of course, is related to something in the past or future, or both), becoming increasingly more discriminating in my focus, until my consciousness is about some-thing else, and some-thing else, and some-thing else....

So it can be seen that the entire process of creating a chain of presents, and in fact, of life, itself, is constantly expansive. Beginning with global, undifferentiated consciousness, we perceive attributes of things, from which we then extract a narrower range, to which we give attention, until we finally focus upon some specific "thing," which becomes the salient present. The process thus has a reductive appearance; yet we can quickly realize that each "reduction" has already lead us on to higher levels of integration, to greater wholes, and larger "pieces of life." To this extent, it is not unlike the metamorphosis of a butterfly, or of the universe, itself: The larger wholes are always there, if we choose to look at them.

But increasing attention, discrimination and selectivity, is not only a matter of choice (although choice and will can over-ride almost any demand characteristic). It is also a question of the degree of saliency of objects, in relation to the ground of life, in which they reside. I return now, to William Stern's discussion of the person-world dimension, a summary which, due to its succinct excellence, I shall quote at length:

> However unified and self-contained the person may be in the metaphysical sense, he is actually open at every moment to the surrounding world. He acts upon and is acted upon by the environment; a tension always exists. When the tension is most acute there is a resultant state of consciousness. The most important of all facts about consciousness is that it is graded; sometimes it stands out, as it were, against the diffuse background of personal life. It is *salient*. Whenever we are acutely aware of objects or of our own states there is this sharpness. At other times, as in states of feeling, consciousness is embedded more

> deeply; there is less clearness, less salience. *Salience represents an act of pointing, a directedness of the person towards something that at the moment has special significance for him.* The more salient an experience, the greater its subjective meaning. Complete embeddedness is of course unconsciousness.[8]

We are here reminded of the continuum of consciousness as I discussed it earlier. It is evident that there is, at all times, an idea or thing, which stands-out more from the background, than other things, even though we may not be very aware of that saliency. These ideas or things become our conscious "presents," once we attend to them. It is also evident that our present is continually receding into the past, because of a change in saliency or intensity, between objects. That is, as there is a decrease in intensity towards the present thing or idea —— as it slips away, into the past, there is always a continuous and proportional increase in intensity towards something else, which is becoming the conscious present. There is, therefore, a point at which the near future and the recent past are in relative balance, resting on the fulcrum of the present. This balancing of affective-perceptual intensity allows us to retain a distinct impression of the immediate past, while being simultaneously aware of the impending future.

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This appears to hold true, not only for objects, per se, but for emotions and the less salient contents of consciousness, as well. For example, when I am involved in intimate conversations with friends, the psychological present is frequently retained for long periods of time. There is a feeling of unity which fosters an extended perceptual present, perhaps in the content, but especially in the interpersonal affect. The content of discussion may change, without causing the cessation of this perceptual present. But if there is an abrupt shift in the affective tone, whether from reluctance to respond, anger, or whatever, then that change will most frequently announce the advent of a new, psychological present. It is feelings, affective import, which most often determine how we organize events into a personal, temporal framework.

On the more practical and perhaps more salient level of experiencing the present, the adult knows that events frequently occur simultaneously, and that the reality he perceives is but a fragment of the reality which is in-the-world, at that moment. He knows too, that he is always making choices as to what he attends to and focuses on, and that as a result, other things will pass him by.

In fact, not only does our focus of attention determine the duration of the perceptual present, but it even does this to the exclusion of other events, occurring in our perceptual field at the same time. 73 Fraisse has noted that if two stimuli are presented to a subject simultaneously, the one towards which the observer attends, will be psychologically perceived as preceding the other.[9] In addition, his research has demonstrated that (1) the interval between two auditory events in absolute time, which allows for the two to be perceived as a unit, does not exceed approximately one second; (2) that the longer the interval between sounds, the fewer the number of sounds perceived as a unit, and (3) the fewer the number of stimuli, the more readily the series is apprehended as a unit.[10]

If we apply these observations to the previous discussion of Gestalt principles of perceptual organization, we can see that the example of the disconnected sentence, takes on new meaning. To extend it to absurdity, if I read that sentence aloud, at the rate of one word every fifteen seconds, it would be perceived as a continuous event, *post facto*, and only if our attention span was long enough. And imagine how difficult its apprehension, if I randomly vary the interval between words. Moreover, words enhance our perceptual grasp, because they carry such implicit and explicit significance, so perhaps a better temporal example would be the perception of abstract rhythm patterns, under the same conditions.

Attention, focus, and perceptual organization, then, are most intricately related to the psychological present. And of course, if we cannot attend long enough to perceive any continuity in the flow of events, and/or do not have the necessary organizational skills, then our psychological present is relegated to a series of perhaps frightening and incoherent fragments, determined by whatever is most demanding of our attention, from instant to instant. And is it any wonder then, that life is so very difficult for many of the persons we find in neurological and psychiatric institutions? Imagine a life that has lost any semblance of being-in-the-world.

V

If we are aware of the psychological present because of attention and focus, then we are equally conscious of the past, because of memory. As a tool of the past, memory allows us to re-member and re-create those past events which hold meaning for us. Absolute, physical time is irreversible, but via memory (image and language) we can re-examine the contents of experience, and in one valid sense, re-live parts of our life.

As I use the term, "memory" is not seen as an automatic storing of material, nor is it viewed as establishing seriation or duration of events, according to their actual occurrence. Rather, it is conceived as both an intellectual construction, in which we use every available means to aid recall, and as a creative effort, which does little to preserve a life, but which constantly re-creates and re-integrates a life-in-process.

As an intellectual construction, designed to faithfully re-produce events, memory uses such means as language tags, which telescope the essential elements into retrievable units, conditional and causal associations, which direct us back and forth between time periods, and the use of spatial cues to locate time periods, such as maps and charts. And finally, most apparently, we use "real" but arbitrary indicators, such as calendars, as well as natural cycles, such as seasonal changes. These are what Fraisse calls "temporal signs," arrows which point to the individuality of memories, and which together, help us to re-construct the order and duration of past events.[11]

But that other function of memory, the creative, is perhaps even more important. A life-in-process, being-in-the-world, means that the present is not only accumulating into a past, but that it is continually changing the past, in the service of the future. Thus, as Cassirer has said,

> From a new angle it is shown that the function of memory is by no means limited to mere reproduction of past impressions, but performs a genuinely creative task in the building of our perceptive world —— that memory not only repeats perceptions that were previously given, but constitutes new phenomena and new data.[12]

The distinction here, between creative and re-productive memory, is also a distinction between the two main types of consciousness, the protective-biological and the creative. The one is oriented towards survival; the other towards integration and the original. One links us to every other animal species; the other is ours, alone. Or more exactly, we alone, have claim to the *potential* of creative consciousness, since many humans do not have the freedom to explore, and operate from, their creative consciousness, and many others deny the freedom they do have.

But even the individual whose time is spent obtaining food, shelter, clothing —— basic needs, survival —— that person, too, must continually re-create his past. For all persons, the psychological reality of time is that its passing does blur memory of duration and order, as well as significance, such that we have no choice, but to re-create our lives, if we are to continue our being-in-the-world. Imagine, though, how different two sets of memories are, if one person has spent most of his life relatively dominated by basic needs, and the other relatively free from such domination. It is the difference between protection and re-creation, on the one hand, and creation and re-creation, on the other. And while both persons remember most clearly, that which happened most recently, or that which is most imbued with personal affect and importance, the nature of the memories is probably very different.

Yet for both individuals, the necessity to continuously re-create life, also unites them in a common retrospective phenomenon: They will both have impressions that certain periods seemed to have lasted longer, or shorter, relative to other events, because of the richness or paucity of detail, with which they associate the times. For example, yesterday seems to have been much longer, in comparison to the Saturday of several weeks ago, because it is more recent, and I remember more of the minor details. It is still filled. Yet yesterday pales, in contrast to the day I left my home in New York, seven years ago —— the day I loaded my car, drove all day, and experienced a multitude of perceptions, emotions, visions, memories, and anticipations. That day remains fixed in my memory as having lasted much more than twenty-four hours. It is a major event in my life.

When we speak of the "healing" effect of time, we are also referring to this type of temporal experience. Painful or emotionally traumatic events in one's life, may in fact, have lasted a long time, by calendar recognition. But if the period was "empty" of activity and emotion, of conversation and laughter, then time does, in a manner of speaking, distance us from the pain. Our consciousness simply appends meaning to meaning, no matter how vacant and gap-filled the time actually was. And so, years later, we may recall the events physiognomically, without distinct memories. On the other hand, we may retain acute impressions of past pain, if the events were "filled" with meaning.

When I was in seventh grade, I had a "nervous breakdown." It was an extremely traumatic time for me. My life simply slipped from my grasp, disintegrating bit by bit, until I was a frightened shell. I remember (or re-member) those days clearly, now, because as painful as they were, they were filled with the care of friends and family, and even with the taunting of schoolmates. They were filled with long, solitary walks with my dog, with introspective thinking, and with memories of a lifetime to that point. And most importantly, they were filled with adolescent hopes and dreams, that would not, and did not, die.

What I am talking about here, is memory as the positive action of the past, as it affects the conscious present. And there is a negative corollary, which is, of course, repression. Memory is oriented *towards* larger wholes; repression, *away from* integration. Repression is to the Freudian unconscious as memory is to the conscious. Repression is the banishment of an idea from consciousness, and its effect on time, is that it flings away threatening pieces of a life, events in time, which cannot be accommodated. And hence, if it largely characterizes the past, then life, the rest of time, quickly becomes a flight from consciousness.

There is a fine line, too, between repression and forgetting. The latter is a fading of consciousness, or saliency, to such an extent, that there is, for a time, a lack of attention to the thing or idea.

Repression of an event in consciousness, often leads to a feeling of dis-ease or anxiety, which is admitted to consciousness as a symptom. And then, eventually, another feeling returns: Specifically, when we speak of the first, "returning steps" to consciousness, we are also, often speaking of remorse and regret.

Because life, itself, consciousness, itself, is directed towards the future, we are constantly aware of things not done, of deflated plans, and of "poor" choices. And it is *regret* at a less personal level, and *remorse* at the very deepest level of intimacy, which directs us away from the future, to specific actions in the past. The feeling that, "God, I wish I had..." leads us back to a moment in time, when a decision or choice was made, which we retrospectively view as "untimely" or "bad."

Remorse is the more profound arrow, because it points us to major, personal "sins," over which we feel we had control. Regret is more often a result of actions over which we feel we had little control.

Consequently, I may regret that one of my neighbors was beaten and robbed while I was at work. But I would feel intense remorse, if I had stood at my window, watching him be beaten and robbed. Or, for another example, I may regret not going to a different university, whereas I would feel remorseful if I had never taken advantage of the opportunity to go, at all.

There is thus, much more association between remorse and guilt, than between regret and guilt. Remorse continually harkens us back to a moment in time, to an opportunity to "be something" which we in fact, denied. We are therefore, drawn back to a past which will never be made manageable until we can simply "let go," admit that we can "do bad things and still be good people," and open ourselves to the future —— to a future which has positive significance, even as it flows into the present, and especially after it has receded into the past. That's what making proper choices is all about.

These notions of remorse and regret are extensions of Eugene Minkowski's treatment of the topics in his book, *Lived Time*.[14] Like Heidegger, Minkowski believed that the future is the priority of time, and that the past exists, only to be transcended:

> If we consider the most elevated phenomenon of life, freedom, we easily see that this freedom is never concerned with the past. It is never born from a retrospective examination of the facts, but it emerges in us, in all its power "once the thing is done," leaving it behind as an insignificant detail, compared to the infinite horizon in the future that opens before us.[15]

It is, of course, erroneous to think that this means that the way to an open future is through a forgotten or repressed past. The notion of transcendence, which is the key, refers rather, to an understanding of events at increasingly higher levels of consciousness. Govinda has summarized this idea well, when he says,

> We do not free ourselves from our past by trying to forget or ignore it, but only through mastering it in the light of higher, i.e. unprejudiced knowledge ...Ignorance is bondage, knowledge is liberation. So long as we are ignorant of the causes of the past, we are governed by them, and in so far, they determine our future. The course of our future is "predestined" only to the extent of our own ignorance.[16]

Within this reference, we can see the buds of future relationships, which I shall be developing later: It is not surprising that the idea of "unprejudiced knowledge" rings clearly of the phenomenological notion of "suspension of judgement," nor that there is a transparent connection between transcendence and knowledge, and education, in the most positive meaning of that word.

VI

By this time, I think I have made it clear that my conceptualization of psychological time, is predicated upon the future as the most important component. It is from the future that our every breath comes, our every hope, and even our every re-collection. But how does this relative unknown exert such a masterful and precious influence upon us?

It seems that the answer to the question is practically begged by its asking: It is only as an aspect of *human* consciousness that we find *the ability to anticipate*, to think of the distant future, and of our own death; to hope for forthcoming pleasures a week away, or even a year away; and to make plans for our own becoming. The works of Köhler[17] and Yerkes,[18] and others in related investigations,[19] have amply demonstrated the capacity for *expectation* in chimpanzees. It is the animal ability to look forward to something for short periods of time, in the presence of the object, or a substitute stimulus.

But this is quite different from the human capacity to anticipate, as Arieti has pointed out.[20] Anticipation arises out of conditioned expectation, and eventually comes to characterize the healthy adult's relationship to the future. It consists of a forward perspective which is independent of the presence of the object. Moreover, there appears to be a difference in affect, between expectation and anticipation. Expectation implies a certain anxiety that the guiding image of "the thing" become real, fulfilled, "before it is too late." Hence, a chimp will search frantically in its cage, for a banana, because it has been conditioned to expect it, and ultimately, because it is organismically driven to fulfill the expectancy. By its very meaning, expectation does not involve a very long delay of gratification, a very distant look into the future, nor a very open image of the possible.

In contrast, anticipation is a refined "taking beforehand" of that which we think is possible, and not only that which is crucial, demanded or necessary. It is more considerate and less urgent. How many adolescents (indeed, adults, too) in repeated generations, have heard the likes of this from parent figures: "I'll expect you to have..." or "You'd think I could expect..." And how different that meaning is from anticipation —— how animal-like and shortsighted expectation is, and how generous anticipation, in comparison. The real import of the differential meanings can be seen in relation to the idea of "domination by basic needs," and in the relationship between affect and control, and personal styles of being-in-the-world. And I shall continue to develop these ideas in subsequent chapters.

For now, it is sufficient to recognize that we are usually conscious of the future because we either have an expectancy of its occurrence, or because we anticipate an event or possibility, on a broader temporal basis. For the adult, this looking forward, usually rears its head, when we are somehow dissatisfied with the present, or when we feel a gap between significant "presents."

Desires for change prompt us to look ahead and to hypothesize the number and nature of events which lie open to us. On the level of goal-directed living, we do not project our-selves into the future to consider things which are greatly outside the realm of realistic possibility. We view the events of life to come, in relationship to what we want most, and to what we have had, but all usually in respect to what is feasible.

And yet, what we finally settle upon as "realistically possible," is often gleaned from the undifferentiated mass of possibilities we call fantasy or imagination, daydream or reverie. It is perhaps, only in the light of such human phenomena that we can understand those persons who can never escape the bounds of expectation: They may well be persons who fear to dream, to wish, to imagine the unimaginable. It is ironic, too, that such people often convince themselves that this form of human denial, makes their future, and hence, their living-in-the-world, more "real." But of course, this is just one more example of repression. For we must dream; we must imagine. To do otherwise is to close ourselves off from the possibilities of becoming. And to do that —— to deny the future, is to give up life, itself.

It is another temporal paradox, that without a future which we continually re-affirm, we would have no present existence, and of course, no past. The paradox is nearly self-evident when we realize how often we make the past totally independent of the future; how often we believe that we cannot know anything more about what *has happened*, on the basis of what *will happen*, and most apparently when we forget that we can view time as flowing from the future, at all.

A moment's consideration of the expression, "I want...," directs us to the realization that what a person wills-to-happen in the future —— his goals, aspirations, and prospective thoughts —— not only directs him forward, but also constantly directs him to re-create his past and to know it anew, from a different, and hopefully, transcendental perspective. For at the highest levels of consciousness, human development is not simply a matter of maturation and present-centered learning, nor is it only goal directed behavior. It is as much, a continuous re-integrating of *all* of our time, oriented towards a future, healthier awareness of self and world. And that conceptualization of human development, is a conservative one, which only scratches the surface of possibilities. For as Govinda has said,

> Whether the universe as a whole can change or not is quite irrelevant; important alone is that there is a genuine creative advance possible for the individual, and that the past that is ever growing in him as a widening horizon of experience and wisdom, will continue so to grow until the individual has reached the state in which the universe becomes conscious in him as one living organism, and not only as an abstract unity, or a state of featureless oneness. This is the highest dimension of consciousness.[21]

The essence of futurity then, is this: The more we advance our consciousness away from reactive, conditioned behavior, the more we advance towards creative endeavor. That is, the goal of development, of time, is an awareness that incorporates knowledge and understanding light-years beyond animal conditioning and habitual response. Creative consciousness is just that. It derives its energy from openness to intuition, sharing, cooperation, health, joy and completion. And it is ultimately the consciousness that time is the other side of the mirror; the side that we can rarely see, but which we can always see through.

Striving to see the other side of the mirror, to see time-for-itself, is also the essence of the search for self. Because only in this ongoing dialectic between time and self, does the "I" come to have any differentiated meaning, at all. But it is not the image in the mirror that is important here, not is it the face which projects the image. It is rather, the inter-face, which is significant: the face that asks and the image that answers; the self that sees and that which is seen; the inter-face between awareness and action; between "I am..." and "I want...."

It is certainly not a shocking notion, that coming to know the image in the mirror as both self and extension of other, is a temporally oriented process. The young child is only just beginning to separate a global self from an even more undifferentiated world. And yet years later, as an adult, he will still be refining his awareness of self, by constant expansion of his perceptions of the mirror dialectic: He learns relatively early, about his shared human heritage, the recognition that the image he sees could be that of others, but that the face that projects the image is his, alone. Later, he learns that the face in the mirror is both actor and recipient, and that the articulation of the dialectic, throughout adulthood, is equivalent to his construction of a personal sense of time. As he distances his subjective-self from his objective-self, he learns to step out of time, for longer periods; to at once feel good about his individuality and his shared, human nature, and about the person he is becoming, as a result of that conjunction.

This relationship between self-consciousness (in the best sense) and time, is extremely intimate and important, for unless we realize the need to periodically disembed our-selves from time, in effect stepping out of time, we shall not continue to articulate the meaning of self. We shall stifle and be stifled. And oppositely, if we cannot disengage self from other-self, to feel our-selves feeling, or to see our-selves seeing, we shall have great difficulty understanding what importance time has for us. At that point, we shall have lost grasp of the relationship between time and human development (T↔D), a relationship which co-responds to consciousness, itself.

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SECOND INTERLUDE

Being in Time *

by Steven S. Scofield

Imagine that you are walking in a tunnel of infinite length and height. On either side of you there are flexible, pulsating walls, which can move in and out, closer to you or farther away. On these walls are moving frames or images.

As you walk ahead, towards the darker end of the tunnel, you get glimpses of things and events, as they approach you. And if you turn around, you can see shadows of where you have already been. In fact, you know that you can turn around, any time you like, and walk back in the other direction. But you know as well, that if you do, things will never be exactly the same back there, nor will they be the same, here, in the present moment, when you return. So you continue to walk on, towards the darker end of the tunnel. And as you do, you become more and more aware that the walls which are at your sides, move in and out, at your will.

As you walk along, however, you forget this power, and the walls slowly begin to contract, and move in closer to you, obscuring your view of what lies ahead, as well as of where you've just been. You begin to feel crowded, choked-off by the proximity of these vibrant walls.

You feel anxious, tense, and even hopeless.

You can see nothing but these walls, which are crowding in on you.

You feel so suffocated, that you forget you are in an open-ended tunnel, but rather, in some small, windowless cell.

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And suddenly, you realize that if you stand still for too long, the walls become even more threatening, even more intense.

Then, afraid, you begin to run down the tunnel in the opposite direction. But startled by the confusion of images you see on the walls, back there, you turn around again, and run even faster, back where you were. You are frightened but irresistibly drawn back.

You glance anxiously over your shoulder once in a while, as if some great, ominous beast were following you. And try as you can, you cannot make out the significance of any of the frames on the walls. They are moving so quickly in one direction, and you so fast in the other. The walls are closing in.

You feel bound to the spot, yet you are running...running. You feel immobilized, yet you are running...running.

Instant follows chaotic instant.

Then, suddenly, as the panic is rising up like bile, you remember your power to move the walls away, at your own will. You know that the key is to simply keep your-self open to the possibilities that lie ahead.

You begin to feel so free to imagine the possible, that you are starting to see yourself in every scenario. No longer do you see objects as mere unrelated things, nor persons as anonymous figures. As the walls continue to withdraw, every image takes on greater, enlarged meaning, and you are aware that you see you-self in every scene that is written on the walls, as well as in every significant glance behind you. But most of all, you realize that you can see your-self in all of your squinted looks ahead.

With transfixing insight, you realize for the first time since this journey began, that *you* are at the center of every scene, every experience that has happened to you, and moreover, that you have *always* been at the center, even though you did not have that perspective before. You feel exhilarated:

The dark end of the tunnel is suddenly illuminated.

And as you move towards that distant point in the tunnel, you feel that the frames on the walls are moving at an ever increasing speed. But you don't miss a thing; nor are you fearful, any more. You see and know it all, and you see your-self in it all, too. These frames are a "package deal," parts of your own life. And for the first time, you begin to realize where it is you are, and what the meaning of this tunnel is.

Instantly, the walls recede even farther, until they no longer appear as boundaries.

Or is it that you are distancing your-self from these events? Or both?

As you think of the possibilities, the walls which have so restricted your vision, begin to recede, until you can once more, see some of what is ahead. You slow down, take some deep breaths, and even turn around occasionally to look behind you, where you've already been, and that end, too, seems more open and viable. You smile wistfully, as you re-call some far off scene, and turn around to face that other end of the tunnel —— the one that offers such great hope, and such great anxiety.

You pause to observe and participate in some of the passing frames, knowing that as long as you think, "possibilities," you needn't worry about the walls closing in on you again, no matter how long you stay.

The walls retreat even more.

And as they withdraw beyond fear and repression, you increasingly begin to look all around you, in every direction, and you are overwhelmed by your burgeoning awareness of the meaning of the images on the walls: You are amazed and overjoyed to know that the image of the pointing finger, which so terrified you earlier, was only part of a hand reaching out, in an act of creation, to meet you —— only part of a larger vista, which you can see more clearly, now. And you know, as well, that this hand that you now welcome, is itself, only a part of something greater, something which you are only beginning to imagine.

You see such vivid, awe-inspiring images, now, and what's more, you begin to see your-self there, seeing those events. And the more you realize that they are *your* life, the more you see your-self seeing more of your-self seeing more...

You know the full meaning of this tunnel: You know that it is *your* tunnel. And at the very second of this stunning realization —— that your life is only circumscribed by the walls of your own perception —— you seem to float out of your-self: listening to the listening, feeling the feelings, and being conscious of your own consciousness.

The significance of this tunnel has effected greater understanding of what "I" means, just as your knowing your-selves provides you with a reciprocal and new perspective on the tunnel. You see it with a new familiarity, and enlarged expression. You know the dialectic at its highest level, when you step out of the tunnel, and out of your-self.

You are floating...floating...out of the tunnel and out of yourself, until you see it all: your entire life as an individually significant and cohesive event in the cosmos. But you do not understand whether this has all happened over the course of a lifetime, or in a matter of seconds.

And at that questioning instant, you look one last time through the mirror, at where you've been, and see it as an unbound arrow in space, a cosmic projection, which began within you, and which ends within you. Your self and time are one, forever in eternity.

CHAPTER THREE

TIME AND AFFECT

> Love, what is it but space and time rendered
> perceptible by the heart.

—— from *The Captive (Remembrance of Things Past)* by Marcel Proust, 1929.

> They were assured then, together, the psychiatric intern and his patient, that there was a rhythm, a strange unnoted thythm, that might or might not be beating out their lives for them. For each of us.
>
> Because to measure time by the clockworks is to know that you are moving towards some end but at a pace far different from the one you might think!

—— from *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues* by Tom Robbins, 1976.

I

It should not be surprising now, that the concept of personal time I am presenting, is primarily affective in nature: *How we feel* about the persons, places and things, which form the events of our lives, is at the core of this experience. Not only are we disposed to acting-out our present moments, our being-in-the-world, according to this affective-temporal interaction, but the affective tonus, itself, develops and changes in time, especially through our perception of time's passing. In fact, the two-way street, between time and development (T⟷D), which I have discussed at various intervals, before, has its beginning points in affect.

Regardless of whether we look at ontogeny, philogeny, or more deeply, at the evolution of human consciousness, we are, at every turn, faced with the realization that affect is *the* primordial fact of life.

It develops long before functional intellect, and in fact, precludes much of that development. It arises from the body's embedded experience in-the-world, from that intuitive and tacit consciousness, which arises from "being," itself.

Affect is not simply a matter of feelings and emotions, although they nurture it significantly. It is, as well, the silence between the words, the movement within the gesture, and the style behind the thoughts. In short, it is that which makes the "I" distinct from the "me," and the "self" distinct from "other." My ideas, words and rational thoughts, per se, do not realize my individuality, for they are precluded and made distinguishable, only insofar as I am affectively different from others, in the first place.

That very arrow of time, which I project onto the world, and which is returned to me, again and again, arises from my own feelings, desires and emotions. To be unaffective then, or to lose touch with our own affect, is a prelude to losing touch with the arrow between time and self, as well. For that arrow does not derive its strength nor meaning from linear-logical analysis, but rather, from immediate, affective confrontation between the life that the arrow represents and the person who is born to live it. And once that meaning is transcended by intellectual significance, the affective continues to participate in our understanding of the arrow, especially when the logical world fails us.

And it does appear that the logical world of order and seriation, of cause and effect, often fails us, not because we cannot somehow understand it, but because we cannot relate to it affectively —— because we often do not get "good feelings" from the "logical" persons and events which comprise it.

Our Western world view has been so dominated by rational thought, that we have come to do great violence to each other through our neglect of affect. We make the preposterous assumption that the world-as-it-is, provides every logical means necessary, for us to understand it similarly, and hence to think alike, dress alike, and be alike. But we repress the most elementary fact: We *are* different, one from the other, in spite of rationalization to the contrary, simply because we each feel, and participate with the world, in very different ways —— because the personal time we have lived, has little to do with the "clockworks" of the external world. But in our urgency for consensus and conformity, we act as if we have no idea that John, Bill, Mary, George, and Alice, you and I, have all arrived at the present time, via very different routes; via very different experiences in time.

And in the same neglectful mood, we are not very aware that our "being" is that which both unites us with these other persons, and makes us distinct from them, at the same time, and that "being," itself, is therefore something to hold in sacred trust. We then end up by hurting each other, and simultaneously inducing a belief in the hopelessness of our situation, all because we have lost sight of the ground of life; because we have been too often convinced that feelings, intuition, and emotional sponteneity are a second-rate, degenerative mode of interacting with the world and self. Consequently, those who are the most feeling, sensitive and emotive, are often the most rejected. And this is where we really do harm to each other.

We can all cope fairly easily with being rejected, intellectually. It happens all the time. In fact, we are schooled in it from very early on. Every school child in our society must come to grips with intellectual rejection of the sort, "You better spend some more time, reading that more carefully." To varying degrees, we all seem to be able to deal with such rejection of our knowledge, or even of our experience, as long as it appears that the rejection is not of the "self." But when we are spurned for our affect, our manner or way of being-in-the-world, then our very being is threatened. Do any of us ever learn to ignore such an implicit rejection of being? Isn't the highest level of protective consciousness, one which always directs us to resist such encroachment? Does it not direct us to shout out, "No!" to a world which will not concede respect and equal rights. And does it not direct us in a search for external acceptance, which corresponds to our own acceptance of self? For in effect, a rejection of affect is a negation of the time we have lived.

II

A few weeks ago, I was in a movie theatre, and I overheard two women behind me, arguing about "respect for feelings." The gist of the discussion was that one of the women felt put-down for her feelings, and the other felt that her friend was being "overly-emotional," "overly-reactive," etc. The first woman was saying such things as, "I feel angry that you..." and "It makes me sad that you...". while the second woman was fueling the fire with the likes of, "Well, you don't have to be so emotional about it...," etc.

It occurred to me, as I was sitting there, that these two people were not understanding the difference in the meaning and function of the words, "feeling" and "emotions," and moreover, that both were demonstrating a basic inability to project their-selves into the other's position —— to be able to feel life, for a time, through the body of the other. And I realized as well, that they were not alone in their confusion and subsequent lack of communication.

To begin with, *feelings* are the generalized ground of all experience. They constitute that inarticulated, global mass, called intuited knowing, and this knowing is what is later differentiated as intellectual understanding, expressed as emotion, or simply left to be participated in. Feelings such as pain, excitement, hunger, depression, discomfort, and so on then, arise from direct confrontation with the subjective world; from a continuous tête-à-tête, between body and world. They silently and subtly change in time, and because of it. Hence, feelings continually and automatically incorporate new meaning about things-in-the-world, as they assimilate changing perceptions of the world, en mass.

Specific *emotions* arise from this global mass of unarticulated feeling, usually as an arrow to action. And while they are basically antithetical to reason, they do appear to involve a minimal amount of contemplation. In effect, the receptive nature of feelings requires some intellectualization, in order to be carried to the level of action, or living-in-the-world. "I feel depressed," for example, must be in some manner, transformed to an emotion, such as "I am afraid," before action can occur. Similarly, a feeling of excitement is often transformed by need and experience, into "I love" or "I am overjoyed."

But just as there is here, an emotional parallel to creative consciousness, in general, there is also a protective, adaptive function of emotion, which corresponds to that other kind of general consciousness. This is emotion as release, pure and simple: the disclosure of self in laughter; the painful tears which return us to the original void; and shouts of joy which free the spirit. All release us to join with the universe to a larger degree; to return to more embedded experience.

Emotion then, is "a transformation of the world," as Sartre has expressed it; a restructuring of the world, sometimes as if we were following magical principles, and not those of causality.[1] We find in emotion, our affective need to unite with the world under a different vision. And this different vision allows us to feel "free" of domination by the world, if only for a time. It therefore involves a loss of distance, a condensing of time and space, so that we no longer feel an intellectual separation between the self and other; we are released from the objectifying world.

Simply stated, emotion is a consciousness of the world, like any other consciousness. It "is a specific manner of apprehending the world."[2] It is as intentional as any consciousness, and it directs us to restructure our perceptions of the world, according to the affective meaning of the situation. At times of joy, exhilaration, and so on, the world opens before us in an expanded transformation of the possibilities inherent in it, while at moments of fear, sorrow, anger, etc., the restructuring is narrow, and the possibilities appear to be few. But in any case, our transformation of the world, via emotion, is always consistent with the perception of the situation: If I am emotionally honest, I emote joy when I feel it; I express sadness when I feel sad, and I get angry when I perceive a world which imposes too much interference. In effect, I re-constitute the world "in my own image," as it were, in an attempt to return my body to a relative feeling of stasis between inner and outer experience; to make me feel once again, in control of my own time.

The transformations are relatively short in duration, as Hall and Cobey have said:

> They are based on the sense of contrast between the world as it was prior to the emotion and the transformed state. A long lasting emotion ceases to be felt as such, but colors the world. In other words, it becomes mood.[3]

And yet as well, as Sartre has noted, emotions have a peculiar autonomy which gives them their own effective duration, in most cases. "...The emotion is undergone. One cannot get out of it as one pleases; it fades away of itself, but one cannot put a stop to it."[4] And elsewhere, he says, "Liberation can come only from a purifying reflection or from the total disappearance of the emotional situation."[5] I agree with Sartre here, but would add that contemplation will have little impact on the dissolution of an emotion, if that emotion has not, to some degree, run its course. Otherwise there is, again, a return to rational consciousness (which may amount to repression), and an emotional transformation of the world is perhaps circumvented.

To leave "emotions" aside for a moment, there is another category of affective experience, which also arises from feelings. *Participation* is the immediate experience of the body-in-the-world, according to the felt significance of the world, *as it is*. It is a more embedded experience than contemplation or thinking, per se, and thus is pre-conceptual, as well, as Cobey and Hall have indicated.[6] Participation operates as some sort of "mid-point" in human experience, in that it involves the body in a direct, holistic and physiognomic experience with the object. And this involvement does not preclude the loss of distance that emotion implies, although it does involve less distance from the object, than contemplation.

To extend the distinctions a bit further, in contemplation, there is a purposeful, intellectual attempt to isolate the object or event of perception, in its "independent reality." In participation, on the other hand, there is no conscious attempt to separate "the thing" from the self, and yet, because it is an involvement in the world, as it exists, our feelings are evoked by the object, but remain with it.[7] We therefore feel an *unarticulated separateness*, between self and that with which we participate. Finally, emotional consciousness involves a synthesis of person and thing; a lack of distance, which, while necessary, does not allow us to see "the thing" apart from our own projections of it. The object and self are so imbued with the same pervasive affect, as to be momentarily indistinguishable to the person feeling the emotion.

For example, I remember the first time I attempted to read Heidegger's *Being and Time*. I began the book with the intention of immediately understanding it, and incorporating it into my previous experience. But this book does not lend itself to easy integration, to say the least. So no matter how I reconceptualized or paraphrased every line, I was proceeding to get very lost in its complexity. It seemed as if every word presented a new confusion, and as I continued to plug-away, my circuits began to blow: "Damn, I thought I understood that!" came to be a hallmark of the experience. I was losing my ability to keep an intellectual, contemplative space between my-self and Heidegger-as-ideas, and between my-self and Heidegger-as-the-damn-book. Eventually, I shoved the book away from me, as if it, in of it-self, were responsible for my lack of understanding. In effect, neither Heidegger, nor I, was the crux of the problem. It was the damn book, lying there like an ogre that wouldn't let me pass over the bridge. I had become united with the book by my anger and frustration. An emotional transformation was taking place.

Later, as I began to read the book, again, I had already learned that it wasn't going to be a "fun" event, and so was more resistent to an emotional reaction to it. I simply began to pass over those sections which gave me trouble; skimming them, in effect, until I was reading at a fairly fast pace and getting a very good feeling for what Heidegger was saying. I was participating in the existing world, as it was represented by the book. I was neither truly understanding a great deal, nor was I restricted from understanding by emotional reaction. I was quite exactly, getting a postural tonus, a feel, a sense of significance about what this brilliant thinker intended.

Later still, I was able to utilize this affective, participative feeling, to direct me towards increased contemplative articulation of the book. (But I must admit that I don't think I understand Heidegger, yet. Maybe tomorrow....).

The point is, that participation appears to be a very good base of operations, from which we can obtain an initial grasp of the significance of time, world and self. Its mid-position, between emotion and reason, allows us to maintain the interface between objective and subjective selves —— a positive balance from which we can venture into either realm. Indeed, how lovely it is, to know that the lived world is constituted by more than a reductionistic battle between "reason" and "madness." And with similar sentiment, isn't it exciting to discover such increased possibilities for human experience?

For in of themselves, neither emotions nor feelings are "good" or "bad." It is only through our conferring of significance that we come to value some emotions as positive and some as negative, or even to view *all* feelings and emotions as either positive or negative. Culturally and personally, we appear to value pleasure, excitement and joy, more than pain, depression and anxiety. But ironically, if we show too much joy, or seek too much pleasure, we are often frowned upon. At the same time, we demonstrate repeatedly our devaluation of fear, anxiety and anger as valid expressions of human experience, from which we can grow stronger. What a horrendous paradox! We are expected to be balanced in a world which is often topsy-turvy. Is it any wonder then, that many persons in mental institutions display "depressed affect?" They are victims of a world that says, "Feel, but don't show it;" "Seek pleasure but feel guilty about it;" and "always stay away from pain and anxiety." And so, it is no surprise, either, that such people have withdrawn from time, as well.

For in a lived sense, feelings are beyond time, just as they are beyond justification. They reside in a timeless fount of intuition and tacit knowing, which is continuously replenished by their very presence. They incorporate past, present and future into a timeless unity, wherein "I feel," "I want," and "I know" are without distinction from each other.

Emotions, on the other hand, are very much temporally influenced. As impetus to action, they are often oriented towards the future. For example, once I have articulated a global feeling of discomfort or pain into a more defined state, or emotion, such as anxiety or fear, then and only then is purposeful action possible. The temporal transfer may take days of brooding and reflection, or it may take an instant, as when a mother is directed to immediate emotional action, in order to save her child from grave danger.

But quite aside from action, which of course occurs in the present, emotions incorporate the past and future, in other ways. We have all experienced events and persons, whose responses to our emotions in the past, have somehow affected how we emote in the present. For example, I distinctly remember two different, global experiences which concerned my childhood fears of the dark. One was with my mother, who always chided me about such fears, with the admonishment, to "be a big-boy." And so the "big-boy" would climb the stairs, into the dark, acting manly and unafraid, while the little-boy, inside, remained scared to death. But during that same period, there was a kindly, old woman who often babysat for me and my sister. She would always climb half-way up the stairs with me, and say something like, "Don't worry, Stevie; if there are any ghosts up there, they're *your* ghosts, *your* friends. If you want them to go away, just tell them." What a wise, old woman!

Today, I like the dark, the quiet and the timeless, thanks to that woman. Yet I have always retained a symbolism of the dark as "the unknown," and therefore, as somewhat anxiety arousing. But at the same time, I know that it is *my* unknown, *my* darkness that I face, and that makes as much difference now, as it did twenty-five years ago. And more importantly, I now know, that for me, a choice of anxiety and the future, over guilt and the past, is always preferable.

Speaking of the future, we have finally arrived at the crunching relationship between affect and expectation. If we realize how short-sighted expectation is, temporally speaking, and that it is usually tied very closely to the object or stimulus, then it is but a short step to the notion that when we are told that we are expected to act in "such and such a manner," the message actually is, that "in this given situation we expect your affect to be like everybody elses'." And this brings us to the level of affect versus affect, or of personality versus personality; and in effect then, to the level of control.

In the first chapter, I briefly discussed empathy, and in the second, I suggested that those individuals who cannot escape the bounds of expectation, are those who have limited ability to imagine or fantasize. To tie the two notions together, *empathy arises from a feeling* of identification with someone else. It may lead the identifier to a distinct emotion, or it may lead to a less articulated, but intuitive feeling of responsivity. In any case, it requires that the one who empathizes, project his-self into the other person's body, space, and time, to some extent. But in order to effect this projection, it would appear necessary that the individual first be able to project an image of his-self into his own past and future; to be able to produce an image of who he has been and of who he is becoming. In short, he must be able to empathize with his own personal time.

And if he cannot produce some such feeling-image about himself, regarding his own past and future, then it appears doubtful that he can ever get much beyond the pale shadow of agreement, which is a poor substitute for empathy. Where then, does this leave such a person?

I am convinced that such an inability to image or imagine, will leave the individual bound to a past which re-surfaces, time and again, as expectation. For if he cannot imagine himself in the future nor image himself in the past, how can he ever construct an affective perspective on the possible? And consequently, how can he ever transcend the boundaries of expectation?

Faced with the inability to perceive his own personal change, he will be constantly struggling to bring other persons' lives into line with his own. For *something* must change. But he expects it to be others who do, and not himself. He becomes entangled in a world of probability and control, because he cannot conceive of a world where different ways of being are possible. And behind it all —— behind the façade of control and expectation —— there often exists an individual who has lost all touch with his own affect.

III

Losing touch with our own affect, is tantamount to losing the bridge between our own development and our personal sense of time. And this predicament effects a loss of self as well. For the self means nothing without the dialectic between time and development (T↔D).

In a positive sense, if we look at self-empathy (regarding one's own personal time) as a prerequisite for empathizing with others, then the ability to distantiate self from other-self appears to be even more fundamental. The person who can voluntarily "step out of himself" and thus "step out of time," for a moment, to see/hear/feel/know himself in the present, is well on the way to self-projection into the past and future, and so on to true empathy, which, as I have earlier indicated, is a very temporal experience —— one which places affect on the level of acceptance and sharing.

The ability to distantiate is primarily affective, just as the construction of a personal perspective on time and self, is derived from intuition and feeling. This is most apparent when we look at the early development of "self" in childhood, which is overwhelmingly affective. Yet the process of self-awareness is, throughout life, a natural affective response to being-in-the-world. We can intellectualize the process as much as we need or choose to, and yet such understanding, while important at one level of consciousness, may only serve to obscure the inherently affective nature of distantiation. For as objectifying as the process may become, the essence of Socrates injunction to "Know thy-self," lies elsewhere than in intellect.

In effect, any attempt, conscious or otherwise, to stifle this feeling-process of self-awareness, leads to some emotional reaction, some symptom, or some vain attempt at external control. For the self will not be denied. We may be driven to irrationality, madness, or even death, by the attempt to ignore who and what we are (becoming), but the self has a direct line to continuation and survival, even if that survival means withdrawal into fantasy, memory or otherwise, even into a life which is totally unappreciated by others.

In one extreme form of withdrawal from the world, into inner-self, we have what is commonly labeled as a "schizoid personality": a detachment of self from others, and from self; an inability to trust and feel, and a generalized withdrawal into a state of subjective experience, which family, friends, and even helping professionals often cannot, or will not understand.

If this definition appears a bit too encompassing or too vague, it is intended to be exactly that, and, in as much, we may all recognize parts or totalities of people we know, even our own persons. For as Rollo May has said in *Love and Will*,

> The schizoid man is the natural product of the technological man.[8] ...It must be admitted that the schizoid state can be a constructive way of dealing with profoundly difficult situations. Whereas other cultures have pushed schizoid persons toward being creative, our culture pushed people towards becoming more detached and mechanical.[9]

Moreover, the psychiatric tendency to ascribe a pathological condition to such a widespread cultural dynamic, is, I believe, justifiably attacked by the likes of Phyllis Chesler, R.D. Laing, and Thomas Szasz. As Laing has summarized the issue:

> In an effort to bring psychiatry into line with neurology and medicine in general, attempts have been made to categorize such experience and behavior into 'symptoms' and 'signs' of supposedly pathological syndromes or illness.[10]

Consequently, what we are really talking about here, is a life which does not conform to the expectations of a society, which clearly sends mixed messages about feelings, in the first place. The individual is not societally supported in integrating affect and intellect, and so withdraws both from scrutiny, especially the affect. And then, "depressed affect" is used to clinically support a diagnosis of "schizoid personality." As I said, what a horrendous and circular paradox!

This apparent contradiction seems to stem from an automatic acceptance that "our consensual model [of sanity] depends on the clear distinction between subject and object of ordinary waking consciousness —— a distinction which we are socialized into making in childhood."[11] And of course, this rigid split is nothing more than a negative leftover from Cartesian duality —— a belief that not only divides body from soul, subject from object, and knowing from understanding, but the individual being from the social being, and hence, personal time from objective time, as well.

And this does not appear to be a fair basis for determing the validity and health of one person's time and experience, versus another's. As Elsa First also explains,

> What is sanity? Is sanity just being in touch with ordinary everyday reality? What if there is a higher form of sanity which consists of being accessible to all possible experiences of the human mind, and *accepting all kinds* of "meaningfulness" in those experiences (even if what is meaningful in one state of consciousness doesn't make sense in another state of consciousness, and vice versa) and *then* trying to integrate them in a new way.[12]

All I shall add to that, here, is an "Amen!" and this: The word, "sane," is derived from the Latin, "sanus," which means "of *whole* mind." Is this meaning not quite different from our current usage, especially when we negate it, by the use of the word, "insane?"

The fact is, that most people have experiences which tend to effect a split between the personal sense of time and the "clockworks" of the external world. Yet, it is not difficult to realize that the judgement of what is "only a momentary lapse of social grace" versus that which is "socially deviant" or "sick," is made according to a very arbitrary and externally imposed time structure. "How long has he been like this?" the doctor asks. This division between self-time and objective time, which we all experience from time to time, corresponds to the dichotomy between self as subject and self as object. The dialectic between inner and outer faces then, is interrupted, whenever we lose touch with one facet. And this does not necessarily mean that we are "schizophrenic" or "maladjusted." It simply means that the process of self-awareness and personal development is inhibited, for a time. And it is quite apparent that this happens to most people, some of the time.

Our culture directs peoples' lives, rather exclusively from the point of objective experience —— self as others see it —— and ignores the intuitive, subjective experience of self. But we do not routinely label persons as "mad," who live their time, too much according to the external world. Are we any where nearly this generous, however, with those persons who either choose, or are forced to live their lives along the subjective, intuitive, and less structured? No, of course not: Such people are usually considered deviant or abnormal, or even dangerous, because they exemplify an alternate reality —— one which threatens most of society's expectations and presuppositions.

And neither presuppositions nor expectations are oriented very greatly towards the future and the possible. They are, to the contrary, oriented towards the repetition of the past, in the dis-service of the present.

Hence, what we see here, is an intricate web of factors which operates to limit our own growth and our own striving, whenever the logical world (or intuitive world) fails us. As the interface of the two selves dissolves, and either subjective or objective self predominates, for too long a period, there is an interference with the distantiation process: We cease to articulate the meaning of self. And once we have lost touch with self, we have already lost touch with our own affect; with our way of being-in-the-world.

We are then made prey to all sorts of internal and external confusions: Our perceptions become restricted, our feelings are suppressed, our emotions become distorted, and our expectations become more urgent for others, and less urgent for our-selves. We are reduced to the level of animal reactions, and not elevated to creative, human endeavor, because we have lost perspective on our-selves and our time. The price we pay, then, is increased control over others and self, as we proceed to spin further and further, out of control. And in the face of such a loss of felt significance about life, time becomes a burden.

IV

During the early 1970's, I worked with a large number of adolescent and adult stutterers. I was repeatedly impressed by two characteristics which my clients demonstrated, both related to "feelings." First, many were unable to display any emotions, such as joy or anger. And secondly, most were extremely uncomfortable, talking about feelings, in general, regardless of the inhibitions their stuttering patterns imposed on communication.

As the groups began to examine and uncover the years of frustration and suppressed emotion, I was increasingly aware that many of the clients had been raised in homes where the disclosure of feelings was not fostered, and in some cases, even punished severly (Whether or not the origin of the stuttering, for these persons, was psychological, is a moot point, for present purposes, since the intervening years of self-denigration and anxiety had, in every case, turned the disorder into a seemingly self-perpetuating, psychological problem).

I recall one woman, who, after several months of therapy, said to me, "You know, when I was a kid, if I was too exuberant or joyful during play, my mother would always tell me I was 'too loud,' and to 'slow down,' and if I was hurt or depressed, she would always tell me to 'cheer up' and 'be a big-girl'."

I think that fairly well sums up the affective experience that many of us have had in childhood, and in adulthood, as well. Generation after generation, and time after time, people have been implicitly (and sometimes explicitly) forced towards the "golden mean," which of course, is as non-existent as the "golden fleece." But why? What is the basis for such widespread evidence that feelings really are not acceptable to very many people, and that an honest display of emotion, is next to high crime?

I could say that we are still victims of a Puritan-Protestant hangover, and that we have simply learned to "not feel." But that is, I believe, a rather superficial explanation, albeit satisfactory, as far as it goes. The situation is much more primeval, however; more towards the core of human experience, and away from the immediate influence of the environment.

It appears to me, that whenever a person is uncomfortable with someone's affect, or with his own, or with a display of feelings, he is simply reacting to his own desires not to face those feelings he has, himself. Many of us are apparently uncomfortable with too much joy, and we are always uneasy with pain and anxiety. Another person's expression of either, confronts us with our own mirror image, an image we do not want to see, because if we look too much through the mirror, we see our own death. Thus behind a rejection of our affect, or that of others, is not only a fear of self-disclosure, but an ultimate fear of death, as well.

Showing or telling someone else who you are, and what you stand for, is always a risk. With every word and emotion; with every gesture and personal expression, part of the affective-self is placed in trust, in the universe, awaiting the verdict of he who watches and listens. It is not therefore, unlike death, itself. For giving and taking emotionally is at the expense of the self —— the energy of the self, which is not necessarily renewable, unless we can freely receive what others freely give, as well.

So with every word and feeling of disclosure, life flows from us, a little, just as time flows from us. It is not surprising, then, that we fear the expression of feelings, because they remind us that the "clockworks" are ticking away. Yet of course, the irony is that genuine affectiveness not only prepares us for death; it also makes our living-in-the-world truly meaningful.

Fear of death is not unlike any other fear, to the extent that there is a perceived (and therefore "real") threat of pain, suffering, loss, and so on, related to an external object, which is seen to be coming from the future. In a manner of speaking, death *is* an external threat: We perceive it as being "out there," outside the body. In addition, a true fear of death is usually short-lived, as most fears are, and it can serve to orient us to full living. But one difference is, that while we can always resort to the "fight or flight" method in dealing with most other fears, there is in flight from death, a supreme futility, unlike that which we experience when fleeing from other fears. We can run from a menacing face at the window, or from a dark attic, but we cannot really flee from death. We can only pretend to flee —— usually into the past.

And it is indeed ironic, that residence in the past does not eliminate the ontological anxiety over death, even though ontological guilt is the necessary accompaniment to living in the past. That is the irony: If we do not choose the future, it eventually chooses us, anyway. We cannot therefore, do away with anxiety over death, no matter how much we flee from the future.

For anxiety, which stems from our knowledge of our own death, is perhaps the most existential fact of life. One may not truly be *afraid* to die, but I defy anyone to tell me he does not feel some *anxiety* over dying. For while fear may often be short lived, it is easily internalized as anxiety, as intense dread or foreboding, and not dealing with such dread, amounts to not dealing with life.

We begin to feel our own death, as soon as we can feel a sense of self. The two are intimately related. So, anxiety becomes a part of experience from very early on. Our affect itself, arises from a knowing of the world as a profound silence, which always eludes understanding. We *know* our death for as long as we live, but we can never understand it, while we live. The young child *feels* it in his anxiety over separation from the mothering-one and later in his fear of the dark; the adolescent *feels* it in his need for constant change, and in his struggle for autonomy; and the adult *feels* it at every turn: in the seasonal cycles, in his dreams, and of course in his direct confrontation with the death of others.

When any fear becomes too consuming, the world of possibilities closes in on us, so that we may become obsessed by the emotion, eaten-up by the anxiety it arouses in us internally, and by our projection of it onto the external world. Fear of time's passing, and of death, may then become immobilizing. We cease to feel and to act purposefully. Erwin Straus reported this excerpt from a conversation with one of his patients —— a patient whose fears of time and death resulted in a nearly total withdrawal of affect:

> All day long I have a feeling of anxiety related to time. I never stop thinking that time vanishes, passes away. Right now while I am talking with you I think each word: gone, gone, gone!...[13]

Such feelings distort our abilities to assess relationships between "things," time and self included. And so, we often resort to "hoarding" our feelings and affect, in general, as if that will somehow provide us with some manner of "final escape." But of course, as difficult as self-disclosure is, both in the giving and receiving, it constitutes the beginnings of cooperation, joy, and living fully, in the face of the only inevitable fact of life. Hoarding and nondisclosure of affect supports nothing —— literally "nothingness."

The person who says, "You shouldn't feel that way..." or "Why are you so emotional about that?..." is only masking his own anxiety about the future. What he is really saying is, "Please...please don't make me feel, because if I really feel anything at all, I'll feel my own finite existence, as well."

But as I have said before, we cannot repress our feelings, only our expression or action upon them. Feelings are beyond control: We are condemned to feeling as much as to freedom and meaning (with all due respect to Sartre and Merleau-Ponty).

The depths of intuitive consciousness, which give rise to our person and affect, are forever in touch with their own gradual fading. Our feelings are as muffled drum beats, which mark off a cadence that we can either appreciate or ignore. But if we choose to ignore the cadence, we must be prepared to be afraid of the future. And then, we must also accept life as a series of recapitulated pasts, which can never accommodate full living. Consequently, we must also prepare ourselves for a depression of our own affect and that of others. And for such a decision, time only *appears* to stand still, and inauthentic living is the price we pay for such a brief appearance.

NOTES

Chapter Three:

1. Jean-Paul Sartre, *Sketch For A Theory of the Emotions*, London: Methuen, 1962, p. 63.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 57.

3. Robert Hall and Virginia Cobey, "Emotion as the Transformation of World", *Journal of Phenomenological Psychology*, 1976, 6 (2), p. 187.

4. Sartre, *op. cit.*, p. 76.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 81.

6. Cobey and Hall, *op. cit.*, p. 192.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 193.

8. Rollo May, *Love and Will*, New York: Dell Books, 1969, p. 16.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 17.

10. R. D. Laing and A. Esterson, *Sanity, Madness and the Family*, Baltimore: Penguin (Pelican) Books, 1970, p. 16.

11. Elsa First, "Visions, Voyages and New Interpretations of Madness," in John White (Ed.), *Frontiers of Consciousness*, New York: Avon Books, 1974, p. 60.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 57.

13. Erwin Straus, "An Existential Approach to Time," *Annals of the New York Academy of Science*, 1967, 138 (2), p. 759.

THIRD INTERLUDE

From Affect to Affection

I. Excerpts from Plato's *Symposium*

(W.H.D. Rouse, *Great Dialogues of Plato,* Toronto: Mentor Books, 1956).

Euryximachos (a physician):

...Thus many agree that love is most ancient among them [the gods]. And being most ancient, he is cause of the greatest good for us. For I cannot say what is a greater good for a man in his youth than a lover, and for a lover than a beloved. For that which ought to guide mankind through all his life, if it is to be a good life, noble blood cannot implant in him so well, nor office, nor wealth, nor anything but love.

...So love as a whole has a great and mighty power, or rather in a word, omnipotence; but the one concerned with good things, being accomplished with temperance and justice, both here and in heaven, has the greatest power, and provides all happiness for us, and makes us able to have society together, and to be friends with the gods also, who are higher than we are.

Pausanias (a disciple of Prodicos, a sophist):

...[Love] is neither beautiful nor ugly by itself, but beautifully done it is beautiful, and uglily done it is ugly ——— uglily, is to gratify a base man and basely; beautifully, is to gratify a good man and beautifully. A base man is that common lover who loves the body rather than the soul; for he is not lasting since he loves a thing not lasting. For as soon as the flower of the body fades, which is what he loved, 'he takes to the wing and away he flies...'

Aristophanes (a famous comic poet):

...Then each of us is the tally of a man; he is sliced like a flatfish, and two made of one. So each one seeks his other tally.... For the reason is that this was our ancient natural shape, when we were one whole; and so the desire for the whole and the pursuit of it is named Love.

Agathon (a famous tragic poet):

... Now that justice and temperance and courage of the God [Love] have been spoken of, and wisdom is left; so one must try to do the best one is able to do. At first, that I may honour our art as Euryximachos honoured his, Love is so wise a poet that he can make another the same, at least, everyone becomes a poet whom Love touches, even one who before had 'no music in his soul.' This we may fittingly use as a proof that Love is a good poet or active maker in practically all the creations of the fine arts, for what one has not or knows not, one can neither give to another nor teach another.

He [Love] empties us of estrangement, and fills us with friendliness, ordaining all such meetings as this one, of people one with another, in feasts, in dances, in sacrifices becoming men's guide; he provides gentleness and banishes savagery; he loves to give good will, hates to give ill will; gracious, mild, illustrious to the wise, admirable to the gods; enviable to those who have none of him, treasured by those who have some of him, father of luxury, daintiness, delicacy, grace, longing, desire; careful of good things, careless of bad things; in hardship, in fear, in drinking, in talk a pilot, a comrade, a stand-by and the best of saviours; of all gods and men an ornament, a guide most beautiful and best, whom every man must follow, hymning him well, sharing of the song he sings as he charms the minds of gods and men.

Socrates (retelling a speech by Diotima, a sophist):

'...Indeed, not only body, even in soul, manners, opinions, desires, pleasures, pains, fears, none of these remain the same, but some perish and others are born. And far stranger still, this happens to knowledge too, not only do some kinds of knowledge perish in us, not only are other kinds born, and not even in our knowledge are we ever the same, but the same happens even in each single kind of knowledge. For what is called study and practice means that knowledge is passing out; forgetting is knowledge leaving us, and study puts in new knowledge instead of that which is passing away, and preserves our knowledge so that it seems to be the same. In this way all the mortal is preserved, not by being wholly the same always, like the divine, but because what grows old and goes leaves something new like its past self. By this device,' Socrates, said she, 'mortality partakes of immortality, both in body and in all other respects; but it cannot otherwise. Then do not be surprised that everything naturally honours its own offspring; immortality is what all this earnestness and love pursues.'

II. Excerpts from Aristotle's *Ethics*

(J.A.K. Thomson, *Aristotle's Ethics*, Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1955).

...Here then we have two people clearly well-disposed to one another, yet who cannot be friends because they are unaware how each feels towards the other. To be friends then, men must have (a) mutual goodwill, taking the form of each party's wishing the good of the other, (b) knowledge of the existence of this feeling.

...When a friendship is founded on the expectation of some advantage to be received, what the friends are thinking of is their own good; when it is based on the expectation of pleasure, they are thinking of what is pleasant to themselves. Their affection is not for the object of their affection as such. These two forms of friendship then are grounded on an inessential factor —— an 'accident' —— because in them the friend is not loved for being what he is in himself but as the source, perhaps of some pleasure, perhaps of some advantage.

...But it is only between those who are good and resemble each other in their goodness, that friendship is perfect. Such friends are both good in themselves and, so far as they are good, desire the good of one another. But it is those who desire the good of their friends for their friends' sake who are most completely friends, since each loves the other for what there is in himself and not for something he has about him which he need not have.... And beside goodness they need time and intimacy to establish a perfect friendship.

...Liking has the character of an emotion, friendship of a confirmed disposition. Thus liking can be felt even for sense-less objects; but that reciprocated liking which we call friendship involves deliberate choice, and such choice involves the action of a disposition.... There is a saying "Like, and be like," and the best proof of its truth is found in the friendship of good men.

...It is plain that most people would rather get than give affection, the reason being that they like the feeling of being honoured. That accounts for their fondness for flattery, since a flatterer is a friend who is, or professes to be, of an inferior status, and so pretends to make up for this by loving the friend more than the friend loves him. Now to be loved is felt to be next thing to being honoured, and to be honoured is the ambition of most men.

...Now friendship surely consists in giving rather than accepting friendship.... Friendship then showing itself more truly in giving than in receiving affection, and love for his friends being considered a laudable trait in a man, it would seem to follow that the special excellence of friends consists in their bestowing this affection.

...In true friendship between good men we do not hear complaints. In it the benefit is considered to be measured by the intention expressed in the deliberate action of the benefactor. For intention is the mainspring of character and moral excellence.

III. Excerpt from *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver
(New York: McGraw-Hill, 1968).

Getting to know someone, entering that new world, is an ultimate, irretrievable leap into the unknown. The prospect is terrifying. The stakes are high. The emotions are overwhelming. The two people are reluctant really to strip themselves naked in front of each other, because in doing so they make themselves vulnerable and give enormous power over themselves one to the other. How often they inflict pain and torment upon each other! Better to maintain shallow, superficial affairs; that way the scars are not too deep. No blood is hacked from the soul.

But I do not believe a beautiful relationship has to end always in carnage, or that we have to be fraudulent and pretentious with one another. If we project fraudulent, pretentious images, or if we fantasize each other into distorted caricatures of what we really are, then, when we awake from the trance and see beyond the sham and front, all will dissolve, all will die or be transformed into bitterness and hate. I know that sometimes people fake on each other out of genuine motives to hold onto the object of their tenderest feelings. They see themselves as so inadequate that they feel forced to wear a mask in order continuously to impress the second party.

If a man is free —— not in prison, the Army, a monastery, hospital, spaceship, submarine —— and living a normal life with the usual multiplicity of social relations with individuals of both sexes, it may be that he is incapable of experiencing the total impact of another individual upon himself. The competing influences and conflicting forces of other personalities may dilute one's psychic and emotional perception, to the extent that one does not and cannot receive all the other person is capable of sending.

CHAPTER FOUR

TIME AND LANGUAGE

Words, like pebbles galore
At the mouth of the sea,
Litter the shore
Of society.
Worn into every shape and size
Their hard reality defies
The sea's speechless agitated tongue
That lives and cries
Upon the wind, unsung.

I wonder what these words are for
That I pick up along the shore;
I wander restlessly along the shore to speak
Against the stormy agitated feelings of society.
But the storm defies
The pebbly scientific tongue
And a voice that dies
Upon the wind, unsung.

Pebbly words galore
Litter the shore,
While speechless feelings seek
To speak;
And a voice that lives and cries
With an agitated tongue
Echoes a voice that ever lives and dies,
As waves upon the wind, a far off magic legend that
is sung.

—— Untitled poem by Claire Russell, 1971.

I

It has often been said that the main distinction between human beings and other forms of animal life, has its basis in the great development of our brain, in general, and specifically in our supreme use of symbols, especially language. To date, it does appear that the study of non-human communication abilities, supports this supremacy. Investigations of chimpanzees, porpoises and bees, appears to support the notion, that only humans can spontaneously evolve and generate an infinite variety of relationships between symbols. In effect, as complex as some other animal communication schemas are, they remain on the level of sophisticated signalling codes (Russell and Russell have provided a good summary account of these ethological studies.[1]).

However, it appears to me that many psychologists and linguists, anthropologists and others, have gone a bit overboard in defending man's special nature in this manner. The issue is certainly important. But unless a chimp or dolphin *can* spontaneously generate (without being taught) an infinite variety of very abstract symbolic relationships, such as humans do with their most irrational fantasies, we have little to fear then, about having our "special nature" usurped.

Moreover, there is a much more fundamental distinction between *Homo sapiens* and other animals — one which precedes and precludes the use of language, music, art or mathematics: It is man's claim to the awareness and *subsequent* conceptualization of time. For both phylogenetically and ontogenetically, a sense of time is much more primordial than the use of language. Chimps, such as Washoe and Sarah, may one day be able to spontaneously generate a wide number of symbolic combinations, but they will likely never be able to imagine what they are becoming, or to recall their own history, or that of their species. And this is not because they do not have the capacity for language learning, or even language generation. From an evolutionary point of view, it appears to me that one day we shall have to concede this, unless we continually redefine what language is, as a defense against the general advancement of primates.

It is a more generalized cognitive disadvantage than that of symbol usage, which will always keep lower forms of animals in subordination, as long as the human species continues to prevail. And that rift in cognitive development is most vividly indicated by the limits imposed between spatial awareness and temporal awareness; between interrelated awareness of the collective, and awareness of individuality; between the here-and-now, and all possible time.

It is clear that humans can function temporally, without language, to a considerable degree. We can image or imagine events and things, quite apart from language. I can visualize a picture of myself twenty years from now, or twenty years ago, and quite clearly understand the meaning, solely from the imaginal content. I do not need words to make me understand the temporal implications of "white hair," for example. The image implies, indeed even explicates, a temporal connection. Could we ascribe such to apes or dolphins —— an imagery ability which is free of the bonds of the relatively concrete? Probably not.

In other words, there is much more in the distinction between man and other animals, than that between signal and symbol. The difference is one of cognitive complexity, of organization and Gestalts; in short, of consciousness, itself. And it is primarily the temporalization of "pure change" which characterizes such complexity. Parts and wholes; knowledge and understanding; "the here" and "the there," are all distinguishable pairs, because of temporal organization. In fact, could we ever have developed language, art, music or mathematics, in the absence of an affective perspective on change? Are they not all a means of registering change; of noting our own evolution?

But lest I appear overly zealous about this, or in the event that I appear to be minimizing the importance of language, let me say here, that language is crucially important in the establishment of human identity, and that the relationship between a sense of time and language, is continuously intertwined. There is not a more glorious representation of the causal and conditional, the linear and logical, than that which evolves from symbolic formation. That entire external mode of being-in-the-world, of salient consciousness, hardly exists apart from such representation. Whenever we speak of understanding or contemplation, it appears that we imply the inter-corporation of both: Language takes us from the level of embeddedness in time, to the level of very salient awareness of the arrangement and duration of events in time. In effect, we use it to objectify our sense of reality-in-time.

The diagram in Chapter One, showing the integration of various influences on one's reality-in-time, not only represents the temporal coming-together of these parameters; it also means that each of the parts is a unified (sub) whole, which has developed temporally: Our cultural era is the accumulation of collective history; our attitudes and attention to the flow of our life are formed and adjusted in time, and most importantly, our own personal history is the evolution of our individual times, as well as the re-creation of the entire time of our species. And all of these influences are to a large measure, objectified and integrated, because of language. In effect, "my time" is only as real as I conceptualize it to be.

Music, art, mathematics, and especially language, allow us to transform change, not only into coordinated and predictable events, but into infinitely arranged possibilities, also. Language allows us to "put time up in front of us," where we can see it, as it comes towards us. It precludes our ability to examine the choices we see, and hence, to make decisions. It then also fosters a retrospective examination of what we have already chosen —— actually allowing us to look back and smile, laugh and cry over who we have been —— in order that our coming time be utilized in a manner that is suitable for our-selves.

Because of symbols, we can link events into a life, which would otherwise be merely successive presents. We make time into a "thing" via language —— into a disposable product and a renewable process. We speak of "having time," and of "losing time;" of "spending time," and of "buying time;" of "giving time," and of "taking time;" of "wasting time," and of "making time." Time is thus reified, made thing-like, because of symbols.

Yet the relationship between language and time, in a lived sense, goes way beyond mere objectification, and beyond metaphor, as well. Our symbolic creations allow us to transcend time: to relive it, to exert control over it, and to understand our individual times, in new ways. We can compare events in different times, talk about events which have not yet happened, or which might never happen. We can even experience the unimaginable, because of symbols. In short, we use symbolic processes to free us from the bonds of concrete, present-centered experience, in order that we know the secrets of the ages, and the possibilities of the future that is coming-to-be.

Symbols not only form much of the saliency of our perceptions, memories and anticipations, but as well, they repeatedly direct us conditionally and causally, back and forth, between time periods. Our memories become linked together by language; our past and present become intertwined in the same moment. And as well, what we want, wish for, and ultimately choose from the future, is often connected to the present by symbols, especially language. Whether or not events in time, a life-in-process, is understood as significant or not, full or empty, hopeful or desperate, depends upon how it is symbolized. Language and time are as interlaced in our rational consciousness then, as affect and time are, in our intuitive consciousness. As Murray has put it,

> It takes little imagination, then, to see the importance of words in putting together one's life, in the unifying of one's world, in the making sense of it all. Words are not a mere label, even though this notion was once widely held in some circles. Their arbitrariness is only an apparency. The truth is, that they contain a depth, a wisdom, a history that grew out of life, and they in turn are a meaning that is literally made flesh every day.[2]

II

According to Hesiod's *Theogeny*, in ancient Greek mythology, Gaia, Mother Earth, and Uranos, Father Heaven, joined together and gave birth to Cronos, who then divided heaven from earth by castrating his father. Cronos ruled for countless eons, habitually devouring his children, in order that they not usurp him. However, when his sixth child was born, Rhea, the child's mother and Cronos' wife-sister, took the child to safety on Crete. She tricked Cronos into eating a rock instead of the baby. The child grew up to become the god, Zeus, defeating Cronos, with the aid of Prometheus, who stole "the fire of life" from Olympus.

Apart from the dozens of little psychological half-truths here, such as those related to Freudian complexes, origins of time, and so on, the real significance of the myth, for the present purposes, is in the giving of fire. For with the gift of fire, man was able to have light any time he wanted it, and of course, by "turning night into day," as it were, he was able to exert his first limited control over time. Thus, as the tale goes, Prometheus also became the giver of human creativity, of the human *use* of time.

In the evolution of mankind, in our phylogenesis, we know that the "discovery" of fire was acutely important. Evidence exists that prehistoric man had control over fire, as early as 500,000 to 600,000 years ago, during the Pleistocene era. Control over fire provided control of sorts, over natural cycles, such as night and day, and hence over time. But it also allowed the first nomadic advancement into colder climates, where fire was essential for survival. At that point, man was most likely already aware of many rhythms or cycles in nature, and in his own body, such as hunger, sleep, and so on —— the biological clock —— but this first migration into colder areas also had an immediate effect on a sense of time. For the experience of time is born of a much more primitive sense of movement in space. And therefore, this gradual movement into cooler climes would serve as an enlarged basis for primitive memory for images: images of a changing environment, and of an emerging self in that changing perspective. All of this long before language.

I say "long before language," because we have the first indications of written language from archeological finds in the "Cradle of Civilization," dating from about 3,500 years ago. Now obviously, mankind did not simply leap into written discourse, without the evolution of spoken forms of language, first. There appears then, an enormous gap in phylogenetic development, between 3,500 years ago, and 500,000 years ago, for that transition to occur. And I believe it would not be an unreasonable conjecture that it took at least 100,000 years for man to bridge this gap.

What other evidence do we have that suggests something about the original connection between time and language? To begin with, cave paintings, or pictographs, in France and elsewhere, dating from the Paleolithic period (12,000 - 15,000 years ago), might suggest that very rudimentary signalling, such as smoke signals and drum beats, would have existed even earlier, especially given their present-centered nature. Hence, it would seem reasonable that some form of crude oral language system would have been developed, earlier still. This, of course, is all based on the notion that in phylogenesis man would have developed a satisfactory oral language system, before he would be directed towards the historical reckoning, for which written language is so well adapted. So in effect, the conjecture is, that primitive man evolved an oral symbol system much earlier than 15,000 years ago.

To narrow the time range a bit more, our first knowledge of agrarial communities, dates back to evidence of purposeful plant growing, 8,000 years ago, during the Neolithic period of recent stone age. The effect of such a life style, was that the peoples of that time, would have to be relatively stable for longer periods, in order to tend the cops through the growing cycle. What effects might this relative stability have on a sense of time, and on language?

First, by remaining "still," in one place, man would be more able to experience and observe both external change, relative to the permanence of the landscape, and internal change, relative to his permanence of body-in-space. Moreover, because of his survival attitude towards the crops he tended, he would be increasingly aware of the future, of a time when the crops could be harvested. And eventually, the crop cycles became intimately a part of his growing perspective on time. He could look back on the time of sowing, and look forward to the time of harvest, and use both in orienting his temporal existence. Man had moved then, from a nomadic hunter and forager, to agrarial person. He no longer had to "look around him" so continuously, in order to survive. He was freed to use his other senses more, as well, especially audition. For listening to the world allowed him to experience time more directly. And in attending more fully to nature, he evolved body movements and vocal utterances which were expressions of his being-in-the-world. These expressions gave rise to myth and ritual, and eventually to language.

Secondly, and equally important, the evolution to agrarial life, provided the foundation of the first settlements or communities where different groups and tribes were in close proximity to one another. And while a sophisticated verbal and gestural signalling code would have been sufficient for small, intra-group matters, it would not do to coordinate the life of a growing community. Language was needed —— a symbol system which had both implicit meaning for the individual, and explicit meaning for the coordination of the events of a larger group. And as awareness of "other" grew (the society), so grew the shared and arbitrary function of language.

But to show how important language sophistication was to the Western notion of time, we return to art. In man's early attempts to visually reproduce his own experience, there appears to be no evidence of any sort of wall paintings or murals with spatial perspective, prior to about 3,000 years ago, when the Greeks first began to represent a "realistic" human body, with true form. But it was later still, during Roman times, approximately 2,000 years ago, that we find evidence of a true use of spatial perspective, a technique and expression, which rather conclusively indicates an appreciation of movement and time.

But even 3,000 years ago, when the Greeks had begun to move away from bas relief, they had, for a long time, been using a very refined written and oral symbol system. And it was, no doubt, a system which greatly enhanced whatever understanding they already had of the notion of "time," and indeed, was necessary to that understanding.

But what does all this mean, then? Essentially, as conjecture, based upon what information we have today,[3] this mismash of possibilities suggests the following to me about the relationships between time and language, in human evolution: (1) The affective experience of time is much more primordial than that of language, having its source first, in primitive man's projection of internal feelings of change, onto the external world; later in his ability to control his experience, by the use of fire; and later still, in his primitive memory for imagery, based upon his own, more extensive body movement in space; all of this, before language. (2) However, as man progressed from present-bound hunter-gatherer, who used primitive signals in the presence of the object, to agrarial, community person, who developed a more complex system of communication, in order to share his experience of the world, including its burdens, he came to understand time primarily because, and according to, the ways he symbolized it. (3) And perhaps from that point in evolutionary history, onward, neither "time" nor "symbol" would ever be psychologically independent, again.

III

Thus far, I have rather freely used the terms, sign, signal and symbol, without including more than contextual definitions. But distinctions are essential, not simply because clarity is always desirable, but more specifically, because the temporal and human implications of these word meanings, varies according to their use.

Departing from the works of F. de Saussure,[4] Ernst Cassirer,[5] and Susanne Langer,[6] two broad categories of signs exist: signal-signs and symbol-signs. In brief, a *sign* is any object or event which refers, indicates, or designates some other object or event, in the organism's behavioral field. Thus both signals and symbols are signs. *Signals* are signs to which all animals re-act in a relatively automatic and biologically reflexive manner. *Symbols* are signs with which humans inter-act, to create a world of meaning and significance. As Cassirer has said, "symbols...cannot be reduced to mere signals. Signals and symbols belong to two different universes of discourse: a signal is a part of the physical world of being; a symbol is part of the human world of meaning."[7]

More clearly, signs of any sort are, in of themselves, vague, empty and often less conscious representations of the life of the organism.

Until they are signified or symbolized —— made meaningful to the organism —— signs have no explicit reference to space, time or causality. But once the animal has conferred meaning and intention upon the object or event, that sign becomes either a signal, or a symbol, depending upon the reflexive or mediated response of the animal. For example, when a dog urinates on a tree, the act is a sign of something. But it becomes a signal only when another dog smells the urine and "stakes out its own territory" there, as well. And the entire sequence is totally insignificant to a human, unless he has some special hangup about dogs, trees, or urine. Rather, he symbolizes the entire process from an entirely different sign —— one which refers the process to a characteristic of "dogdom."

A sign, therefore, becomes a symbol, only when meaning is attached to it by a human —— when the person thinks, images, or otherwise uses symbolic mediation, in creating a network of relationships between the object or event, and the symbol which refers to it. Symbols direct us temporally, back and forth, to another word, another thought, another era, or even another life. And by their very nature, they free us from the realm of automatic response and mere signification, to enter the world of significance: relationships, experience, attitudes, values and beliefs; time, space and causality; the remembered, the anticipated, and the selective.

But I do not mean to imply that because signs are intrinsically vague and ambiguous, in the absence of meaning, that they are, therefore, existent or viable *only* through signal and symbol. To the contrary, we may see signs as corresponding to less salient consciousness, such as exists whenever we are more diffusely aware of the world around us. In such cases, events and objects stand as unarticulated signs, which we *feel* a direction from, but which we do not act upon, or otherwise transfer to salient consciousness (via signal or symbol). We experience signs as we experience the physiognomy of the world: leaves fall from the trees, the moon passes through phases, the sun rises and sets, and feelings exist everywhere.

In short, signs help us to intuitively register pure change, while signal and symbol are directed towards increasing articulation of the temporalization of objects and events. For example, as a sign, the rising sun has only a universal and global reference to other objects or events, the meaning of which, may never be articulated. In of itself, it refers only to an appearance of light, heat, warmth, and so on. But if an animal, such as a wolf or bear signifies the rising sun, as an automatic indicator to leave the den, look for food, or whatever, then the sign of the rising sun has become a signal. And if the human animal thinks to himself or says aloud, "Time to get up... go to work...lovely day," etc., or even if he hears Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* in his head, every morning when the sun rises, then he is obviously operating in the strictly human world of symbols.

Signal-signs, then, are tied to the immediate situation. They mean, "look around you, *now*; run *now*, or in effect, *do something, now*." The signal is tied to the event which it signifies —— bound up into an automatic chain of reception and reaction. This is the "functional circle" as Uexkull conceived it, and which Cassirer[8] and Schmidt[9] have described elsewhere. This functional circle is a closed universe of stimulus and response, and consequently, animals which are capable only of signal codes, have a limited and circumscribed surrounding world, or *umwelt*, which is bound to spatial existence and present-centered behavior.

In contrast, symbols mediate between our animal receptor system, and our human world of considered responses. We therefore, have an infinite variety of ways in which to respond to any given object or situation. We can literally spin-off in any direction in space, and to any period in time, to our own, or to that of the long since dead, or the yet to be born. We have an unlimited *umwelt*, because of symbols, a world which *may be* self-reflexive, but which *does not have to be*. Symbols direct us as much to the "other" as to the self. Signals, however, are always self-reflexive. They always turn the animal back towards itself —— back to attention, survival and the present. And this is true for human signals, as well. Flashing red lights, the unexpected smell of smoke, the down-beat of a baton —— all are signals which mean "do something, *now*." They return us to a state of receptivity to the environment, to a more protective mode of consciousness.

But we must keep in mind that in the human realm, especially for adults, the distinction between signal and symbol is extremely arbitrary, for we are especially symbolic creatures, through and through, so much so, that even those signals which warn us of danger, are often so symbolic, that we forget how automatic the responses to them are. In effect, many signals which warn us of danger, or the need for attention to the present, are more exactly, signals which have somehow been symbolized as "better left in the realm of automatic response, for our own good."

For example, the child of fifteen or eighteen months, having only recently learned to walk, may stray too close to the street during play. The sound of an approaching car's horn, then, often serves as a danger signal, in of itself —— a startling saliency which jumps out from a world of global experience, to direct the child to self-protection. But Mommy's scolding, spanking and finger-pointing make sure that the point about danger is understood. Hence, by the age of three or four, the child knows well enough, the danger that the car horn signals. Yet he has also come to believe in a magical world, where anything can happen, so that "Mommy said..." is played-off against "I want..." and "(If) I'm careful...." And this symbolic mediation transforms the signal nature of the automobile horn into any variety of meanings, even to that of "no threat," or "inexistence." But years later, as an adult who likely both drives and walks in traffic, he knows, for sure, that the sound of an approaching car's horn, means "do something, *now*!" He has symbolized the experience back into a signal-like event. Habit and experience have returned him to the level of signal-oriented animal, but a human one, who has used symbolic mediation all along.

Indeed, that is the paradox of symbols: They create, but they destroy in the same instant. They release us from concrete predictability, to enter a world of infinite possibilities. But at the same instant they remove us further and further from the natural, physical world of sensation. Symbols take us to different realities: to dreams, reverie, the future; and to the forgotten, the remembered, and the past —— but all at the expense of direct experience. Cassirer has put it thus: "Physical reality seems to recede in proportion as man's symbolic activity advances."[10]

Unfortunately, symbolic advancement has not, and does not always enhance our development. Sometimes we advance, as it were, *away from* human consciousness, because of such mediation. Word magic or symbolic realism is exactly that: a seemingly abstract and sophisticated obscuring of reality because of the particular way in which we symbolize, especially in our choice of words. For in the words a person uses, can also be seen something of the words he doesn't choose to use, and so, glimpses of his motivations, hopes, fears, and history.

Hence, to paraphrase Bain's summary,[11] word realism is more than the toddler's magical belief that the word equals the thing (Werner), and more than the young child's feeling of domination over the object, by his use of the name (Erikson). It is more exactly the power that words have over us, in making us feel as objects; and the power words give us in creating a sense of reality (Huxley).

In my conception then, word realism is a human response to being-in-the-world. Because of it, we can remain intellectual, and analytical, per se, and still experience a world transformation. Our world view changes because of such magic —— not that the transformations are necessarily "healthy" or "good."

As Bain has summarized, word realism is seen continuously in euphemism, in circumlocution, in reification, in reations to fiction, and in defense mechanisms.[12] We can see how all five types operate in our typical, cultural attitudes towards death and dying: We speak of "passing away" and "going to heaven" as euphemisms for death; we seem to be willing to talk about death, least of any topic, so we talk around it, "beating the bush," without ever getting at the beast; we speak of death "getting us," and of going to the "hereafter," as if death were a place or thing —— a new hotel to check into, or an embodiment which pursues us; we cry our eyes out over *Camille* and *Love Story*, as if we were first person attendants; and we deny, intellectualize and otherwise defend our-selves from the notion of death (and consequently, we think, from the event, itself), not only in all of the other instances of word realism, but in our most private, personal existence, as well.

But whether symbolic realism is harmful or not, is essentially related to the degree to which the person (society) loses his-self (it-self) in the transformation. Every facist regime has had its way with symbolic realism: Hitler burned books, Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, and Nixon kept repeating, "Let me make this perfectly clear." And in each case, the society behaved as if burning the words *does* destroy the knowledge; as if conquering a defenseless country *is* greatness; and as if assurances of clarity *mean* clarity. In such confusions of reality, persons (and societies) lose themselves to the distortions, which the symbolic realism supports.

In one sense, symbolic realism reinforces the person (or society) to live only in the present; to live without the guidance of the past or future, and to be gullible and believing that the only possible reality, is that which the symbols represent. For it is clear that symbolic magic is most seductive for those who do not ever doubt the present, or who cannot imagine other realities —— ones which are far more positive than that which is being induced. I am again reminded of Orwell's nightmarish vision in *1984*, where symbolic realism totally destroyed the possibility of alternate realities. It is a frightening vision, yet well advised, because we are always in grave danger, if we ever believe that symbols are the only reality that we have, or could have.

IV

Language *is* the supreme symbol system. It is superior to myth, ritual, and music, as well as mathematics, because it is at once personal and cultural; functional and formal; implicit and explicit; and inbuilt yet so dependent upon the world, for its calling forth. And most discriminating of these features, is that language is both implicit and explicit: No other symbol system so supports and represents the dialectic between inner and outer selves, and between composite self and world. Music appears to be beautifully suited to the inner world, as does mathematics to the outer life; and myth and ritual can lay no exact claim to either. Language has the superior hand, because it is continuously involved in the development of all of the other systems, and thus reflects the widest perspective on human time and experience.

In the course of ontogeny, the human is first embedded in a holistic and affective world of human discourse and action, which he gradually acquires in his interaction with the mothering-one. Language then, represents a totality of experience, long before it is divisible into either denotative or conotative, implicit or explicit meanings.

But it does not take long, before the child extracts some simple denotative elements from the "things," with the help of mother, who calls his attention to them. And almost as quickly, the words become a reflection of the child's personal experience with "the thing," as well. Hence, for the rest of his life, the shared cultural meanings and the private, personal meanings of a word, interact. And as the developing person comes to see greater distinctions between his personal valuations of words and their cultural usage, he comes to know something objective about his inner and outer selves, and about his time, thus far.

But the culture implies many meanings which it does not fully denote. Some are mythical, and others are simply a part of the silent ground of societal expectation. And it is then the family and others close to the child, who provide a bridge between that which is denotative and explicit in the culture, and the conotative and personal internalization of those meanings. At the same time these supportive persons help him to cope with the tacit aspects of culture, as well —— aspects, which, in their implicitness, the child may not really understand, at all.

This dialectic between the inner and outer worlds of language experience, is part of the larger process of distantiation. Words allow the individual to step back from "the thing," in order to mentally manipulate it; to remove his-self from the space and time of the object, and in so doing, to understand not only the thing, but his personal relationships to it, as well.

Language is an essential tool, by which we learn to understand that the self-world relationship is a unity and disunity, at once, and that the same applies to the relationship between inner and outer selves. Words give us a sense of our-self as others see us, as well as a meaning of self, as none can see us. They bind us to the world, yet show us how divorced from it we are, at the same time.

From relatively early on, we all begin to dialogue with our-selves, and this "talking-to-self" becomes one of the primary ways in which we examine who we are, what we want, who we are becoming, and how we've grown so much or so little, in such a short time (for life always appears relatively short). In assessing such important issues, we come to better know our-selves as both subject and object of experience. For although we *are* quite truly at the center of our experience, we are not always actors, nor are we always spectators, and learning how we differ from one arena to the other, is an important developmental task —— one which I fear that many adults stifle, as soon as they get a glimpse of the distinction.

Learning to distance one's self from the world, from objects and people, and learning to see a separation between the "I" and the "me," really amounts to learning to see ever larger patterns emerging from our own personal time. And language allows us to do that, unlike any other human ability. If we only rarely step out of self and time, or if we only distance our-selves enough to see the immediate past, then patterns are difficult to discern. But the further we distance our-selves from the present moment, and the more frequently we do it, the larger the patterns or wholes become, especially when we augment and amplify such experience by language —— in effect, condensing the patterns into language, and hence into understanding.

Whenever someone says, "I don't think you realize that you...," the implication is that the person has not observed a pattern in his life; that he has not distanced enough to see/hear/feel that he exhibits a routine pattern. For the more we are bound to an exclusive focus on either the future, the present, or the past, the more restricted is our ability to discern patterns from our time. A focus on the past means that the "what I did" obscures the greater wholes, which the inclusion of "what I'm doing" and "what I'd like to do," would add. Such a restricted temporal perspective binds the individual to a repetition of pattern, and no matter how "new" some configurations appear to other people, he will not see them apart from a re-presentation of the past. Similarly, an excessive focus on the future also inhibits our ability to see patterns, and consequently we do not see a life which *has been in process* all along, but only the oppressive expectations of a life, which somehow never appears to arrive.

But the closer distantiation brings us to a perspective on an entire life of relationships —— of hopes and fears, memories and anticipations, habits and spontaneous actions —— the greater the emerging patterns. And that is self-consciousness, in the best sense.

Time for an example: I know many women (indeed, men, too), whose entire identities are tied to being parent-spouse-nurse-helper. They are often encouraged in this role pattern, by sexist husbands and inconsiderate children, who infrequently appreciate the skills the woman has, let alone her unexplored potential. So in many cases, these women justifiably feel unappreciated, ungratified, subordinated and ignored. As a result, they often demonstrate a pattern of self-denigration and apology: making excuses for their cooking (which is terrific, in the first place), and belittling their education, or talents, or....etc., ad. nauseum. And of course, when this happens, the family takes its cue, and says, "Aw Mom, come on...your cooking's great," etc., etc., also ad. nauseum. And in so doing, they give the woman the attention and praise she so desires. And what matter if it is begged? Negative attention is better than no attention, at all.

In such instances (and there are thousands of other examples), none of the family members have apparently distantiated enough, to recognize a pattern. The "victim" is often only limitedly aware of the self-denigration and attention seeking, and the children and husband are usually totally unaware of their roles in maintaining this harmful, but all too ordinary pattern. But in fact, if they could each distance themselves from their present situation enough, the woman might see an entire life of self-denigration and lack of self-confidence, and the rest of the family might be able to recognize an emergent pattern of selfishness and chauvinism. And most importantly, if these patterns were verbalized and committed to the world, as negative symbols, then some productive change might occur.

To extend the notion to the realm of the possible, if we all were to distance our-selves far enough and often enough, we might arrive at the point of self-consciousness, wherein we can say, "Wow! Look at what I'm doing! Look at what we're all doing to each other!" This is the basis for a form of "kingship" which transcends the most complex and grandiose societal change. It is the psychological revolution, which is only just beginning.

Language is a most intimate part of this revolution, because the experience of such great change must be conceptualized and temporalized, before it can be understood. Revolution means complete change, and so a return to chaos. But "out of chaos is born the dancing star" (Neitszche); that glimmer of intuition and hope, from which a new self and a new world is constructed. And language articulates and refines this construction.

If we choose life, then we must also choose symbols. For words are our contemplative form of reality, as well as the original "rose colored glass." They not only interpose a distancing screen between self and world; they tint that world screen undeniably. And so for the rest of time, we can never quite see the world in its transparent reality, again. In fact, the proverbial "loss of innocence" is not simply an artifact of "original sin," it is more precisely the continuous movement away from wonderment, towards a world seen through ever thicker, rose-colored glass.

I have sometimes wished, as many adults do, to be able to return to the world of direct, childlike experience; to be able to see the beauty of a wildflower, without thinking, "it's beautiful;" to love the earth after a rainshower, without conceptualizing that it "smells good." And while I have learned to give my-self over to participation in things, to a much greater extent —— to expand my perceptual feelers —— I know as well, that language and other symbols have removed me, once and for all time, from that unity I seek. And sometimes that makes me feel sad. For in the midst of the most beautiful and profound silence, I know that there are words that are waiting to be spoken, ideas that need to be expressed, and past and future times, whose guidance needs to be symbolized anew.

V

A discussion of language and time would be incomplete without something on the relationship between language and choice. For in our conceptual world of objects and events, we can see little of the possible options, save what we "put up in front of us" in language. Imagery, alone, offers considerable choice, because of its ambiguous nature. But when paired with language, the choices inherent in imagery, explode into infinite combinations. Language encapsulates experience, and thus appears to be reductive, but it leads us on, beyond the caption, to a myriad of sub-choices, alternatives and permutations, until decisions are made. We make choices so often based upon the "if," the "when" and the "because," that we seem to forget what the imagery was, in the first place. In effect, we reflect words off of the ambiguity, so that the echo we hear, while never the thing-itself, nevertheless serves to clarify reality.

Some truth may exist in the expression, "a picture is worth a thousand words," but mental images of that sort are indeed rare. And moreover, for imagery alone, to affect choice, the person must be able to imagine more than the picture presents. He must be able to transcend image, via imagination; to extract from the ambiguity, more personalized variations, which continue to be adapted through imagination, until he arrives at a *guiding image*. But we can see all around us, such a poverty of imagination, that this form of "choosing" appears to be extremely difficult for most persons, if not nearly non-existent. They often choose not to choose a guiding image.

We are much more likely to use language and other symbols, to help us in making choices. Language has that explicit property that makes it hard to ignore. But equally important, language has the appearance of reducing ambiguity. And for many persons, that is excuse enough for retreating from imagery, to the world of words. For it takes courage and openness to the future, to feel comfortable with ambiguity. Ambiguity is more than obscurity or contradiction. And it is even more than uncertainty. In a lived sense, ambiguity, is the constant dilemma over whether or not I am subject of my own life, or object of someone else's; whether or not I matter now, ever did, or ever will. Simone de Beauvoir has capsulized this notion, far better than I, when she says,

> In spite of so many stubborn lies, at every moment, at every opportunity, the truth comes to light, the truth of life and death, of my solitude and my bond with the world, of my freedom and my servitude, of the insignificance and the sovereign importance of each man and all men. There was Stalingrad and there was Buchenwald, and neither of the two wipes out the other. Since we do not succeed in fleeing it, let us therefore try to look the truth in the face. Let us try to assume our fundamental ambiguity. It is in the knowledge of the genuine conditions of our life that we must draw our strength to live and our reason for acting.[13]

Language often makes us *feel* certain about the world, but that is only an illusion —— an illusion of the same type that often leads us to believe that "Truth" is always conceptual and symbolic. But truth and ambiguity are co-conspirators, as it were, one always hiding behind the other, regardless of our symbolic or affective attempts to unravel the strands. That is why I think "meaning" is more important, psychologically, than either, in directing us to choice. And while meaning is given variously, apart from language, the latter is most often the catalyst which integrates "time spent" into "time lived." And what is more meaningful than that?

If I conclude then, that language greatly assists us in sorting out a life of possibilities and contingencies, in fact making choice wider, but choosing more difficult, I am also forced to conclude that access to possibilities, in the first place, is, to a large measure, dependent upon our ability to conceptualize them, and hence upon language use, as well.

Existence, itself, may be ambiguous, but in a more practical sense, ambiguity is a luxury of the upper classes. Ask a Black or Native, ghetto child (or even an old-age pensioner) about choice —— about what choices they see. Then ask yourself whether or not ambiguity can exist much in a life where survival and present-centeredness is the predominant mode of consciousness; where choice is circumscribed by necessity. Any life oriented exclusively towards protection and survival is based upon what can be seen, and not upon what can be imagined. And a philosophy of "what you see is what you get," never relies on the past or future for its vision, to any great extent.

The works of Basil Bernstein and others in related fields, suggests to me that unequal access to language skills, in the home and school environments, results in a circumscription of cognitive development, and of a temporal perspective. This inequity stems from an intentional motivation on the part of the power classes, to protect their superiority. They do this via institutionalized wings of the establishment, such as the school, which maintains and promulgates the injustice. As Bernstein has said,

> The class structure influences work and educational roles and brings families into a special relationship with each other, and deeply penetrates the structure of life experiences within the family. The class system has deeply marked the distribution of knowledge within society. It has given differential access to the sense that the world is permeable. It has sealed off communities from each other and has ranked these communities on a scale of invidious worth.[14]

I do not intend to re-present the sociolinguistic thesis here, since it is not completely within the scope of this book, and because Bernstein has provided us with excellent summary accounts, elsewhere.[15, 16] What I do intend to show is something of the relationship between speech codes, as Bernstein has described them, and developing perspectives on time.

The formation, focus and alteration in temporal perspective, is very much affected by the cultural and class conditions, in which the individual person finds himself. In study after study, results have supported the notion that one's perspective on his personal future as either "bound" or "viable" (re: Ch. 1), is to large measure a function of his socioeconomic status.[17] Briefly stated, children from lower-class, or working class homes, tend to feel less hopeful about their future, and to feel less control over it, than their equivalent age and sex mates, in the middle and upper classes. And to relate Bernstein's work, it seems likely that a recurring link between this perception of a hopeless future, and socioeconomic class, is the speech code used.

Essentially, changing conceptions arise from what Bernstein calls explicit or universalistic meanings; from public forms of thought, or meta-languages. Their use enables the individual to confront his own reality, and to conceptualize possibilities related to changing that reality. They are then, context-free, open to temporal contemplation, and truly symbolic.

On the other hand, particularistic meanings are implicit and context bound. They could be described as personal, affective, and bound to the present, as well, and hence are often significative, but not significant, in the sense of a continuously evolving perspective on personal time.

Berstein argues that the individual's socialization orients him to either particularistic or universalistic meanings, because of the sociolinguistic code he uses. Without going into great detail, the difference between elaborated and restricted codes, is that the use of the former allows the individual to enter into a continuous dialogue with his-self and with the world around him, and to hypothesize about his own time —— past, present and future. The use of a restricted code orients the person to a series of perhaps ungratifying presents (since ironically enough, the present is often gratifying, only when we delay gratification, and that is understandably difficult for anyone who never gets much gratification, at all). His social discourse is not oriented towards distancing himself from his present existence. To summarize, in Bernstein's words,

> As we move from communalized to individualized roles, so speech takes on an increasingly reflexive function. The unique selves of others become palpable through speech and enter into our own self, the grounds of our experience are

> made verbally explicit; the security of the condensed symbol is gone. It has been replaced by rationality. There is a change in the basis of our vulnerability.[18]

This last sentence notes the basic anxiety or ambiguity, which life always presents to us. And it should be made clear that in moving from one code to another, we do exchange vulnerabilities. But this exchange is possible only for those who have been socialized in the power groups. Those individuals can use both particular, restricted meanings, or universal, elaborated meanings. (There are indeed, times when context bound, "inside" events, are best coded in implicit and particularistic ways, such as often happens between friends who know each other well). But imagine never having any choice, but to talk about context-bound experience. What happens to the past and future then?

And this is the crucial point: People who are socialized in the lower-classes, often have no options about code use. The reality of survival, of continuously having to meet rent and food costs, etc., is reflected in a code which then perpetuates the feelings of hopelessness; feelings that the near-future will never be any different than the present; feelings that nothing will ever change. And what could be more depressing than that?

Moreover, when we speak of differential access to knowledge, based on code use, we are not only speaking about quantum physics, world diplomacy, and the history of Western civilization. We are also speaking about knowing the self, or in light of previous distinctions, understanding the self.

The issue here is truly one of choice, because in of themselves elaborated and restricted speech codes both have their functions. In both cases the speaker gives up one kind of reality for another. The elaborated-code user loses intuitive knowing; the restricted-code user loses, or in most cases, never gains, contemplative understanding. The one's vulnerability lies in his rationality, the other's in his affect. So in fact, the exclusive use of either code, gives us an incomplete impression of reality.

Bernstein has reported on the separate work of some colleagues (Geoffrey Turner and Peter Hawkins) who have conducted some interesting experiments, which demonstrate some ramifications of code use in children.[19] First, in telling a story from sequentially arranged picture cards, children with restricted-code use, talk about the succession of action, as if the parts of the story were independent events, unconnected to the other parts: "This is happening, and this is happening, and that is happening," and so on. The descriptions are very present-centered, and have little or no reference to possible relationships. In the absence of the cards, a stranger would have difficulty understanding the stories these children told. But in telling a story, from the same cards, children who were oriented towards elaborated-code use, conveyed stories which could be easily understood by a stranger, without the presence of the stimulus. Their stories used expansive, abstract and complex constructions, in order to reflect a greater range of possible relationships.

On the other hand, however, lower-class children were observed to be much more adept at role playing than middle-class children. They do not balk as much in the face of an unstructured situation, and they tell longer and more imaginative stories, based upon the role-taking, whereas the middle-class child appeared to often need supervision, in order to role-play.

There appears to be a definite difference here, in the performance of lower and middle class (English) children on an affective-play activity, versus a structured linguistic activity. The lower-class children perform better on the former, and the middle-class children on the latter. This suggest to me, once again, that a person's overall experience in time, is always a matter of losing one form of reality for another, or one variation for another variation. But it also suggests that the fullest life, the broadest perspective on time, is one which arises from the interface of both the intuitive, implicit and silent, and the outer, verbal and rational. Because the wider the variations of this conjunction, the wider is choice, itself. And to that extent, we must begin to see the middle-class child in as disadvantaged a light, as the lower-class child. But we must always recognize that the most disturbing disadvantages are always economically based. The middle-class child may become an unaffective automaton, but he will fit right into the society, which has been established for him, from the start; for what he is becoming. His failures will not as likely be for want of logical understanding and verbal prowess, but more from lack of imagination and sponteneity. But it will be the lower-class child who will suffer most. For in his fight to survive, he will have neither time to learn about the workings of the logical world, nor freedom to enjoy the impromptu spirit, which so characterizes the oppressed.

NOTES

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8. *Ibid.*, p. 24.

9. W.H.O. Schmidt, *Child Development: The Human, Cultural and Educational Context*, New York: Harper and Row, 1973, p. 63.

10. Cassirer, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

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15. *Ibid.*

16. Basil Bernstein, "Language and Social Class," *British Journal of Sociology*, 1960, 2, pp. 271-276.

17. Oscar Lewis, "The Culture of Poverty," *Scientific American*, 1966, 215, pp. 19-25.

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19. *Ibid.*, pp. 233-236.

FOURTH INTERLUDE

A Return to Meaning *
Edited by Steven S. Scofield

WORDS	DERIVATION
psychology	(Greek) "soul, life; discourse"
philosphy	(Greek) "loving knowledge"
behavior	(Eng. and Fr.) from the conjunction of "being" and "having"
attitude	(Ital.) a painter's term, meaning "skill or aptness"
society	(Latin) "a companion"
culture	(Latin) "to till"
human	(Latin) from "humus;" "ground;" "a creature of the earth"
person	(Latin) "to sound from; hence the large-mouthed mask of an actor"
world	(German) "age of man; experience of life"
infant	(Latin) "speechless; not yet speaking"
child	(Teutonic-Gothic) re: "the womb"
adolescent	(Latin) "to grow up"
adult	(Latin) "grown-up;" also "to nourish"
authentic	(Greek) "one who does things with his own hand; hence written in one's own hand"
real	(Latin) "belonging to the thing itself"

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*Walter W. Skeat, *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, New York: Capricorn Books, 1963.

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WORDS	DERIVATION
free	(Latin) "dear, beloved; hence to one's own children, but not to slaves"
choose	(Sanskrit) "to relish"
choice	(Teutonic) "to try; to test out"
apathy	(Greek) "not to feel; want of feeling"
care	(Anglo-Saxon) "anxiety, sorrow"
participation	(Latin) "to take a part in; sharing"
contemplation	(Latin) "an open space for observation; hence to observe, consider"
understanding	(Anglo-Saxon) literally, "to stand under or among"
feeling	(Anglo-Saxon) re: "the palm of the hand"
rich	(Latin) from, "to rule"
poor	(Latin) originally from "pauper," hence "provided with little"
average	(Mediterranean?) "a maritime duty or charge on damaged or exported goods"
word	(Greek) "to speak; or a thing spoken"
meaning	(German) "thought allied to memory and mind"
work	(Anglo-Saxon) allied to Greek, - "I have wrought"
play	(Anglo-Saxon) "game, sport," also "fight or battle"
oppression	(Latin) "to press upon;" "to press near"

WORDS	DERIVATION
repression	(Latin) "to press back upon"
depression	(Latin) "to press down"
educate	(Latin) "to bring out"

CHAPTER FIVE

TIME, WORK AND LEISURE

Out of the woods two hulking tramps
(From sleeping God knows where last night,
But not long since in their lumber camps).
They thought all chopping was theirs by right.
Men of the woods and lumberjacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax,
They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.
They knew they had but to stay their stay.
And all their logic would fill my head:
As that I had no right to play
With what was another man's work for gain.
My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right——agreed.

But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

—— From "Two Tramps In Mud Time" by Robert
Frost, 1936.

I

The human needs for work and leisure are nearly as basic as the need for love. Love satisfies our need for possessing others and for being possessed, so that time alone, does not possess us. Work structures our time and gives us feelings of productivity and security. And play releases us from time, to solidify and examine a life-in-process.

But of course, the negation of all of these functions is always a possibility, and therein lies the paradox of work, play and love, or of life, itself: There is always the possibility that work will be demeaning and alienating; that play will be violent and disintegrating; and that love may never arrive, at all. And within the context of this existential dilemma, personal time is best understood. For in our pursuit of these needs, isolated events in time, become a psychological life, that is felt to be hopeful or not, full or empty, meaningful or incoherent.

Because of work and leisure, the notion of being-in-the-world takes on real significance. The search for love pervades all of life, but it is for that very reason as elusive as "being." We can feel love but we cannot see it, nor very well grasp its overwhelming significance. But work-time and leisure-time are such visible and dynamic elements of our individual and collective existence, that their effects are staggering. So many events in time are based in them, that, aside from sleep, they alone seem to constitute the form of our living-in-time: We work in order to play, and we play in order to return to work. We work in an attempt to feel productive, and we play in order to secure feelings of productivity. Work defines many of our roles, and play examines and embellishes them. Work most often demands our keen attention; play demands nothing, save what we want to give. But both can be creative and protective; both make us strive towards the future and/or retreat to the past; and both are important elements of our consciousness of time's passing away.

Because of our knowledge of our own death, work and play can either make us more aware of our-selves and our time, and hence of full living, or they can direct us away from awareness, to a "keep busy" attitude, which we push before us in our "flight" from consciousness and death. In the one case, work and play are integrative; in the other, they are debilitating. They can be oriented towards change, making plans and living, or they can be directed towards stasis, filling time and existence. In effect, these two processes can be seen as examples, of either the indomitability of "being," or the subjugation of that same spirit. And personal time —— our histories, attitudes and attention towards the flow of our life —— hangs in the balance, according to such affective determinations.

It is indeed, no longer a simple task, to categorically say that work is "oppression" and play or leisure is "freedom." If that were the case, we might better understand our conflicting, hedonistic-Puritanical selves, as well as other bifurcations of our nature, which technological advancement has generated.

First, as ironic as it may appear, play or leisure is often as oppressive and alienating as work, because of our difficulty in deciding how to spend the increasing amounts of "free time" we have, in meaningful ways. It is one of the peculiar predicaments of the modern age, that we often appear to have less difficulty with the demanding nature of work, because its structure is usually defined *for us*, to a certain extent. But play is ours to structure, and that is often difficult. Moreover, as the pressures of the mechanized age increase, we are confronted with a curious and potentially dangerous situation: As we are further ensnared in the "make-more-buy-more" ethic, we are bombarded with ever-new possibilities for spending our time and money. Consequently, the play which examines and solidifies a life-in-process, and which is oriented towards the "self," is being increasingly replaced by play which represses awareness of the self. We appear to be driven, more and more towards the need to be entertained. And entertainment is often so oriented towards the "out-there," that the self is rarely implicated. Indeed, it is most often denied. Hence, we see interesting phenomena arising, such as workers needing to return to work, in order to rest and recuperate from a vacation. Ironic, to say the least!

Secondly, and even more interestingly, this fusion of the lines between work and play, is supported by the growing difficulty that many of us have in keeping the worlds of affect and intellect discretely separate. We see an increasing desire for play to become more intellectual, and for work to be increasingly more affective. Many people are getting really tired of maintaining separate roles and identities for work and for play.

There is, indeed, a great bulk of life experience, in work and play, that is unnecessarily bifurcated, due to the popular misconception that work must be serious, logical and conformist, for the sake of "the company," and that individuality, creativity and personal needs must wait for play. We are lead to believe that the "big-payoff" —— money —— is enough compensation for giving-up the self. And, no doubt many people still think this is a fair trade.

But, of course, the self will not be sold-out without a struggle. Regardless of the economic exchange, if we play or work, in order to evade awareness of self, or if those activities, themselves, demand that we give-up self-consciousness, then we must be prepared for the inevitable process of alienation from self and from others. For to the extent that both work and play enhance our feelings and understanding about the time we have lived, are living, and will live, then they can be seen as supreme examples of human spirit and will. But to the extent that they supress our awareness of the self-world dialectic, they consist of time ill-spent and ill-afforded.

The problems (and blessings) of work and play are very intertwined, for they all arise from the social context of being-in-the-world. And they are, then, really two faces of the same social image. The problems which arise —— decisions for spending time, feelings of belonging or alienation, and so on —— are not inherent in the singular events of play and work. They have a much broader base, as Berger has noted, in discussing leisure:

> The problem of leisure is not created merely by the growth of discretionary income, the reduction in the workweek, the pensioned retirement, and the lengthening span of life, just as alienation in work is not created primarily by the inherent properties of certain jobs. Both problems are created when a value system is rendered apparently incapable of conferring honor on the typical situations which a social system engenders. Where inconsistencies exist between what the social system requires and the value system prescribes, social problems are created, prominent among which are alienation from work and the problem of leisure, reverse sides of the same coin.[1]

It is such inconsistencies between the normative and value systems, between the demand for conformity and the necessity for group membership, which have lead many persons to find alternative methods for better integrating work and play. But at the same time, it has lead others to defend the dichotomy between the two spheres, even more. Needless to say, many of the latter are in positions of management.

II

Humans spend close to one-third of their adult lives oriented towards work. The time spent *on the job* is significant, by itself, in the development of a perspective on time, but when we add time spent planning for, worrying about, and otherwise thinking about work, when we are *away from it*, then the entire relationship between work and personal time is incredibly impressive. Yet we know all too well, by now, that quantity and quality are not commensurable, in the temporal experience of building a life.

Some persons live an agonizing life in only a few hours of work, per week; others find enjoyment and gratification in a fifty-hour work week. Some feel useful and productive, creative and involved; others feel abused and ineffectual, mundane and alienated. What then, are some of the conditions which affect such distinctive feelings?

To begin with, a definition of work is necessary. Everyone seems to have a roughly similar denotative idea of what the word means, since we rarely ever inquire, "What do you mean?..." when someone uses it. Yet, there is a great difference between defining work as "energy expended towards a purposeful end," and work as "any unpleasant effort;" or work as "employment," "manual labor," or as "status and achievement;"

or as "the means by which humans ensure survival." All are valid definitions, yet remarkably different, one from another.

I shall define "work," as that basic human need which is characterized by a purposeful expenditure of energy oriented towards the structuring and security of one's personal time, especially towards the hope of a rewarding future. It forms, therefore, a significant focus for social relationships and for a reflection of one's being-in-the-world, past, present and future. It is similar to other basic needs also, in that it is a great source of personal growth and development, when we feel good about our relationship to it, and the source of great despair when we do not.

Obviously a purely sociological or physical definition would not be so inclusive. But this definition is oriented towards personal time, and is, therefore, not much more restricted than a definition of "life," itself. For as William Henry has said,

> Those activities we call work serve to create a directing and guiding network of relationships which structures, permits, limits, sets time schedules, reduces options, opens options, and in general provides the central social and psychological framework for some 40 or 50 years of the life cycle.....With the possible exception of bad health, when it occurs, work is the most central determiner of the conditions of life that most people in modern society ever encounter.[2]

It is quite exactly these conditions of life, which originally give rise to one's personal perspective on time, and yet, the dialectic is formed from very early on, such that it *is* one's personal sense of life's events, which comes to ascribe values, beliefs and motivations, regarding those very conditions, work included.

The socialization of the adult, which work elaborates, is begun much earlier of course, in the family. In the most global sense, the young child* learns about work at the same time that he learns about "Daddy," "Mommy," sex roles and identity; necessity, freedom and control. And as he learns about such things, he also learns that other people around him, are also involved with the same important issues.

He comes to develop feelings about "work" in relationship to those persons in his life, who are meaningful. "Daddy go work," is an early phrase which characterizes this formative relationship. And as the child grows older, he comes to evaluate work, largely on the basis of the immediate effects of other person's work, on them, and on himself: If "Daddy" likes his work, then the child may adopt one meaning or attitude; if he doesn't, another. If "Mommy" and "Daddy" both work, and other significant persons are not introduced into the family network, then he may come to view work as a process which isolates family members from each other, or which interferes with his personal needs. If he has a surfeit of toys and books, then work may have one connotation, and if he has few, it can have another. If no one in the family works, or if the process of work is derided, then he may likely come to identify with the feeling that work is pointless, or oppositely, he may come to feel that it is very important for him to work very hard, one day. If the father is always away from home, because of his job, then the child may identify work with long absences from loved ones, or oppositely with "freedom."

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*Chapter Seven will deal with more specific aspects of early childhood and time.

And as he grows into puberty and adolescence, the young person will be increasingly confronted with his responsibilities to do work of some kind, whether it be homemaking, a professional career, or manual labor. And he will choose a profession or career because of his socialization experiences in general, including his notions of "work." He may come to identify with his father or mother's work, as he has come to identify with them as persons, or he may reject their work, in an effort to define his own person, more fully. But in any case, he cannot avoid the socializing realities, which dictate that he deal with "work," even if one possibility is that he chooses not to work, at all. In effect, the time he has spent with family and friends, and later at school, wil significantly affect his feelings about "work."

One factor which will undoubtedly influence him in this process, is the degree to which the family (and later, the school) subscribes to the Protestant work ethic: the idea that keeping busy with hard work and good deeds, ensures survival in this life, and a partial guarantee of admission to the next. It is a contrary philosophy, that will not easily die, and which finds its greatest strength in guilt over not working, and in the absurd notion that "idleness is the devil's handmaiden."

I grew up in a family and society where the work ethic was very strong. Not only was I given responsibility for "chores," etc., from very early on, but the corollary, of course, was that "partying until dawn, and sleeping until noon," at the expense of work, was heretical. It mattered not one bit to my parents, that I liked the grass a bit longer in the summertime, or that I felt no special compulsion to remove the snow from the walks, as soon as it fell (or ever). I was expected to work; otherwise, how could I feel good about my-self? For in its extreme form, the work eithic means that you only feel good about your-self, when you are working hard, or when you have just finished hard work. And to this day, my parents, like so many other people, still have a "hard time" just doing nothing.

And by the beginning of this century, the idea of "keeping up with the Jones'" had become intricately tied into the work ethic, as well. One worked hard in order to earn the approval of the neighbors, in the first place, and the acquisitive competition which ensued, ensured approval, if not envy and contempt, also. It was not important that "Mr. Smith beat his wife and children," as long as he was discreet and worked hard. But if he was indolent or shiftless, then that was another matter. He was socially ostracized.

Depending upon the strength of the work ethic in the developing child, and of course on other factors, as well, he may or may not grow into an adult who can enjoy "doing nothing." And "nothing" is here used in contrast to play or leisure, since we can see all around us, many person who cannot just sit quietly and "do nothing." Leisure implies the possibility of doing nothing, yet so many people appear to need to fill their leisure time with busy, structured activities, perhaps partly because they fear being alone with the self, and partly because they are still hooked-into the work ethic. So weekends and evenings are often filled with "house repairs," "cleaning," etc.; events that I consider to be work. But there you have it —— one person's play is another's drudgery.

III

An accompaniment to the work ethic, is usually a need for clearly defined sex roles, especially regarding the distribution of labor: Person A does this, because he is a man, and person B does that, because she is a woman. Whenever we speak about differential access to knowledge, education, employment and fulfillment, we must recognize that we are implying more than social class discrimination. For boys and girls are socialized into anticipating very different futures for themselves, quite apart from whatever class distinctions exist.

In a significant study of adolescents, Lamm, Schmidt and Trommsdorff drew some interesting conclusions about sex differences and future perspectives:[3] (1) Males of both lower and middle classes voice more concerns about their occupational future than females of either class. (2) Females in both classes were more concerned than the males regarding their personal, private (non-occupational) future. (3) Females in both classes were also more interested in and concerned about, issues relating to politics and the environment. (4) Males perceived more "internal control" generally, than females, regarding the relationship of hopes and fears to the future. (5) And specifically, the males who were more oriented towards their personal, private life, perceived more "internal control" over their future, than their male counterparts, who were oriented towards an occupational future.

These conclusions seem to support, once again, the differential results of socialization on one's feelings about the future, according to sex. There is no doubt, experimentally or observationally, in terms of work, that females do not have the opportunities that males have. Women are reinforced to play roles which involve the past —— family heritage and the maintenance of past ties, and with the immediate present —— the moment-to-moment tasks which the traditional roles of household management, motherhood, etc., imply. Males on the other hand, are expected and encouraged to transcend the past and present, by conceptualizing a future (largely occupational), which they strive to attain. Cottle and Klineberg have provided a good summary account of these sex-role distinctions, regarding temporal perspectives.[4]

Regarding the occupational dilemma of most women, Caroline Bird has said this:

> A bird's-eye view of the sex map of occupations shows how outmoded home roles limit women at work. Women are least accepted in work involving machinery, negotiations, travel, risk, profit, and substantial sums of money. But the most striking boundary of all is occupational status. In a field as masculine as railroading, women are employed to clean the railway cars. In fields as feminine as cosmetics, a man is usually found in the president's chair.[5]

But the effects of sex-role stereotyping go way beyond mere access to jobs, as important as such discrimination is towards the inhibition of fulfillment. For even those women who succeed in transcending the traditional female roles at work, such as stenography or clerking, must do so in a "man's world."

It is not coincidental that the stereotypes of "the work world," and of "a man," both relate to logical, linear and non-emotional ways of being. As Jourard has said, "The male role as personally and socially defined, requires man to appear tough, objective, striving, achieving, unsentimental and emotionally unexpressive."[6] And we may say that this characterizes the work world, as well. In all too many cases, men's work reinforces men's stereotypes of themselves. And I have already discussed what happens to time, when we lose touch with the affective and receptive facts of our nature. And what an ironic laugh it is, too, that large numbers of men have to work so hard at repressing their sensitive affect, in order to gain approval and status, at work. They not only work at working; they work at being "manly," at the same time. And for many, this is literally more than they can handle. For the work world can be vicious enough, without our being vicious to our-selves.

One of the prevalent images of the male and work stereotypes, is competition. Workers of all types compete for everything, from production of radios or journal articles, to speed of advancement and symbols of status. And in any such competition, it is doubtful that competency has much bearing. For the most competent persons are usually those who know the value of sharing and cooperation, of learning from each other. For only a fool feels totally self-sufficient in his knowledge or ability.

In effect, work is no longer a virtue, nor is striving the ideal, either. Success is what we have come to see as the "cardinal virtue," as Braude has said.[7] Winning has become more important than trying, and there can never be winners, unless there are also losers. And losing —— failure —— is the chief taboo of the male image, at work and elsewhere. Jobs are rarely formed to fit the abilities and personalities of individual workers, thus ensuring that success or failure is not an issue. Rather, we see repeated cases of rigidity and intractability, wherein the individual abilities and contributions of the person are ignored, as long as he cannot toe that golden mark, or fulfill those golden expectations. And this always makes such failure, a normative judgement. And normative judgements have an insidious way of negating anybody's personal time.

But as Braude has also noted, there is one thing worse than failure, and that is the *admission* of failure.[8] No matter how irreconcilable personal givens and job expectations are; no matter how abysmal the failure, from either the individual or corporate point of view, one does not admit to it, for that is even more unmanly than failure, itself. We see particular evidence of this in professional arenas, where the corporate or institutional responsibility for the individual's failure, is at once felt *and* absolved by a "cooling out period," in which the person in question is given a token advancement, to an easier job, or simply allowed to stay around, without significant responsibilities. An incompetent university professor is quietly denied tenure, or given introductory level courses to teach; a business executive is given a larger office, with his own bathroom, and no responsibilities. Talk about symbolic magic!

And speaking of symbolic realism, we see another blatent example in the work world, where status is such an important part of the competetive game: job labels. Bus drivers become transit system operators; speech therapists become speech pathologists, and janitors become sanitary engineers; all in the apparent belief that one's feelings about one's self are thus positively supported. But a sanitary engineer still knows that he cleans windows and floors for a living; a speech pathologist still works with lispers and stutterers, and a transit operator still knows that he shunts people around a city. So if they *feel* that much better because of their fancier job titles, then they must not feel very good about their reality and selves, to begin with.

IV

Feeling good about our-selves, our work, and our time, is largely a matter of how alienated we feel from self, work and time, but especially from self. In the most profound existential sense, Hegel's broad use of "alienation" still stands. For the summation of history and of consciousness, is characterized by an apparent necessity for the estrangement of being from itself; of body from soul; of subject from object, and self from other. This is the basis for what is called "existential lonliness," and it is as real and pervasive as birth, life, and death.

Alienation of self from self is perhaps the greatest source of grief that any man can know; greater even than the death of other, because, in its extreme, it is equivalent to psychological death. And we can see two variations of this death: one which results from relative unawareness of self and one which results from partial or complete abandonment of self.

In the former case, we see alienation as a result of a lack of distantiation, a lack of balance between introspecting and extrospecting. It is often seen in the adult or young child, who has very limited awareness of the relationship of his body to inner and outer experience. And it can best be understood as a problem of education and experience.

But the other form of alienation from self is perhaps more critical. It is the estrangement of self from self, which arises, even though the individual is adept at getting sufficient perspectives on his time and experience. He knows his-self well, in these cases, and even likes his-self to a considerable degree. But in the face of authority, external pressures and the brutalities of the machine age, he sells-out his-self. He gives up his values, ethics, beliefs or feelings, in the face of a world that may, or may not be, demanding that he submit.

We have all seen numerous examples of this form of sell-out or abandonment, especially at work, where the competetive and authoritarian (and consequently, often fearful) atmosphere makes allegiences to self and others an apparent joke. These betrayals of self, often appear when a person refuses to "take sides," make value judgements, or support someone else, whom he privately considers to be deserving of support, but whom he does not publically support, for fear of arousing some other person's affect (usually an authority figure, perceived or designated).

The person who thus compromises too much of his value system, may know what consequences his actions have for the unsupported colleague, and even for the future of their relationship, together. But such persons never seem to look far enough ahead of that moment of decision, to anticipate the ensuing feelings of remorse, self-hatred and self-alienation. We are all seemingly surprised by how badly we feel about our-selves, from such actions. But why should we be surprised? What is so difficult about understanding, that whenever we sell-out our-self, we "get screwed?"

Even the Marxist conception of "alienation" as enslavement which arises from a forced division of man's essence into contrived labor and exchange, is better understood as arising from alienation of self from self. For the Marxist notion, of alienation of the particular interest from the common interest, is very much related to the existential notion of alienation of self from others, and that latter development, is, I believe, precluded by the non-discovery of self, or in the abandonment of self from self, in the first place.

In contemporary terms, alienation from work, or play, or any event, is expressed in terms of feelings of powerlessness, meaninglessness, isolation and self-estrangement.[9] And given the notion that self-estrangement precedes, and to large degree precludes the other manifestations, it is not difficult to understand, that feelings of alienation result in the feeling of time being empty or filled, and not fulfilled, as well.

Braude summarizes the experience of what I call "filled time," when he says this about work:

> Beauty and pride craftsmanship are thus lost at the expense of efficiency. Utility becomes the norm by which one judges products, and, by extension, people and the relationships into which people enter. And the worker, in such a view becomes merely the cog in the gears of a machine over which he has no control.[10]

And later, in contrasting this experience with what I call "fulfilled time," he says,

> ...One consideration unmistakenly appears to override all others. Work fills time. It gives a person the day-to-day continuity of routine. What is important is that there be something to do, rather than nothing at all, to structure at least a portion of one's day. As long as it is

> felt that there is some freedom, some room to maneuver, work is accepted; if there is in addition a sense of creativity, of contributing to an obvious productive outcome, work then becomes fulfilling.[11]

Within this comparison, we are confronted face-to-face, with the overwhelming difference that feelings of creativity contribute to one's sense of fulfillment in life. It is no longer sufficient to define alienation only in terms of a "subjection of work to the rest of life," as Clayre has clearly stated.[12] For with increasing amounts of leisure, either granted by the system, or taken by the individual, this is simply not the case. Rather, we should define alienation in any sphere, as those feelings of isolation and estrangement, which arise whenever we are not being, or allowed to be, creative in the use of our personal time, directed towards knowing, understanding and liking the self. For it appears to me, that imagination, creativity, and self-awareness, are the sufficient antidote for alienation.

There is increasing evidence, even in the most mundane jobs, that the human spirit *is* creative. When faced with the alternatives of withdrawing affect from a meaningless job, or creating ways of making it interesting, it appears that many people are choosing the latter. As Garson summarized her investigation of working people,

> It was the positive things I saw that touched me the most. Not that people are beaten down (which they are) but that they almost always pop us. Not that people are bored (which they are) but the ways they find to make it interesting. Not that people hate their work (which they do), but that even so, they try to make something out of it.[12]

Even those with the most boring work are creating "job play," which demonstrates a real desire for original contribution, and for assimilation of work experience into a more unified life.

Time for a little story: When I had just finished my undergraduate degree, I worked for four months in a factory that produced television picture tubes. My job was to remove the larger picture tubes from a conveyor line, and place them in boxes for subsequent shipment. The job was mundane, to say the least (but, unlike many other employees, I *knew* I wasn't going to be there, forever). It was also a somewhat dangerous job, since picture tubes are vacuum sealed, and a slight bump could easily result in a sequence of implosion and explosion.

There were few jobs in that factory that were not "line jobs," and those few belonged to either custodial staff, management, or the long-term workers, who had worked their way through the various job levels, to become "floaters," persons who could fill-in on any job, where illness or injury created a sudden vacancy. So most of the several hundred persons on my shift, worked at line jobs, similar to mine: work where you stand in front of a moving conveyor, repeating the same, miniscule task, over and over again, for eight hours, watching the clock, and waiting for coffee and lunch breaks.

Some of the factory people coped with the depersonalization of the job, by withdrawing their affect from themselves and from others. They became "glaze-eyed" and walked about like sleepwalkers. But many others would invent verbal or action games with themselves or with each other, or play jokes on each other (some of which were rather dangerous). For example, the woman near my station, who stapled together the boxes that I required, was a rather "cheery" lady who was always singing and whistling. It was only after several weeks of employment, however, that I realized that she was making up very clever limmericks and lyrics, the subject of which was usually a variation on the theme, "Oh what a silly world this is!" She and I became good work buddies. Then there was another fellow, who drove a fork-lift truck, and who thought it was really neat to see how close he could come to running me down, without actually touching me. He and I didn't become friends.

Another rather harmless example of job-play, was in using the intercom system to page "The Man from Glad," or to announce other such silliness. But there were dangerous games, too. The quality control technicians, who were considered to be technical staff, but who had line jobs, like practically everybody else, liked to play the game of, "I speed up the conveyor, and you work your tail off." They would gradually increase the speed, as well as the number of tubes that they were supposed to put on. The other fellow and I, who were the "packers," could not possibly keep up with the onslought, without dropping some picture tubes, which of course, was not smiled upon by management. But if we just let the tubes pass by us, for a "replay" later, then we got into trouble, as well. It was all rather like freshman hazing: The oldtimers would hang around our line, becoming hysterical when we dropped a tube, or quietly pleased when we were reprimanded by the supervisor. And then, after work, they would buy us a beer at the local tavern.

The point of all of this reminiscing, is that such games and "job-play" were a means of investing a routine, self-less job with some dimensions of imagination and creativity; with something that made them feel involved. For there appears to be no other human endeavor which so transforms empty time into filled time, as involvement. And there appears, as well, no other human characteristic that so transforms filled time into fulfilling time, as creativity. As Clayre puts it,

> To desire to make things that are valued and useful —— and in some cases things that are beautiful —— is among the feelings that many modern people pick out when describing their work even in the most repetetive technologies. The idea of providing more interesting and satisfying work, difficult as it may be to imagine it and to incorporate it in any political and economic programme at the moment, need not be conceived in a vacuum; the conditions of satisfying work are not unknown, and they are small, but real, signs of response already to the idea that they should be extended, to be within the reach of anyone who wants them. Perhaps a hundred years or so of failure are not very long in the time-scale of an idea like this.[13]

I can only add that I hope it doesn't take another hundred years, to attain this necessary goal. For when I think of that woman, working in that factory for twenty years, all the while making up little songs and poems, I both laugh and cry. I laugh because of her humor and sensitivity, in the face of such routine meaning. And I cry because I know she deserves much more.

V

I elected to use "leisure" in the title of this chapter and not "play," because it is a broader phenomenon of contemporary experience, which includes "play," as well as "doing nothing." This great need for leisure time is getting stronger as work becomes more demanding, as economics become more stringent, and as the leisure time we do have, increasingly becomes "not enough."

While the expression "free time" is often used to mean "leisure," it is a less accurate and more Calvinistic description, as Berger has observed. Rather, as he suggests, we should use the Aristotelian sense of leisure, as "freedom from the necessity of being occupied."[14] In the original Greek use of the term, this meant the pursuits of "free men," in activities we would call "culture" —— art, music, debate, literature, and so on. But it also meant the freedom from the necessity of doing anything, at all. Hence, I find the use particularly fitting, not only because "doing nothing" is an important task to learn, but also because music, art, literature, and so on, are among the most fulfilling activities in which a person can engage.

It is an interesting commentary on the adult mentality, that the use of the term, "leisure," is most often related to adults, and that the word, "play," is most often used in reference to children. In fact, it is often thought to be inappropriate to speak of adults as creatures who play, or of children as beings who are ever "free from being occupied." Grown-ups are supposed to be serious, structured, analytical and beyond play; children are believed to always be occupied with something. But such notions are only examples of a cultural bias that makes many adults feel embarrassed to admit that they play, or even to actually let go, and play, at all. Adults can agree to play bridge, or backgammon, but they cannot simply say to another, "Hey, come on over and play." That would be too ambiguous and too unstructured. And in the same vein, adults are so egocentric in their view of childhood, that they cannot see, that in proportion to the intensity and speed of childhood events, there are many moments of rest and leisure, when the child is as unoccupied, as any adult.

Leisure time offers us the possibility of freedom from structure and from analysis and time, to enter a world where space may be the most structured contingency. But all too often, it appears that the need to "fill time" pervades leisure, as much as it drives us to work. And to that extent, there is never any assurance that leisure will release us from time, or that it will solidify a life-in-process. To the contrary, it can almost be guaranteed that if there is a strong need to avoid self-awareness, by filling-in time, with any activity, at all, then time becomes a burden. Or even worse, it becomes a terror. And what could be more alienating than running away from the very thing you most need to find. The "let's have a good time" philosophy, is hardly aimed at awareness of the self-world relationship, when it becomes too exclusive. It perpetuates the same fears of self and death, which originally spawn it. And of course, we already know what happens to affect, under such repression of self. It is not ironic, then, that we so often see persons who cannot be affective, unless they have had a few drinks, a few "hits" on a pipe, or in short, unless they are "having a good time."

But "doing nothing" some of the time, is not only a good means of getting in touch with the self and others; it is an irresistible way. For doing nothing, does not mean that there is "no-thing," there. We always have the self —— our memories, our hopes and fears, our anticipations and anxieties. The self is always there. Sometimes its appearance is as vivid as a book or chair which is before us; other times it appears to linger in the embedded ground of life; and at the worst of times, it appears to be buried beyond re-cognition, amid the frenetic pace of life. But it is important for us to relize that however much a part of our perceptive, remembered and anticipatory life, the self is, it is always as much a part of life, as we want it to be. And to the extent that we desire to know our own beliefs, attitudes, prejudices, and conceptions; our own past, present and future, we desire to know the self, as well. To that end, learning from being alone with self, can mitigate the lonliness that is part and parcel of existence.

Leisure should not be exclusively introspective, either, for then, we again lose the interface between internal and external experience. We often need to lose our-selves in others, for a time, because that temporary loss of self, is also a loss of control. And by giving up control, the possibilities inherent in our being, can assume more of their own organization. The importance of leisure time is as much a matter of giving one's self to "the other," as it is in finding one's self, in the first place. And if we cannot give up control, then leisure time remains largely intellectual and structured, and rarely becomes play time.

VI

One of the main characteristics of play, is that it is essentially "free." Both ends and means are varied, in an effort to gain greater insights into the possibilities and consequences of future actions. Play is assimilation, in Piagetian terms; it incorporates only that which can be "easily" accepted, into existing conceptions of the world. In effect, the world no longer demands objective reality, but rather, it becomes an object of the "I." Thus, play is process and success oriented, as well. It is so malleable, that failure and specific ends, are precluded by the adaptability of the play situation, itself. It offers us a refuge, of sorts, from the demand characteristics of ordinary waking and working consciousness.

But because there is magic in play, does not also mean that there is no structure or rules to it. Indeed, play can only be defined, in part, by the boundaries which denote its discontinuation. The child who will not, or cannot, follow the rules of a game cannot play that game. The adult who feels too uncomfortable to play, has marked barriers to it, which need to be crossed, if he is eventually to play. Some limits are verbalized as rules, such as, "I shall do this...and you will do that...;" others are implicitly understood through ritualized experience, which may or may not involve moral or ethical principles: "I won't push to win," or "I remember that the last time we played this, I...," and so on. And in other cases, limits are imposed by the physical environment: A tree can be a look-out tower only if it can be climbed; a game of hide-and-seek is fun when the weather is pleasant, but not usually when it is raining.

The essentially free nature of play, is thus not negated by the necessity of some limitations; it is simply the case, that depending upon the nature of the limitations or boundaries, play may simply exist in self-contained units, or it may evolve into life, itself. And that is largely a matter of the degree of flexibility, cooperation and imagination of the players, themselves. Play quickly ends (or at least one segment of it) if one player says, "No, I don't want to do that;" or if Mommy says, "I don't care if you are using it for a car, put that ashtray down!" And play barely leaves the world of concrete reality, if the players have no imagination. And that seems to be the problem many adults have, in ever getting into play.

But play can often evolve into "reality," especially if the players have the ability to build visions and hear voices. For what is imagined today, often becomes everyday reality, tomorrow. That is why play is the other side of reality —— the side that says, "anything goes" —— and that is not too unlike most of life, where we understand many rules and contingencies, yet still observe that practically anything *does* go, in spite of the rules. Erikson has summarized the boundary-freedom dichotomy of play when he says,

> Where the freedom is gone *or* the limits, play ends. Such a polarity also seems to adhere to the linguistic origins of the word *play*, which connotes both carefree oscillation and a quality of being engaged, committed. Language furthermore, conveys any number of destructive and self-destructive nuances, such as playing *at* something, or *with* somebody, or playing oneself *out*: all these and other kinds of play connote the limits which end all play.[16]

This dual nature of play, is intimately tied to our notions of "reality." A person at play finds a sense of security from a world that is often complacent, intimidating or brutal. Play is "a limited perfection," as Huizinga has called it;[17] a feeling that life is exactly as we'd like it to be. The sentiment that "it's only play," or "it's only pretend," is a reflection of even the youngest child's distinction between play and "accommodative reality." "Yet the inferiority of play is continually being offset by the corresponding superiority of its seriousness."[18] And play is often very serious, not only to the child, but to the adult as well.

This seriousness, is more than the adult's earnest play in competetive sports and games. It is as often a deadly serious play which frequently occurs, in the absence of the ability to lose one's self in "free play." Life becomes "deep play" (from Bentham's concept) —— play where the stakes are high, and winning or losing is symbolic of life itself.[19] The compulsive, big-time gambler, the person who banks the outcome of an important relationship on a few highly-charged symbols, or any person who symbolically risks life to the limits of nothingness, is playing a game. And whenever symbolic reality completely takes over all other realities, as we have seen so many times before, we risk loss of self, alienation, madness, or death.

And it is not difficult to see what can happen to a person's feelings about their past, present and future, either. In such overwhelming play, the threat of annihilation, of nothingness, which makes "victory" all the sweeter, reduces life to a matter of chance. And "chance" is fine, as long as we are winning. But once we lose, it has a nasty habit of negating the choices we've already made, in our time. (And I don't think this is what Tillich had in mind when he spoke of "being" becoming stronger, the more "non-being" it can incorporate into itself).

In effect, this playing with reality, results from an apparent need for most of us to both merge our-selves with "the other," and to retain and refine a sense of individuality, at the same time. Indeed, the more we seek the one, the more we appear to find the other, and vice-versa. And this is nowhere more apparent than in play. The four-year-old who submerges himself in an imaginary world of magic and surprise, returns from that world to know something better of his-self, at the same time that he has lost another part of his-self, to the external world, for all time. Similarly, but oppositely, the adult who can never merge into the world of play, loses part of his-self to the external world, as well, but without the beneficial trade-off that the child often makes.

Erikson discusses these necessary polarities, in his own inimitable style, saying,

> There is a reconciliation of the irreconcilable in all ritualizations, from the meeting of lovers to all manner of get-togethers, in which there is a sense of choice and ease, yet also one of driving necessity: of a highly personalized and yet also a traditional pattern; of improvisation in all formalization; of surprise in the very reassurance of familiarity; and of some leeway for innovation in what must be repeated over and over again. Only these and other polarities assure the *mutual fusion* of the participants and yet also a simultaneous *gain* in distinctiveness for each.[20]

VII

The sense of distinctiveness which arises from the embedded ground of play, occurs because of the temporalization of spatial experience. For play is marked much more by spatial constraints and possibilities, than by temporal ones, as I said earlier. What makes "my events in play" part of a distinctive "I," is their subsequent temporalized significance. Because play does not demand that "I be me, *now*," nor that I be any-thing in particular, at any given moment, at all. It only says: "be" —— whatever, whomever, and whenever, I choose. Space gives me that freedom, because it is only to be filled. And I can fill it in any way I want; that is what makes play so "easy."

As a microcosm of life's possibilities, play allows us to change the shape or hue of things, or indeed of our feelings, desires, and so on. But we cannot change the "time" of these things, although our perspective on the time can change. Time is to be lived, not just filled, and living amounts to much more than simply filling-in an eixstence. For if that were not so, we would all be much calmer about what lies at the end of "the tunnel."

In a way, then, play also temporarily frees us from the grip of anxiety over death and time's passing, and all of the subsequent hopes and fears about what life itself, has been, or will become. In play, we can act as if we are going to live, forever, and even believe it, for a while. Immortality is seemingly within our grasp, since we are only as hindered by time as we are by the limits of our own imagination.

The less salient nature of play —— its penchant for the imaginary and creative, as well as its hold on exploration and mastery —— therefore enhances the examination, inclusion and rejection of infinite possibilities, which are then transferred from the affective realm to the world of intellect and time, depending upon the similarity of the different realities. And here, we are once again faced with that ever pressing question: What is reality?

It is the (somewhat inconsiderate) consideration of play as not being very oriented towards survival (real), that arouses in most adults the feelings that it is "kids' stuff," as well as the feelings that adults who do play earnestly and freely, are somehow immature, irresponsible, or whatever. And in the extreme cases where individuals have lived "too much of their time" in fantasy or play, they are labeled as psychotic. But a little distantiation at this point, should help us to see things from another perspective: Who is to say (other than each of us *individually*), that the "unreality of play," which we are so quick to denegrate, in our adult fashion, is not reality, in-itself and for-itself; a reality not only for that "psychotic" person, but even for the entire world. What if fantasy, dreams and play are "real," and work, education, logical relationships and all the rest of it, are just a big cosmic illusion. Play is then not only included as survival; it *is* survival.

But we needn't wait for the cosmos to reveal itself to us, in all of its unadorned and multifarious truth, in order to see that play and the imaginary, have a great survival value, especially in this, a world, where survival based upon work, logical analysis and causal conceptions, is becoming increasingly non-sensical. For what we all seem to want most from our time, is a no-nonsense feeling of significance; a feeling that it has not all been a waste. Otherwise, why is it that we not only appear increasingly driven to play, at any cost, but also feel so very good, when we do give up our-selves to a world of magic, chance, change and polymorphism? Are we so distrustful of feeling good, that we forfeit significance in our life, for the sake of acting adult-like, logical, hardworking, and expectant? Is the fear of death, so entwined with the Puritan ethic, that we can see no value in the beneficial realities of play: dreams, imitation, cooperation, *rule-oriented* competition, imagination, creativity, and even the forshadowing of a life that is still coming-to-be?

Play may not have any great adaptive or survival function for other animals, but it is high time that we shrugged-off the ethological chains (which we actually broke when we evolved a sense of time, and symbols), that have specified that man also has no survival need for play. For that is simply not true. Survival implies the future of a specie, and no human activity is so oriented towards the future and all of its possibilities, as play. Not only does it foster the sensori-motor practice, which is so necessary for the assumption of adult roles, but more importantly, in terms of psychological survival, it allows us to formulate existence according to our own future needs and aspiration, and according to our own perceptions of time's significance, as it passes.

Play is perhaps the most integrating component of living-in-the-world, for it is a reality, which, like feelings, cannot be subjected to justification. It simply is. And I would suggest that just as emotions and feelings are often considered by some, to be a degenerative mode of being, so play is considered immature, for the same fearful reasons. And how sad it is to me, that we reject those elements of human living, which are closest to "being," itself, simply because we are reluctant to play or feel strongly, for fear that we shall be seduced by madness or death.

But just as time is friendliest when we open our-selves to it, so madness and death are not frightening, if we do not flee from their presence. And this is where the forms of play we choose, and the manner in which we play them, become crucially important. Essentially, play that is oriented towards increased articulation of the dialectic between self and others, or towards the future of the self, is seen as "fulfilling time," while play which inhibits the dialectic, or which has as its purpose the evasion of such consciousness, is seen as merely "filling time." The former is significant play, the latter is alienating play.

VIII

Using the self and its orientation to "becoming," as the criteria for choosing play, places the moral and ehtical responsibility for such choices squarely on the shoulders of the individual person. It also reduces the likelihood that specific activities will have in-built value judgements, regarding their benefits to the person. For there are times when filling time is important to losing the self, just as there are other times, when fulfilling time, is important to the definition and individuation of self. And whether or not one spends too much of his time only filling in his existence, or whether he spends too much time, fulfilling time and self, to the exclusion of others, are issues that can only be ascertained in the generalized context of one's own changing perspective on the time he has lived, is living and will live. For what is filled time for one person, is fulfilling for another.

For example, I find the sports (play) of hockey and football, violent, dehumanizing and supportive of outmoded roles of personal interaction. I am so revulsed by the violence on the playing field, and by the "Roman madness" of the spectators, and by the extreme economic sanctions implied in the sports, that I can never enjoy them. And at other times, I simply find them boring. Time spent watching or playing football or hockey for me, is thus filled time, or even regretted time.

But at the same time, I realize that others who consider themselves devotees of the sports, see in them "the glory of winning," "the agony of defeat," "the power of the human body," etc. And so, these people enjoy such play forms. But enjoyment alone, is not a sufficient criterion for determining filled versus fulfilling time. There must be something else, for I could conceivably enjoy utilizing my spare time for ax murders.

That "something else," is the estimation of the event's significance in relation to one's life-in-process. Enjoyment has no necessary claim to self-awareness, but meaning does. Or, in other words, for a play event (or any event) to be fulfilling, whether it be athletics, aesthetics, or whatever, there is a necessity for it to incorporate a continuously changing significance, which transcends mere diversion, possession or enjoyment. This transcendence is, by its very meaning, an increased awareness and understanding of the self as object and subject, and of the self in relation to others, all directed towards the future of the self, as well. Any event not oriented towards what I want to become, is filling time. Any event of play, work or leisure, which illuminates my self-world understanding, is fulfilling time, because that dialectic is, whether we realize it or not, always directed towards the future, towards "becoming."

For example, I thoroughly enjoy cycling, but in-itself, this play is not always fulfilling. For sometimes when I ride, I feel as if the bike has no relationship to my-self, nor my-self to the world around me. The cycling remains an activity apart from my-self, even though it is my body that is riding the bike. At other times, I may lose my-self to the unity of person-riding-bike, becoming a part of the machine, and feeling that in return, it has become a part of me.

But in both cases, it is only when I make the feelings of unity or disunity significant by conceptualizing or contemplating them, that I make the time thus spent, truly fulfilling. For it matters little, whether or not I totally lose my-self, lose my-self a little, or not al all; but only whether or not time is fulfilled; whether or not I make it significant, in light of my past, and in terms of my future. If I do, then cycling time is fulfilling time; if I do not, then it is only filling time. If I ride my bike when I am tired or distracted, or when I feel out-of-shape and out-of-rhythm, then I do not usually enjoy the event very much. But the time spent may be fulfilling, nevertheless, if I incorporate it into a reflection of my self-time relationship. Indeed the most painful of unenjoyable activities, are often the most growth inducing, while that which is immensely pleasurable, may remain insignificant and unfulfilling, in comparison.

But I must emphasize that part of this very notion of personal time, is the realization that it "takes time" to build significance; in some cases so much time, that we lose all connection to the original concrete event, during the intervening days, weeks, or years.

Life is not a matter of automatic integration of present moments, into existing frameworks, although that is how we most easily live it. We are constantly doing a balancing act, making decisions to "use this now;" "save that 'til later;" "forget about this, for now," or "suspend judgement on this for a while." And throughout all of this incredible agility, there is hopefully an element of trust which makes all the fragments, questions, constraints and paradoxes bearable —— a trust in mother, in friends, in lovers, and above all, in self and time. And so, what makes little sense today, may very well make complete sense tomorrow, or then again, may not make any sense, ever.

Events in time, play, work or whatever, are not all neatly and evenly carved pieces of a puzzle, which have only to be fitted together in singular fashion. Quite oppositely, they have multitudinous possibilities for combination, because with every new significant and fulfilling piece, the entire puzzle of personal time, takes on new meaning, even though we may not realize it instantly.

Play time then, as with any events of life, may not be seen as fulfilling, immediately *post-facto*. But who can tell what significance events may have, unless he introspects about how they relate to a continuous life-in-process. For although fulfillment is oriented towards completion, Gestalts, unity, growth and development —— the future of our-self, we shall never know the difference between filled and fulfilling time, unless we introspect first, and carry the introspection to its relationship to being-in-the-world. For without introspection and a desire to know the self, in the first place, no play or work becomes any more fulfilling than chance allows.

And if we routinely choose play and work, in order to evade consciousness of our life, then we should never expect the odds on a fulfilling life, to be very much in our favor. For as I have tried to make clear, the activities themselves, are not important. Their relationships to the self-world dialectic are, however. We must feel a change, no matter how apparently insubstantial, in the state of our living-in-the-world. And it must be something more than feeling badly that "the team" won or lost, or that "the bike" got a flat tire. The felt change must be reflected internally as well as externally, so that it can form the basis for a future-oriented conception of self.

In this being-in-the-world, in the continuous dialectic, between life as we make it, and life as it is made for us, we can hopefully see that "the soul of adult play" lies not in pure enjoyment, nor in diversion, but as Erikson has said, in the realization that an "adult gains leeway for himself as he creates it for others."[21] That is at the highest dimensions of consciousness: the awareness that the play (and work) that we do, should orient us not only towards our own liberation, but towards that of others, as well. From such an orientation, time becomes more than filled, and life, which is always more than the sum of times, becomes an involvement, a fulfilling commitment.

IX

It is perhaps apparent now, that one of the reasons I choose to write about work and leisure (play) under the same chapter title, is that they are so involved with each other, and with time. As work becomes more secular (as opposed to spirtual), and as leisure assumes the form of a religion, we see the problems and pleasures of both reflected in the important questions, "How shall I spend my time?" and "Was that worth my time?"

And concurrently, we see that the exclusive definitions of work and leisure are no longer suitable. For if we want to live fully, to utilize our time in the most productive and self-growing manner, then we must come to recognize that much of what begins as work, becomes play; that much of what is begun as play, quickly becomes tedious, once it loses its meaning. For example, getting to know and understand the self, is *always* work. Yet there is no more rewarding effort that life can bring us. For without such knowledge and understanding, life, itself, loses meaning.

And introspecting, getting "in touch" with hopes and fears, and playing them off, against the external side of being-in-the-world, does get easier with practice, as all things do. In fact, we can always get as many good laughs, as cries, from knowing the self.

Similarly we can no longer say that work is directed towards protective consciousness and play towards creative consciousness. Both forms of activity have the potential and actuality for both modes of consciousness. Human survival is more than the assurance of bread and shelter; it is also the search for meaning. And to that end we must come to see a person's work and play not only as complimentary existences, but as interchangeable and flexible manifestations of the same life-in-process. This is not a pipedream, either. The potential for such harmony has existed for a long time. And if technological advancement cannot give us the freedom of harmony with our-selves, what use is it?

Robert Blauner's *Alienation and Freedom*, describes the relationship between alienation and technological progress, as an inverted U-shaped curve. The summary of this progression of events, historically, is quoted by Clayre:

> In the early period, dominated by craft industry, alienation is at its lowest and the worker's freedom at its maximum. Freedom declines and...the alienation curve continues upward to its highest point in the assembly-line

> industries of the twentieth century...Thus in this extreme situation, a depersonalized worker, estranged from himself and larger collectives, goes through the motions of work in the regimented milieu of the conveyor belt for the sole purpose of earning his bread... But with automated industry...the alienation curve begins to decline from its previous height as employees...gain a new dignity from responsibility and a sense of individual function —— thus the inverted U.[22]

Things are changing then, as they are always prone to do. But men and women, parents and children, employers and employees, and players of all sorts, must come to understand that if there is ever to be a synthesis of meaningful experience in their lives —— if time is ever going to be fulfilled for them, then it is their own thinking about the roles of work and play, of men and women, of parents and children, and so on, that will effect this great unity. *Who* they work and play with; *what* they do when they work and play, and most importantly, *how they feel* about the persons and events which either fill or fulfill their lives —— all are crucially important questions that must be posed and answered.

Work is more than "something to do to pay the rent," even though that is one main reason why we work. And play is more than an escape from work, even though that is often why we play. Together they comprise two-thirds of life, itself, and isn't that more than "rent" and "escape?"

It may be that revolution is the only way by which mankind can achieve the natural synthesis of experience, to which he so ardently appears to aspire. Farmers, factory workers, and oppressed groups of all sorts, may have to rise up in an outrage of negation, in order to attain the quality and equality of life that they seek.

And if violent overthrow is the only kind of revolution, by which "good men and women" can re-establish (if only for a time) a feeling of unity of self with self, and with others; of work and play, and of the present with the future, then so be it.

But if they do choose violence and the perpetuation of a cycle (which I am convinced is not natural to them), then they must know full well what it is they are playing at, and working for. Because life is not a game of chance, nor a field of sport, nor an assembly line. There are no cosmic rules, referees or safety cords to alter the pace or to choose the winners. We each choose, we each win and lose, with every breath we take. And understanding this, on a vast, societal scale, marks the beginning of the psychological revolution about which I have spoken, before. It is a revolution which will occur in the minds and hearts of men, and which precludes a healthful ecology and a personal need for creativity, openness and sharing. And in it too, we may at long last find the unity of feeling that we seek; between the harmony and rhythm of play, the productivity of work, and the security of self-hood. Time fulfilled, at the highest levels, is exactly that synthesis.

NOTES

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FIFTH INTERLUDE

A Time for Good-bye *

by Steven S. Scofield

"Today's weather report calls for fair skies and warm temperatures." That was what the radio promised, just before I left my house for the bus stop. But I doubted it would be a nice day, regardless of what color the sky was. It simply wasn't going to matter much. The next few hours would be emotionally draining, and I knew it, felt it as palpably as I felt the rub of my shirt collar on my neck.

"Why," I thought, "Why does it always have to be this way? Why can't I just be with him, like I am with my friends: sharing, open, and confident that I'll be heard and understood? Why am I so sure this visit will be like all the rest: perfunctory, polite, and pretty hopeless? And why too, do I nevertheless hope it will be different...better?" The only assurance I had in any of this, was that this visit to him would most certainly be different.

The "him" was my father, Thomas Edward Binder, a man whose nearly solitary purpose in life has been to work hard and make as much money as he could. That, in fact, was about all I really knew about him, if I relied only on what he has done. Because that is what he has *always* done: worked, made money, worked.... He was always working when I was a kid, always saying he "had to," so that the rest of us could have the proverbial "Good Life." If only he had

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understood, that for the rest of us, the "Good Life" wasn't so terrific after all, with him always away from us, in search of it.

But then, there was equally another side to that search. Because he *had* to work; he was compelled by a fear of *not* being busy, of being alone with himself, with his hopes and fears.

Even on Sundays, his only days away from the jewelry store, he would either do his accounts, or find some miniscule repair task for his hands to do. He neither liked reading, conversation, nor going-out to visit friends. He said that he "got all of his talking and socializing done at the shop." I don't know if it ever occurred to him that the "talk" was most often about business, deals, and money, or that the "socializing" was usually a means of making a sale.

He would usually arrive home promptly at 6:00 P.M., smile at me, pat Janice on the head, kiss Mother on the cheek, get a beer from the fridge, and turn on the television. "Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom." That was what I remember most acutely. Sometimes, if Mom prodded him into sharing more, he would chronologize, report, and otherwise describe the day's events for her.... It's sad, but I rarely heard him say, "I feel...," "I wish...," or "I remember...."

I was thinking of those things, when the bus pulled to a stop in front of me, with a sudden "whoosh" of air brakes and exhaust. I flashed my pass at the driver and headed for a seat in the back. The passengers constituted the usual assortment of public transit users: old men in Goodwill overcoats, pairs of silver-haired women chatting amiably, young women with bundled-up babies, and students of every age. But my usual interest in the people around me was gone.

For once I wished I'd taken up Father's offer to pay for my car insurance. He could never understand how I could have sold my car and started taking the bus. I think buses really freaked him out —— the enforced closeness he felt whenever he had to use them. He just couldn't quite appreciate that for me, riding on a bus, or waiting on a corner for a transfer, was one more positive means of keeping my life open —— that I actually *chose* to do it.

I settled down in my seat and asked a woman nearby for the time. I turned to look out the window. The harbour skyline was gleaming and tall against the blue, Indian Summer sky. Where had summer gone? Where had all the days gone? I felt such melancholy, such a feeling of things gone forever. It was a lonely feeling, yet strangely comforting, as if I knew that I was letting go in order to open myself to the future.

The bus picked up speed and moved onto the freeway that would take me to the suburbs where I had lived for eighteen years —— suburbs which were for me now, a symbol of the *status quo*, of things never really changing.

I glanced at the elderly woman sitting next to me. She returned the look with a pleasant smile, then shifted her gaze to the passing scene. I could smell the same cologne my mother had used when she was alive: the warm, flowery scent returned a sweep of memories —— memories of her kissing me goodnight before leaving for an "evening out," of catching me smoking cigarettes in the cellar, and of our little bedside chats. I remembered too, the many visits my mother, Janice and I would make to my father's shop. I would always rush to the shiny, glass counter that contained the rings and bracelets. I could have gazed forever upon those sparkling gems, lost in my fantasies of kings and pirates, of treasure chests and heroic efforts.

I smiled wistfully to myself and again looked at the woman beside me. How ironic it is, I thought, that at this moment, I feel closer to this stranger than to the father towards whom I am travelling.

That idea returned me to the present with a burn of anxiety, a feeling like my insides were a wringer washer gone crazy. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat and asked for the time. Only ten minutes had passed since I had climbed upon the bus: What a long time ten minutes can be.

* * * * *

Thomas Binder threw down the *Reader's Digest* and looked through the doorway to the wall clock in the kitchen.

"Allan's late," he said to himself, disappointedly. "My only day off and here I am just waiting around. I could be washing the car... or something."

He walked into the kitchen and yanked open the fridge door, peered in for a moment, and slammed it shut. Then, entering the living room, he picked up a copy of *Worthington's Catalogue* and thumbed, visionless, through the pages of jewelry. For the briefest instant, he wished that his wife, Helen, were alive. She was "better at these things"—— talking to the kids. But not wanting to rely upon the judgement of the dead, he jerked himself back to the present, and blinked numbly at the flashy watches and diamond rings. "You've got to do this alone," he told himself.

He pictured Allan, his first born, and only son: tall with wavy, black hair like his own —— a handsome boy, he thought. He liked how he had turned out: well-mannered and personable.

"Too bad he doesn't want the business," Thomas sighed. "He'd be good at it.... Where is he anyway?" He cursed the buses for being so unreliable, and in a way, he knew as well, that he was cursing Allan for not taking the insurance money.

"He'd be here already, if he had let me help him out," he said, half-aloud.

He reached across his desk and picked up the calendar. Sunday, November 2nd. "I guess summer really is gone," he said, matter of factly. He'd barely noticed the changing weather and shorter days during the past weeks. Looking at the calendar again, he calculated quickly that there were twenty-five work days left in the month, and that tomorrow was Monday, the beginning of another work week. He sighed an audible sigh, not sure himself, whether it was one of reassurance or boredom.

Across the street, some kids were playing ball, but their shouts and gaiety were barely noticed. Reminded somehow of the "out there," however, he rose from his chair and walked to the front entrance of the house, opened the heavy maple door and stepped out onto the porch. The early afternoon sun was already casting long shadows through the rungs of the lattice-work of the porch, and little gusts of wind swirled the maple leaves from the big tree into little nests in the corners.

He stepped off the porch and turned around to look up at the white face of this, his seventy-five-year-old house. He noted that the gingerbread needed repainting and that the chimney on the steep roof was also in need of repairs. He charged himself with remembering to get at these jobs the following week. He shrugged when he recalled his daughter, Janice, asking him a week earlier, what his "plans" were for the house.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Plans?"

"You know, Dad," she sighed, gently, "your plans to keep the house and fix it up, or to sell it, or..."

"I don't have any plans," he had replied tersely, cutting her off. "I'll keep on doing exactly what I have been doing." He had felt more than slightly irritated with her implication that things as they were, weren't as they should be.

He picked up the old broom leaning against the door casing, and rather mechanically began to sweep the leaves from the porch. Just as he was finishing, a neighbor walked by the house and yelled,

"Hey, Thomas, how're ya doing?"

"Fine," replied Thomas. "How 'bout you?"

"Ok, I guess," said the neighbor. "Can't complain," and he walked on past the house.

Thomas absent-mindedly tapped his fingers on the porch railing, feeling shomehow vague and dissatisfied. He went inside to the phone and called up his regular handyman, to arrange for the fall house repairs. And when he had hung up, he felt better, more certain. But the feeling of contentment left straightaway, when he wondered once more where the hell Allan was.

* * * * *

"Excuse me, young man." the old woman said, as she rose from her seat beside me. I startled and realized then that we were at the bus depot. I moved to let her by, and as she did so, she again smiled warmly. For a second, I felt this incredible compulsion to reach out, touch her, and say, "thank you...thanks for smiling." But my hand moved only in my head, and then she was gone.

Not wanting to really "get on with it," I sat there a while longer, as the other passengers began to file off the bus. I scanned the array of advertisements mounted above the seats and focused on one which aroused my cynicism:

> "Want A Personal, Relevant and Meaningful
> Education, Without Having To Go To University?
> Try Coastal College....We Care."

"What bullshit," I grumbled. "What absolute, mechanized bullshit." I shook my head in dismay, appalled at the wholesale, commercial dispensing of life —— education, as much as religion, art and politics.

"Well, get ready for more bullshit, yourself," I mused, "especially if you're going to Toronto with hopes of "ivy-towered grandeur." I laugh-sighed again, acknowledging once more the trite reality that "One man's Bullshit is another man's Nirvana." I thought it really comes down to a question of meaningfulness; of whether or not meaningfulness exists for one's self in an event, in a person, or even in a life. Depending upon the nature of that kind of investment, things really *are* or are *not*...Bullshit.

Bullshit...Ivy Towers...Toronto.... What a very long ways away that seemed; more than just the 3,000 miles and one week's distance away —— cosmic eons away, in fact. I wished "it" was "now." I wanted to be there now, writing, reading, learning. But I was going to have to wait. There were other events that were coming to me first: Toronto didn't have to wait for me. It was I that had to wait. And how I hate that! I have waited so long already —— delaying, substituting, being cajoled into doing else. I was past being impatient, and beyond compromise: I felt urgent.

Ever since I was a kid in grade school, I remember wanting to write —— to write anything, sentences, poems, jokes —— it didn't matter. I had made the initial discovery about what words could do, early on, and everything else seemed to follow from that rather accidental and lovely revelation.

I remember rushing home from school and proudly sharing with my family what I had written that day, just as some other children excitedly presented their painting masterpieces. Mother would usually listen attentively while I, in breathless voice, read to her. Then she would say something like, "That's lovely dear.... Where shall we put it up?" My father would also listen attentively. But when I had finished, *he* would just nod and say, "What else did you learn in school today?" I began to get the message.

I especially remember the time in sixth grade, when we had learned about writing limmericks. Boy, did I ever think they were neat! One day, I took one home that went something like this:

> "There once was a man named Binder
> Whose job was to make people spinder...their money.
> He sold them nice rings
> And sparkily things,
> And always was just like their friender."

I thought it was terrific. It bothered me not one iota that the poem was lacking in metre and rhyme, not to mention any degree of "class." I thought it was hysterically funny. So did my mother, I think. She sort of blushed, and stifled a guffaw. But father...father didn't laugh, nor did he smile, or blush. His face turned pasty white, and then he went into a controlled rage.

"What kind of garbage are they teaching you to do in that school, anyway?" he said, his hands clenched, squeeze-knuckle white. "That stuff is a silly waste of time. What about your arithmetic and science papers? Where are they?"

I said nothing. I stood there, head bowed, feeling immensely ashamed, yet not knowing or understanding why. Of course, now I understand it all. But not then. At that moment, I felt unbearable hurt and confusion.

The "issue" was quickly buried amid the usual daily rituals, and after that, I stopped bringing home my writing. We all knew on some level or other, that I had "unknowingly" ripped my father's guts open.

I did continue to write, but without the zest and confidence I had known earlier. And when it became time for me to go to university, I went and earned a degree in chemistry. My folks were both proud of me, although Dad would have preferred my getting a degree in commerce: He never has given up the hope that I would join him in the business, one day. He was placated though, by my academic achievement, since chemistry was considered to be a fine *man's* profession, one that would "get me someplace in the world." Ah, me!

Reading the college advertisement, once more, I thought to myself, "What fine words those are, 'personal,' 'relevant,' and 'care.'" They were almost provocative enough to make me rush out and sign up.

I stood and dropped in line, the last one off the bus. The hectic atmosphere of the terminal was a shocking contrast to the introspection that had marked my journey. I was jolted back to the present.

I decided to walk the dozen blocks or so to my father's house. I guess I needed some more time to get myself into the impending confrontation: that I was leaving for Toronto soon, to pursue a career in creative writing, and that I was, in effect about to say good-bye to all of his expectations and dictums.

It wasn't going to be easy, for as much as he had never understood me, he loved me. I knew that, just as I knew I loved him. But that was unfortunately little consolation. The reality was, that neither of us liked the other very much.

And as hard as I tried to think about what I would say to him: how I would say it, Toronto kept intruding into my consciousness. "In a week," I thought, "I'll be there doing what I most want to do. And a year from now I might have finished something really good, really creditable." A week from now...a year from now...I just couldn't seem to keep my attention centered on the possibilities of this near-future face-off. It was simply eluding any structure, any control. The scenario would just have to unfold as it must, as it would in my interaction with my father.

That decision being made —— to give up some control, I was freed to pay attention to this last part of the passage. The neighborhood was virtually unchanged from my last visit weeks before. The changing season had, however, given the place a different aura:

The scene was stark and bare, forcing the houses from their previously leafy hiding places, into open view. Fall had created an illusion of openness, at the same time that it reinstated the ritual cycle of life into death.

A few blocks from the house, I passed the old McCandry home. It looked identically the same as when Mrs. McCandry caught Patty, her daughter, and I, "playing doctor" in the garage. Poor Mom and Dad! They hardly knew how to deal with that one, I'm sure: Angry Mrs. M. calling on the phone to express her moral outrage over my "nasty games," and of course, my mother, responding with something akin to moral indignation herself, blaming the entire "affair" on Patty. Christ, at six-years-of-age it seems that Patty was already a whore, and I was already a sex pervert.

I ran into good-old Patty downtown one day recently, and we had coffee and laughed ourselves senseless, reliving the whole thing. I mean, after all, there will for ever and ever be whores and perverts, but no parent ever seems to have them. Somebody else always does.

* * * * *

Thomas heard the doorbell from the kitchen, where he was washing up the few breakfast and lunch dishes that had accumulated.

"Allan, finally," he said, as he threw down the towel and hurried to the open door.

"Hello, Mr. Binder, can I collect?" It was Max, the paper boy.

"Oh...yeah, sure, Max," Thomas said slowly, his disappointment nearly transparent. "Here's a dollar....Keep the change."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Binder...thanks a lot!" Max exclaimed. A broad smile of surprise showed on his face as he turned and left the doorway.

"Oh, I almost forgot," he said, stopping at the bottom of the steps, "I just saw Allan over near the drug store. Guess he's on his way to visit you, eh?"

"Yes, he is...Uhm, thanks for letting me know. Bye, Max." Thomas stepped back inside the house, setting the paper down on the coffee table.

"He'll be here in a few moments," he thought. Thomas could feel the panic rising in him already —— that little adrenalin edge that made him feel like rushing around the room.

"What could he possibly want to talk about?" he asked himself. "It must be urgent since he phoned up in advance to ensure that I'd be here."

He traced his last few conversations with his son, but could find in them no clues as to the nature of this present meeting. Thinking of any of the previous talks only yielded one common denominator, repeated often enough: "I don't understand."

In fact, in their entire relationship as father and son, Thomas could recall only one time that he had obtained insight into who this person, Allan, his son, really was. It was just after Helen had died, four years before. Thomas had found Allan sitting on the bed in his old room, crying.

"Don't cry, son," he had said painfully. "Your mother wouldn't want you to."

"Oh, Dad," Allan said despondently, "please stop it! It's you who doesn't want me to cry." He rubbed his hands across his face, and looked up at his father through swollen, grieving eyes.

Thomas had turned then to leave the room, terrified that he too would start to cry.

Later, that evening, Allan had come into his father's bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed beside him, while he was lying there in the dark, his arm thrown across his face.

"Dad?" Allan asked quietly, "can we talk?"

"Of course we can, if you like," he replied without looking up.

Allan hesitated. "I'm not sure what it is I even want to talk about," he said, "but I'll try to get it together." He paused again and took a deep breath. "What was it like for you and Mom when you had first met? I mean, how did Grandma and Grandpa feel about you two getting married and all that, and Nan and Gramps, too? You know... What was life like for you and Mom when you were first starting out?"

Thomas looked then at Allan, the first time he had done so since the conversation had begun. He wasn't sure he knew what Allan was asking for, but he did know for certain that it was making him feel uncomfortable.

He swallowed hard and said, "Your mother and I were very happy together. I'll miss her terribly."

"Yes, Dad, I know...Me too," Allan had said, trying to comfort his father. "But what I'm getting at, I guess, is that...well, Mom and I only talked a bit, off and on, about when she was younger, and now that she's...gone..." He stopped, searching for words that were unevocative. "I mean, I'd like to know some more about her, and something about you, too. What was growing up like for you?"

Thomas felt his body shift into high gear, as he processed his son's request for information. He had admittedly only rarely shared anything of this sort with another person, usually Helen. And now... now he felt as if his world was being steam rollered into a flat, readable map, and it frightened him.

"There's...there's really not much to say, Allan. I think my childhood was very ordinary." He spoke very deliberately. "Your Grandma and Grandpa Binder were very practical, devout people, and they did the best they could for me and my brother. I don't know what else to..."

"Dad," Allan interrupted, "can you tell me any stories that you remember?...You know...uhm, events that made an impression on you —— silly stories or serious ones —— it doesn't matter. But something to give me an idea of who you were back then."

Thomas rose up on an elbow and gazed wearily at his son. "I'm not much good at telling stories," he had said.

"Well, just some memories, then, Ok?" Allan pleaded. "Like, what do you remember about school or Grandma Binder? What was she like?"

Allan's insistence was beginning to be annoying, and Thomas felt somehow as if his own son was trying to trap him.

"Allan, I hated school like most kids, and your Grandmother and Grandfather Binder were very good people. I really don't remember very much about when I was a kid."

Allan looked into his father's eyes for a long moment, then said, "Did you like them very much, Dad?"

"What do you mean, 'like them?'" Thomas said angrily, sitting up then. "They were my parents. I loved them! What kind of ridiculous questions are you asking?...Now...I'm getting tired. I...I'd like to sleep for a while. We'll talk more later.

Thinking back on that event, Thomas realized that he had seen in Allan then, the first glimpses of a person totally unlike himself. This man who was coming to talk to him was in so many ways the very antithesis of his own self, and that thought was very disturbing: How had the son become so unlike the father? Thomas really didn't know, and that made this momentary visit nearly terrorizing.

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I rounded the corner onto the street where Father lived. It was like any other in the neighborhood: big trees, now bare; old clapboard and brick houses, and children —— always children —— playing hopsctoch or tag or some other universal game. This block looked the same, yet it *was* different. It was *my* block, where I had spent my youth: celebrated my birthdays, passed my childhood illnesses, and built my dreams.

I had travelled this same sidewalk thousands of times, but never with the feelings I had on this, my "parting" walk. I felt as if I were treading the feather-edged line, the interface, between time —— past, present and future —— and timelessness. I was in the world, yet I felt distanced from it; I myself was movement, yet I felt motionless. My feet were inert, lead-heavy, and yet my entire childhood raced through me, luring me on to the place where I had known so much pain and so much joy.

I looked up once more from the sidewalk's ageless face, and found myself in front of the house. What a fine, old house it was: strong and friendly, yet now so lonely. I had so loved it's nooks and crannies, its boy-sized hiding places. But at that moment, I knew there was no place to hide, though I desperately wished for one.

As I climbed the broad steps up to the porch, I felt not only the immense power of life re-created, re-membered, but also of *my* life created anew: I had climbed these same steps in innumerable, exploring ways —— upt to a castle keep, or up to the top of a Busby Berkely movie set. I had played on them, smashed my face on them and peed on them. Now, there I was, climbing them once again, as I had never climbed them before. They were at that moment, as high and impressive as I had ever imagined them to be when I was a small child.

The enormous maple door stood solemnly closed, testifying in its grandness to the importance of the threshold I was about to cross. I wondered what time it was.

I rapped lightly on the huge panel, and in a moment it swung heavily open.

"Allan, hello," my father said to me. "I'm glad you're finally here. I was a bit worried that something had happened."

I smiled at him and followed him silently into the living room. As he slowly pushed the door shut, I saw my self watching it close from the street, as if I had left part of me outside.

"Well," father said, "I'll get us some tea, and then you can tell me what it is you wanted to talk about."

* * * * *

The big door swung open, into the house once more. Father, looking pale and tired, turned, and fixed a partial gaze on me.

"I don't understand this, Allan —— why it is you're leaving."

"I know, —— Dad," I heard myself say. "You're just going to have to give it some time, some more thought. I've tried to explain my decision as best I could, for now." I walked the few steps to him and put my arms around him in a warm, sad embrace.

"Good-bye, Dad. Things are going to be Ok. We'll write, Ok?... and we *will* talk more when I'm home next." And then I added, "I'll have lots to share with you then."

I walked to the door and out onto the porch. As I started down the steps, he called to me.

"Allan, I...I...

Turning around to face him, I saw him standing in the half-light of the doorway. He looked small and afraid, his shoulders hunched in away from the massive entrance way.

Then, close to each other once again, he said, in a voice tight with emotion, "Allan, son, I do love you."

I climbed up to him and patted his arm. "I know you do, Dad. Thanks for saying it." I turned and walked down the steps and out onto the walk.

From the doorway, he called to me a second time, as I reached the street,

"Oh, Allan, I'll be looking forward to seeing you at Christmas."

I smiled to myself and felt a spread of warmth flow through my body for the first time that day. I waved from the walk, and for some reason, again wondered what time it was.

CHAPTER SIX

DEATH, DYING AND TIMELESSNESS

"And the *other* death, the death that is within us...?"

"To live on in defiance of all that...Can you realize what that means? To live defying death is the same thing. It seems to me sometimes that I am staking myself, all that I am, on a single moment —— my last. And, very likely, it will come quite soon; some more or less filthy arrow will settle the business, once for all."

"One doesn't choose one's death."

"No doubt. And having waived my choice of death, I've had to choose my life."

—— From *The Royal Way* by André Malraux, 1935.

"On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

—— W. C. Field's epitaph, 1946.

I

It is somehow very fitting that the present topic should be in the middle of this book. It is suitable that it follows chapters on man's nature, his consciousness, affect, language, work and leisure, and that it precedes those on early childhood and education. In such a position, it becomes the summation of the adult experience of time, occurring before notions of recapitulation, in the form of early childhood experience. For death, dying and timelessness do indeed capitulate the adult's living-in-the-world, just as they are recapitulated, over and over, in the lives of the "just-born."

Moreover, it is symbolically appropriate, because death, dying and timelessness exist as intimate involvements in the midst of each bit of life: Leaves fall from the trees in the face of winter, and a mother and father weep for their child, slain in war; a child is born into the world and begins to die, at the same moment; and an old man reaches the final stage of growth and fulfillment, in death. And everywhere, change is the inexorable law of integration and disintegration, of thesis and antithesis, of unity and disunity. Timelessness exists, too, in the midst of all of this, in those instants of pre-cognition, realized, when we each know that the life which is individually our's, could be that of another, as well.

In as much as I am born, live and die, my life could indeed be anyone else's. But it is *not* just anybody else's. It is mine. And it is primarily mine because of time; because time individuates all being-in-the-world.

But time puts an end to all being-in-the-world, also. That is the supreme irony: Life only has meaning because of time, and time brings death, which ends time and meaning. In effect, time aids death in its coming, and then is betrayed by it. Thus, time is both saviour and victimizer. If it were not for time, we should neither ever feel alive, nor feel our own death approaching. But oppositely, if it were not for the finiteness of death, we should have no appreciation of time or life.

Time and death then are as related as time and development. Time mediates between the development of a life, and the cessation of that life (Development $\xleftrightarrow{\text{Time}}$ Death). For there are no plans, hopes, dreams, anxieties, fears, or regrets, which exist apart from the temporal relationships between development of the person (his life) and his ultimate demise. A life-in-process, is nothing more, and nothing less, than continuous re-cognition, which streches irresistibly between birth and death. And it is time that leads this advance towards ultimate fulfillment and unity.

Time makes us aware, at any instant of tacit knowing or confrontive understanding, that we are dying; that we have been dying from the start of our time. Life is, indeed, as much the process of dying, as it is the striving towards immortality. And time reflects as much on both, although our needs more often direct us to thoughts of eternal life, rather than to the reality of dying.

But that is all a part of our especially Western negation of death and dying. We are lead to believe that there is no necessary relationship between living and dying; that they do not reside in each other, in inverse degree, simultaneously directing us to death, completion, unity and timelessness. However, by now, we know about the magic wand of symbolic realism: If we don't disclose death and dying as parts of life, then they do not exist. They are left as a "matter of course," as the ultimate non-controllable, and therefore something that is pointless to look at. We bury the reality, in symbols of avoidance and denial.

We cannot bury the affective link to death and dying, however. And that is why so many persons live in panic about dying, and consequently about living, as well. We always have irrepressible knowledge of our own inevitable movement towards death. Like coffin nails, it taps at our repression, gnawing away at our defenses, until life is often stripped of its becoming, and death, while physically distant, is nevertheless psychologically victorious. We become the living dead.

And that is the absolute horror to me, not death itself. For what could be more horrible than giving up on life, or letting time become empty and burdensome, all because we have not faced up to the only truly deterministic fact of our existence: death. I am dying. I am going to die. That is the only fully determined fact of my personal time. Any other external controls which I feel as impingements upon my life are simply relative artifacts of my inability to face-up to that one inescapable element. Social class, sex, childhood experiences, and so on, are determinants of my life, which pale in comparison to death. And to the extent that I either deal with that fact, or not, then events in time are freedom, or they are control. To the extent that I can say to my-self, "This is the only time I am going to ever know: make the most of it" —— then I have not only begun to shrug-off the burden of time and death, but any other determinations, as well. For money and power have no claim to freedom, unless the individual has faced his own death, with the recognition that it is completion; the ultimately beautiful necessity of having lived.

And from this confrontation, we may either see a life-in-process, which is made all the more full by the supremacy of death, or a life which appears to be empty, or only filled with insignificant events (but which can still be made meaningful, before "it is too late"). For what could be more terrorizing, than *knowing* that you are about to die, without also feeling that you have lived a life that pleases you. To that end, it is not foolish to periodically ask the self the question, "If I should die tomorrow, would I feel that my life has been fulfilling?" If the answer is "yes," then death has lost most of its sting (psychological terror and control), and life, if it goes on, can continue towards fulfillment. But if the reply is "no," then death has won the black victory; the victory of wasted time over fulfilling time; of guilt over becoming.

II.

Death is the ultimate unknown; the "not experienced." It is transcendent, existing both before and after time. "It breaks through our intentionality,"[1] through our directedness and purpose, putting an end to it. It is the end of being, and the most outrageous assumption that nothingness ever makes. Death is that singular event which puts an end to time, and which marks the beginnings of timelessness. It is all of these things, and more.

We experience death vicariously, in the death of "other." Yet this is a fraudulent experience, if we ever believe that we have learned about anything but life. For death discloses nothing of its nature to us. We know about the physiological correlates of the end of life, but little else. We know that natural death, "the final stage of growth" (Kübler-Ross) is characterized by cessation of the nervous, circulatory and respiratory systems, followed by gradual disintegration of organs and tissues, livor mortis, rigor mortis, and eventual putrification of the entire body. We know all of this as the external development of death. But it does not enlighten us at all about the intra-subjective side of death. For as much as science is changing both our knowledge of living and dying, it has only just begun to result in an increasing awareness of what death is (or becomes), subjectively speaking.[2]

But my concern for the present is not in the event, per se, but in the psychological death of the self, which may result from a life of fearing death. It is the death which is expressed in the notion, that "if living leads inevitably to death, then death can be fended off by not living," (as Herman Feifel has expressed it).[3] And it is this hoarding of affect and intellect, the resistence of friendship and love, which at once deprives time of its significance, and gives to death its most brutal determinism.

In the presence of a constant, agonizing anxiety over death and the passing of time, the dialectic between self and other and between self as subject and object, ceases to be articulated. We feel pushed from behind, into a series of presents which cannot be avoided, but which are not looked forward to, either. Time becomes bound, the source of great negative concern. It becomes not that which can be made full with meaning, but that which must be endured. We feel thrown into the arms of death, from which we have tried to flee, all along.

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The self never grows much from such escapism. Our being-in-the-world is repressed, limited to constant reminders that time is passing away. We become anxious over the apparency of death, all around us. Life becomes a matter of "marking time," or even of withdrawing from it completely. And neither *status quo*, nor retreat into the past, will ever give us the experience of having lived fully. And it will not reduce our fear of death, either.

Whenever we try to repress the fact of death, we inevitably repress life, also. We take the joyful, ecstatic moments and events, persons and things, and reduce them all to bland, insignificant instants, in the hope of feeling death-less. But we do not then, feel death any less; we only feel life-less. In effect, we reduce all of the brilliant hues, and even blacks and whites, to gray; all of the highs and lows to moderation, and all of the memories and anticipations to integrated defense. Everything becomes reduced to the average, because that is more predictable, as if we can go predicting that tomorrow will *always* come.

This death-like reduction of life, is often seen in sexual relating. Many persons reduce the intimacy, power and timelessness of sex, to a repressed mass of guilt and fear. And it is due to more than Victorian morality: Sex and death are the issues, for in sexual acts, there is not only the proverbial drive towards procreation and immortality; there is also something of the feeling of timelessness, in the approach to orgasm, as well as something of the fear of letting go, of falling away into another reality (death?). The relationship is clear enough, when Rollo May says,

> Note that the ways we repress death and its symbolism are amazingly like the ways the Victorians repressed sex. Death is obscene, unmentionable, pornographic; if sex was nasty, death is a nasty mistake. Death is not to be talked of in front of the children, nor talked about at all, if we can help it.[4]

Underlying this relationship between sex and death, we can also see the three main contrasts of human existence, which, as Joost Meerloo has suggested, provide the ambivalent and vascilating feelings which serve to mask the finite: good and evil, male and female, and life and death.[5] It would appear to me, that the conflict between life and death, obviously precludes the others, but that they interact, also: One's value system, and his ability to deal with his composite male-female identity, are both related to his personal mediation of life and death. Our values are developed and changed, in the face of death, and so are our sexual identities. Yet the manner in which we handle sexuality and values, is intimately intertwined with whether or not we feel that our life is meaningful. And hence, dealing positively with our feelings of receptivity-activity and value, is essential. How many persons' judgements of "right and wrong" are based on a fear of death, or oppositely, on a zest for life? And how many men (or women for that matter) become competitive and unaffective, because of inadequate receptivity to the fact of their own death? We know that the stereotypic male image, is a reflection of a fear of receptivity and gentleness, in general. But perhaps this fear of the female qualities, arises from a larger fear to receive the ultimately unknown —— death.

The non-acceptance of affect, the selling of the self, the withdrawal of being, from the world, and chiefly the fear of death —— all contribute to destruction of the self-world relationship. And they all can result in what can be called psychological death. Shneidman calls such deaths, "partial death":

> The concept of partial death —— death of an aspect of the self —— is now the pivotal and critical concept for our consideration. Its manifestations are an inner barrenness and aridity, accompanied by withdrawal from his society, grave social refusal, or even where the fires of feeling are still burning, they burn "without glow or warmth," or pleasure-giving purpose. It has to do with repudiation of one's society, of ostracizing people, cutting them dead; it also relates to society's repudiation and ostracism of the person. Thus there are deaths of aspects of the inner self, and deaths of aspects of the outer or social self.[6]

It is apparent that here (as in other cases), the distinction between what is only a momentary insult to the self-world dialectic, and that which becomes an actual psychological death, is based on time:

the frequency of withdrawal from time, the intensity of feelings about the event, over time; the intervention of self and others, in time, and, above all, the individual's assessment of the event from the perspective of all of his time. A withdrawal from self and world for a day, or even a month, may be occasionally desirable, but loss of self and others for months or years, is probably not. This is clearly a temporal determination.

Loss of a sense of self, of a unique identity which has relationships to others, is perhaps the most agonizing death a person can know. For it is living a dead life; pausing for death, instead of growing towards it. A fear of joy or pain, a withdrawal of affect, or a betrayal of self, or an overwhelming feeling of externally imposed determinism, often appears as the symptom, and if the event proceeds to the level of loss of self, then death has advanced its inevitable victory, long before life is over. Such facing away from death will never give us freedom. For we shall never be free, unless we can realize that life is really not ours, until we can give it up. Freedom arises from the interface of experience, only when we realize that there are much greater wholes than this significant speck in time, called "my life." As Feifel puts it,

> In a certain sense, the willingness to die appears as a necessary condition of life. We are not altogether free in any deed as long as we are commanded by an inescapable will to live....Life is not our own until we can renounce it.[7]

And so we must move on, from the fear of death, to the confrontation with the dying reality of living. For it is in that context that we shall find the source of strength and courage to live fully —— to utilize our time in significant and meaningful ways, directed towards the development of self and others.

III

When I was about seven years old, a great-great-great aunt of mine died. My parents took me to the funeral home, for the "calling hours" (How euphemistic!). I viewed the dead body without any special emotions of fear, or anxiety,but shortly afterwards, I began to have bad nightmares about dying —— not about death, but about dying. I didn't dream about being dead, or about being killed in a car crash, or in some other, sudden manner. I dreamed about being alone, about getting old and moving towards death.

I had "known" about death for a few years before that event, since I had had pets that died, and because my family lived next-door to a funeral home. But the occasion of this old woman's death was the first time that I "realized" that *I* was going to die one day, and that every other living thing would, as well: my parents, brother and sisters, friends, my dog. The reality principle came booming in on me at age seven, in a fashion much different from that of simply realizing the benefits of "delayed gratification."

The nightmares went away, after a while, but I was probably never quite the same person, again. For I had become aware that it was not death, per se, that was difficult. It was finding the courage to live, in spite of death, that was so very damned hard. And it appears that the intervening years since that painful realization, have served to strengthen that knowledge: that it is growing old, losing one's strength and vitality that is our primary worry; of becoming more dependent and less capable; of seeing that life is becoming more closed than open —— the realization that "yesterday" stretches infinitely further in one direction than "tomorrow" does in the other.

And it is clear to me now, that it is this constant knowledge of our own fading vitality, that continually directs us to restructure our own personal sense of time. For I may have hoped strongly for a plan or idea to be fulfilled, without acting strongly on it, when I was twenty, but having that same plan, unfulfilled, at thirty, is another thing —— and at forty, fifty and sixty, something else, again.

As we get older, reality becomes not so much "the truth" of relationships between self and world, but the overwhelming realization that time is passing, in a personal sense, faster and faster; that the infinite horizon of the future is purely theoretical, when applied to a dying life. Reality becomes a matter of self admission about what is actually possible, not what is potentially possible.

I still have many of the dreams that I had fifteen years ago, and I am still young enough to actualize many of them, given an average life span. But if I have not realized these plans and anticipations by fifty, I shall be faced with accepting some or all of them, as youthful dreams, or else risk delusion.

And this is not to suggest that as we get older, we should cease to make plans. Thinking about the present-future context of life, is what makes it worthwhile and meaningful. That is healthy. Rather, what I intend, is that as we see the forward limit of our life getting closer, it is increasingly necessary that we take action which is suitable to "tomorrow" and "next week," and not to "next year." Regardless of how grandiose and future-oriented our plans are, the *action* we decide upon, should realistically reflect the near future. It is good to dream and to imagine the future. But it is also good to realize that dreams and imagination are not the same as the feasible, in all cases. This is the difference between asking, "What would I like to become?" and "What can I become," given that I am old (young, sick, afraid, hopeful, alone, content, guilty, anxious, and so on).

The significant point here, is not in the attainment of grandiose plans or schemes, but rather in the fulfillment of self, which has little to do with the scale of our projects. And as dying becomes more of a certainty than living, it becomes increasingly important to "tie up loose ends" and to make the remaining time full and personal, no matter how much or how little, is left. For while death is everywhere the same, relatively speaking, dying is as individual and significant as the unique life which shares it. As Feifel has said, "a man's birth is an uncontrollable event in his life, but the manner of his departure from life bears a definite relation to his philosophy of life and death."[8] So living becomes a matter of preparing for death, as time goes on.

And if that philosophy of life has been one of avoidance and repression, then dying will not likely be very well integrated with living, until it is forced upon us. But of course, we have the choice not to wait, but to confront death by looking into its face, and experiencing something of the outrage, well in advance of the event.

Elizabeth Kübler-Ross has presented five stages in the process of accepting one's own death.[9] And while these stages were defined from the observation of imminently dying patients' reactions to their own deaths, I believe they have valid application as well, to the reactions of those of us who live on, and who can partially work-through the same stages, long before death.

Stage I: Denial (Shock: "I don't believe it!" "No, it can't be me!")

Stage II: Anger (Emotion: "It isn't fair!" "Why me, I'm only forty?")

Stage III: Bargaining ("If I take it easy, then...;" "If I don't...then...")

Stage IV: Prepatory Depression ("I feel so despondent: It's really happening, isn't it?")

Stage V: Acceptance (Movement towards increased self-awareness and contact with others, leading to eventual self-reliance. "I'm really going to die. I must finish off my life meaningfully.")

Shneidman has objected to Kübler-Ross' strict stage theory, believing rather, that there is no fixed progression of reactions.[10] He says,

> The emotional stages seem to include a constant interplay between disbelief and hope and, against these as background, a waxing and waning of anguish, terror, acquiescence and surrender, rage and envy, disinterest and ennui, pretense, taunting and daring and even yearning for death —— all these in the context of bewilderment and pain.[11]

But it is not of special interest to me that these authorities disagree, nor that they are talking about the imminently dying person. What *is* of interest, is how much the above attributes of dying, sound like attributes of living. Is one's own perspective on time, not played out between faith and disbelief, and all the rest of the package that goes with them?

Certainly the first stage, denial, is one which every living person, in our culture, deals with regularly (Or should I say doesn't stop dealing with?). We symbolically remove death and dying from our lives, as a routine defense against them. We observe death and dying all around us, yet magically dispel the power by euphemism, inappropriate jokes, and constant denial: "She died? Oh, too bad" ("Glad that will never happen to me.") We are then, apparently a bit overly zealous in our experience with the denial stage of death.

But it would appear that we could certainly experience much of the other reactive stages, at regular intervals, before our own death, as well. What about anger? Death *is* an outrage. Can we not feel something of rage, in return. Thomas *was* perceptive, when he wrote the line, "Do not go gentle into that good-night...." But it would appear that we cannot even express emotion adequately, in our mourning for the loss of another, much less the anger of loss of self, to death. And that is extremely unfortunate. For feeling our own dying life, is what makes the living feelings of love, anger, joy and despair so very, very important, now.

It is amazing to me, the number of adults I have met, who cannot even *look at* their own finiteness, when another person, whom they knew, dies, not to mention really feeling it, or even talking about it.

The loss is felt for a short while, and then repressed without the necessary realtionship to the death of own-self ever occurring: With a tear and a shrug, we say, "Oh well, that's life, isn't it?" Damn right that's life; too bad so many of us never really integrate that meaning: Death *is* life.

It is never easy to confront the self with death, head on. And it is doubly difficult if we cannot introspect and make contact with the intuitive self, on other levels of feeling. We cannot expect to look inside the self, and find our own death, all neatly tied-up in an integrated life, when we have not even learned the value of pain and loss, on other levels of experience. That is rather like expecting to wake from a fairy-tale dream, to find that life has worked-out all of its problems. Intuitive consciousness, including the awareness of death, will never be known, without introspective effort.

Many persons, who are sensitive and open to their subjective self, have experienced something of their own death. They have felt the anguish and separation of self from self, and of self from others. They have felt the dread of ending life; the pain of being no-more. Some have had out-of-the-body-experiences, in which they viewed their own dying body. Others have dreamed about their own death and that of others, with a vivid feeling of loss and pain. And many more have simply looked into their subjective, waking consciousness, often enough, to know something of the pain of final separation. Let me relate a personal experience of this sort that I had recently.

Shortly after I had begun to investigate the topic of personal time, two years before this book was begun, I knew that the study would "take me away" to my own memories, anticipations, hopes and fears, necessarily. But I did not, in those earlier days, realize the extent to which this study would take me to the face of my own death.

But as I continued to read, think and write about time, I found that I was returned, over and over again, to the primordial effect of death and one's dealings with it, in the construction of a personal perspective on time. And, as I opened my-self to this complex relationship, I also increasingly opened my-self to my own death (as well as my own life).

I have had periodic episodes in my life, wherein I was both afraid of death, yet very introspective about it. But I had never been so saliently conscious of it, until I became absorbed in this present project. Then, one morning during the first months of writing, I awoke one day, feeling very agitated and vague. I tried to reach my feelings, and to bring them to the level of contemplation, but without success. I tried to write, but could not organize my thoughts. And finally, I tried to read, but found that I could not attend sufficiently to that, either.

Feeling very distracted, I made myself some coffee, and sat in my dining room, looking out the windows, all the while feeling an increasing sense of panic. I paced around the house a bit, but finally said to my-self, "Ok, get into it! It isn't going to go away." And with that, I returned to the dining room, and made myself sit down, even though I felt like rushing out of the house to something that would keep me busy and preoccupied.

Suddenly, I felt that I knew what it was I was so panicky about. I was afraid of dying, of not becoming, any more. And as I recognized the feelings, the anxiety became incredibly intense: My respiration and heartbeat increased drastically, and I felt weighted-down, very oppressed. I felt externally immobilized, yet internally racing. And as I proceeded to have a mental dialogue with my-self, in the attempt to understand these difficult feelings, I began to cry. It was not a sobbing or hysterical release. The tears were simply pouring down my face, in a steady stream. It was the sort of crying people experience, when they feel intensely sad over a loss that is inevitable.

I don't know how long I cried —— maybe only a few minutes. I don't really know, although it seemed like a very long time. And as I continued to verbalize towards the extreme self-admission, "I am dying; I am not going to become everything I wanted to be....," I felt a bodily release unlike any I have ever known. And as that contemplation of my own death, my own loss of self, became more articulated, it directed me back from death to my yet-to-be-lived experience, as well as to my personal time as I had lived it so far. I realized then, that I was content with my life, as difficult as it had been, at times; that I did feel fulfilled. And what's more, I knew that I would continue to feel fulfilled, not only because I still have the perspective that only youthful thinking can give, but more, because I am not afraid to face my own death, tears and all; nor am I afraid to know my-self, my desires for becoming, in this life.

The tears stopped then, and I felt a great sense of peace and relief. And seemingly in an instant, I experienced an expanded sense of awareness about the world: I looked across the dining room, and through the living room, out the front windows and across the rooftops of the facing houses. I felt as if I could see into the heart of my time, from beginning to end. And what I saw was not frightening nor disappointing, at all. And as I came back from that other kind of experience (timelessness), I remembered some quotations from Metzger, which I had read earlier:

> Dying is not death. A man grows old. His powers dwindle. He dies. To dying belongs a horizon of generation, growth, decline. Dying is the lower limit of the horizon. The hour of death, the last breath, having died, belong to the process of life.[12]

And the other referred to the experience of the present, although I had mentally incorporated it as a reference to the specific perception of momentary death: "It is not the first but the last glance that is decisive."[13] And I could not help but think that this *did* mean more than openness to momentary change, in general —— that Metzger also meant openness to momentary death, as well. For do we not all hope that the last glance at life —— the last present —— will be a glorious, perceptive summation of the significance of an entire life, which is just ending?

And as I was returned to the present moment again —— to my chair-in-my-house-in-my-life —— to the awareness of the ticking clocks and "tomorrows," I was nearly devestated by the realization that this intellectual study of death had lead me to my own death, and that in return, that special openness lead me back to my own life, and to an understanding of it, greater than I had known before: from life-to-death-to-life, again. How suitably symbolic that all was.

IV

Time is a construction of this objective world, and not of any other. Dying is a process in this time, and death puts an end to time. That is partly why it is so frightening. Death is somehow more real, more personal and threatening, when we conceive of it as the end of *our* time, of *my* time: no more memories, no more perceptions, nor anticipations —— no more experience or becoming.

But in addition, we have conceptualized death as timeless existence (or should I say inexistence?), as eternity, and we do not handle timelessness very well, because it is so foreign to our analytical mode of being-in-the-world. Yet that very analytical, linear mode can also make us realize that equating death with timelessness, is as arbitrary as equating time with a clock. We have no way of knowing that death is a falling away to timelessness, anymore than we can know *a priori*, that death is the end of all existences. Perhaps timelessness is real and time is the illusion.

Nevertheless, we only have those concepts which we have come to believe in, and hence timelessness is seen as a product of death. We must (at least) accept this conceptually. And therein lies both much of our fear of living and of dying: the experience of unity.

We are not only afraid of the timelessness of death, we are even often afraid of the timelessness of dreams, of introspection and the self; of affect and sexual intimacy (the timelessness of orgasm), and of play and imagination, also. In effect, we feel anxious whenever we feel in a near-state of unity, because we equate the unity of time, with timelessness. And timelessness is death. Therefore, we "feel death" in feelings of unity. And that, as I have attempted to explain, is an apparently difficult, or even impossible situation, for many persons to handle.

And parallel to this identity relationship, is another similar one: the unity of person (self) is a kind of timelessness, and that as we see, is death. Hence the unity of objective and subjective self, and the unity of self with other, is also death.

The fear of these identities is not unfounded, per se. The absolute unity of self *is* death. The absolute unity of past, present and future *is* death, too. But unfortunately, in the advance towards actual death, we often cease to strive towards unity, for fear that we are offering-our-selves-up, to death. Perhaps that is why so many persons resist their human urge to create, as well —— because it is, for them, too strongly a feeling of unity; too much a challenge "to be taken;" too much like death.

But nothing is like death, really. There are no adequate analogies or metaphors. We can only assume certain things about death (or for that matter about life). There is no reason aside from fear of the unknown, to keep us from experiencing elements of timelessness, long before we die. For timelessness *is* of this world, even though we have been prejudiciously lead to believe it belongs to "the next world," or to none, at all. And more to the point, we must come to realize that while we do not yearn to die, we do yearn for the unity which death brings —— for those *feelings* of solidarity and completion, which the melding of opposites creates; for the dissolution of time and tension. And if that is truly only attainable in death, then that does not mean that we cannot achieve some "lesser" but significant states of ecstasy, unity and completion, while actively engaged in the process of living. The unity that we ascribe to death, is a perfectly fine model, towards which to strive, in life. In fact, no other model so reinforces the notion of fulfillment.

And to that same end, Tillich's summation of the relationship between being and non-being (Chapter One), can be seen as an advocation of this model. Death is the ultimate non-being. The more of this non-being we can take into our being —— the more we can risk the perils of absolute unity, without becoming consumed by death and destruction —— the stronger our being becomes.

Now, if we extend the previous identity relationships, one step further, to include the notion of "freedom," then we really have the essence of living fully: If we accept the correlation between freedom and timelessness, as Metzger has suggested,[14] then the identity relationships become something like this:

Unity of time=death=timelessness=freedom
Unity of person=death=timelessness=freedom

From these absolutes, we see that the unity of time and the unity of person both "equal" freedom. Now, even though these are absolutes and therefore unattainable in life, can we not see, also, that the closer we strive towards the unity of time and self, the closer we come to being truly free and fulfilled?

But this is a plausible model, only if we make openness to self, time and death, existential priorities, facts of life. Otherwise we shall continue to have increased expectations for others, and decreased ones for our-selves, which is not the positive meaning of "striving." The meaning of "strive" and the meaning of "strife" are related to each other, appropriately enough. For striving towards unity and completion is never without obstacles and delays, altercations and self-doubts. But this does not sound much differently than any "prescription for life." Anybody past age ten, knows that being born, is not an invitation to a lifelong picnic, but more like a surprise party, given for you, where you're asked to provide your own booze and present. And the only thing better than striving, then, is the certainty of attainment, of fulfillment. But, of course, there is never any such guarantee.

But it seems to me, that strving towards unity, on whatever levels possible (personal fulfillment, national cohesion, or whatever), is somewhat more of a guarantee, than striving for pleasure or fame, or advancement. For within the context of this effort, we can feel more comfortable with the certainty of dying. And if we can allow our-selves the freedom of timelessness, which does exist in this world, then we may find, not unexpectedly, that from the conjunction of practical time, introspection and intuition, more frequent moments of ecstasy happen, than we ever believed possible. For Nirvana or ecstasy is not death. It is rather, the feelings in this life, which spring forth, with elation and surprise, whenever we realize that we are much closer to that elusive goal of unity, than we had thought. And those feelings are but part of what Maslow, May, Rogers, Erikson and others have, in their own ways, called "the becoming of self." And it is within such momentary timeless awareness, that we both realize our closeness to death-in-life, and our highest dimensions of achievement, creativity and self-fulfillment, as well.

V

Part of the fear of timelessness, resides in the fact that it is really an a-experiential encounter. We cannot rely upon "if...then," "because...," "first...last," "now...then," and so on, since such linguistic structures are clearly grounded in temporal reality. There is no logic to timelessness, only trust, intuition and belief. There is no trial and error; no learning tied to memory; only a pure "here," which is independent of every other pure "here." Timelessness then, has no requirement for the past to be the cause of the future (not that there is a reason other than convention, in temporal consciousness, either).

There is no doubt that multitudinous events occur in relationships to each other, without there being a causal necessity. Jung called these relationships "synchronicity," or "the simultaneous occurrence of a certain mental state with one or more external events which appear as meaningful parallels to the momentary subjective state —— and, in certain cases, vice-versa."[15]

Such acausal relationships exist in experiences of pre-cognition, where the individual has, via dreams or waking consciousness, an awareness of an external event, which has not yet happened in his perceptive, objective field, but which will happen (or is happening simultaneous to his awareness of it, but in another space). There have been numerous accounts of people who have pre-cognized their own or another's death, for example, and the death did occur as imaged. But can we say that the dream caused the death, or that the death caused the person to dream? No, we can only say that there is an acausal relationship.

Similarly, there are many acausal events, related in some way to each other, which spring from the duality of imagination and memory, in our waking consciousness. Dèja vu is one such type, where memory for the future is interpreted as memory for the past. The person experiences a sensation of "this has all happened exactly the same, sometime before." Yet, he knows that he has never been in that situation before (or has he?). Such occurrences are never clearly a result of an apparently poor memory, but are simply unexplainable in causal terms.

In other words, is there a relationship, not necessarily causal, between what I imagine, what I remember and what actually happens to me? If I imagine today, that I am going on a long trip, and tomorrow I unexpectedly must leave for Spain, need I necessarily believe that my imagination caused me to (want to) go to Spain? Can I not just as arbitrarily believe that the fact of my going to Spain caused me to imagine that I would? Or can I not even believe that there is an acausal realtionship, and simply leave it at that? Or, for another example, how much "unconscious plaigerism" occurs because of an acausal connecting principle between what an individual remembers he knows (heard, read) and what he imagines he knows (heard, read)?

Causal explanations suit most of the relationships in our objective world, partly because objects and events frequently do affect others, in such a way as to somehow move them. But also, they suit us because we *need* the security that inheres in saying, "because...," often to such an extent that parents can be heard to say, "just because!" in response to the three year old's incessant questions, and university professors will often say, "because...," when "I don't know," would be much more appropriate. For need and convention will never account for all things that occur in realtionships to each other, in this world. As Cassirer has said,

> Not every empirical nexus can be mediately or immediately dissolved into a causal nexus; rather, there are certain basic forms of combination, which can only be understood, if we resist the temptation to dissolve them into causal relations, if we leave them as they are and consider them as structures *sui generis*.[16]

The import of this statement refers to more than the paranormal, too, because many scientific events and occurrences have arisen, which have no causal explanation. In fact, many of the greatest scientific discoveries have come about, from that one case, which did not "fit." In this regard, Le Shan says,

> It is the *one* substance in Madame Curie's workshop that glows in the dark which teaches us about the basic structure of all the others that do not. It is the *one* petri dish in Fleming's laboratory in which the bacteria die unexpectedly that leads us to the discovery of the antibiotics. It is the one set of flasks in Pasteur's experiments in which life does *not* appear that teaches us the source of life in the others. It is the atypical paralysis in which neurology *cannot* find the lesion that leads Freud to the discovery of the unconscious. It is the one problem in physics (the "addition of velocities problem") that can *not* be solved in the usual way that leads to an Einsteinian revolution and teaches us a deeper understanding of the problems we have not been able to solve in the old way.[17]

Timelessness then, the absence of causality and conditionality, is more relevant to our lived-world than we might think. It is only a matter of expanding our perception of the possible, to see that. Enlarging our conception of what sorts of relationships might be possible, makes all the difference in the world. Instead of saying, "He's angry because...," I simply say, "He's angry." Instead of saying, "If you like me then I like you...," I simply say, "I like you." And instead of thinking, "I expect you to do...because...," I think, "You do what you will."

Admitting facets of timelessness and acausality to our lives, essentially reduces the need to always circumscribe significance by expectation. For there is a major difference between feeling that something is important, and feeling that such significance is causally related to other persons, things or events, or that some other person is "to blame," "responsible," or so on. Significance is much more timeless than expectation, which has a demand characteristic for the future. There is then, a genuine rationale for saying to another person, "Attach whatever significance to this you like, but don't put any expectations on our relationship *because* of it.

Expectations, as we have seen before, are a category of temporal experience, oriented not towards decreased control, but towards increased control over self and others. In a way, then, it is nearly the antithesis of timelessness. For the latter seems to creep into our lives only if we can give up some control, while expectation —— those feelings of "must," "should," and "ought," —— always direct us to increased control and vigilance.

But "control" is more than a matter of pure expectation. It is more broadly temporal, essentially related to the structure of time, in general: Causal relationships are temporally based, allowing the control (prediction) of events. Conditional relationships are controlling because of temporal agreement, and generally, an individual feels controlled or not, according to the temporal connections between his hopes and/fears, memories and anticipations, and his perception of the possibilities inherent in the present. In short, we could say that time *is* control.

If we attempt to control others, we are attempting to specify how they should be in time, what they should do with their time, how they should organize their time, or even how they should end their time. And similarly, when we control our-selves, it is time that imposes the limits and pace of that constraint. And while control is more often directed towards future action, it also involves the maintenance or repression of memories, and most certainly the range of our perception (possibilities) in the present.

It is not difficult to recognize then, that the more one needs to be controlled or controlling (and there does appear to be a relationship between the two), the more structured time becomes. The personal clock, which is always more timeless than the external "clockworks," becomes less and less involved in the person's experience of events and objects, as the need for objectification and order takes over. Therefore, it is not difficult to recognize, also, that timelessness is an alien feeling to those who feel the necessity to live according to external requirements, alone. Approaches to unity may even be frightening experiences for them, for there is little predictability in the timeless. One cannot assume the ordering of events; one cannot rely on memory and anticipation to aid the "here and now;" and in effect, one cannot even be certain of what is "real." And that is the essential fear we appear to have: that the timeless is another reality.

VI

Timelessness has often enough been equated with madness, just as it has been equated with death. In fact, the real fear may be more related to madness, than to death —— the fear that unity will be so seductive, so peaceful and enjoyable, that we will want to stay "there" forever. And of course, even before we "go away" to timelessness, we know that this is "mad," for such is our cultural bias.

The relationship between timelessness, madness and death, is perhaps nowhere better exemplified than in artistic creation. For in such involvements, the artist (painter, musician, writer, sculptor, dancer, etc.) is not only relatively less concerned with the passing of external time, but is also *embedded* in the timeless, by virtue of his art, itself. Form, content, color, rhythm and function are timeless experiences of human existence, for they have existed as elements of the natural world, since the beginning of time. But moreover, the artist submerges himself in these elements, knowing in most cases, that he does not know the duration of the work, nor what that final product will be. The art lures the true artist.

And in this condensing of world relationships into the art, the artist also condenses (collapses, or even expands) time, to all time, and no time. For in choosing one hue of green over another, one counter-melody rather than another, and one body gesture over the alternatives, the artist is showing us, the viewer, not the world as it *is*, but the world as it could have been, may be now, or might become.

Each selection becomes a re-presentation of the possibilities for world-combination. And behind each choice, lies the infinitely wider possibilities of exclusion, as well: Joy hides sorrow; black hides white; movement hides inactivity.

Perhaps that is why we can speak of the works of Cézanne, Beethoven and Dostoyevsky, as timeless. It is more than the fact that they "live on." Because immortality is much more concerned with time, than with timelessness. Rather, it is because each of these artists was able to strip away the times in which he lived, to be able to reach into the recesses of his creative consciousness, to present the human experience, in its unchanging essence. Could anyone have captured better, the paradoxical relationship between involvement and isolation, than Cézanne, in "The Card Players?" Has any artist ever confronted us more with the basic human dialectic between hope and despair than Beethoven, in his *Sonata Pathetique* and *Ninth Symphony*? And what creation could better display the relationship between inner and outer experience, than the Grand Inquisitor scene from *The Brothers Karamázov*?

All of these artists, and many more, have become timelessly appreciated, because of their ability to present the human condition in its basic and paradoxical form. And it is not surprising that so many of them have been considered "mad," either. For whenever a person risks exploration of the timeless or essential, he risks losing the external reality which grounds him to the world. But the committed artist knows he has no other viable choice. He must risk everything for his art, even his sanity. Because he knows that meaning and awareness are more important than anything else; perhaps even more than life, itself.

The committed artist necessarily gives up some control to the process of his art. He loses himself in it, combines with it, in order to bring it into being. And in so doing, he sees the limits of his art and of his life. And this is not unlike what *any* human must do, as well. We must give our-self up to a world which is infinitely larger and more complex than our personal involvement in it. We must periodically risk meaninglessness (eg. looking at our own death), in order to discover new meaning. We must routinely open our-selves to the possibility of annihilation, if we are ever to live fully. For to do else is to face away from life and the future, towards delusions of stasis and security.

Death is the future coming towards us. Yet we need not look at the relationships between birth, life, and death as logically causal. For to do that is to believe that we live *because* we are born, and that we die *because* we live. And that, to say the least, is simplistic. If we must believe in some form of determinism, why must it always be based in the past. Who is to say that we do not live *because* we must die, or that we aren't born from necessity to live, as well? In brief, is it not possible that death is the "cause" of everything; that the future knows infinitely more of what must necessarily precede it, than we might think?

How do we know that Jesus Christ, Christopher Columbus, the Renaissance, Auschwitz and Einstein are not all necessary effects of an event which has not even occurred in our "clockworks," yet? What if everything that has happened, is happening and will happen, *is caused* by an event or process, which is still a million of our planetary years away from even being a gleam of energy in this universe? Suppose that everything that has ever happened on this planet from Day One, is related to the explosion of a distant star, which will occur a million years from now? How easily we forget the arbitrariness of our very selective reality!

Time is, indeed, an arbitrary construction. From both subjective and objective points of view, events in time, their rate of passing, their coordination, and so on, is all a rather elective effort. We can change our clocks and calendars as arbitrarily as we can change our feelings about our time. But this "indeterministic" nature of time, has no point to it, unless it makes us increasingly aware of what *is* deterministic: death and dying. The relative nature of time can never alter those absolutes. But that same relativity, can provide us with the freedom to alter our approach and attitudes to death, and thus to alter our lives.

Regardless of whether or not one believes in some form of energy continuation, after physical death, *this life, this time* which we live in *this world,* is the only one like it, we shall ever know. Even the possible existence of reincarnation does nothing to extend or repeat *this existence. This body* which I inhabit, with all of its individual traits, postures and facades, will rot in the ground. What a horrible thought it really is. What a startling necessity: *This person*, whom I call my-self, or Steven Scofield, will be no more. A belief in a heaven, or in divine knowledge and power, or any faith in the continuation of "spiritual energy" does not change that fact one bit.

That is why attendant religious belief is often hollow. It provides us with assumptions and assurances of our post-self, but does not necessarily help us with the reality of death, unless it has helped us to face it head on, with the recognition that "this body will be no more." Institutionalized religion has slowly learned to provide support and encouragement for living fully in this life, rather than encouraging us to live towards another life. And fortunately for all concerned, the days of pushing aside joy and sorrow, as mere "stepping stones to eternity," are gone. But of course, traditional reality is never quick to change, so that many persons have yet to learn this.

VII

Dying is perhaps the most individual and personal process that ever happens to us. Even the most conformist and re-productive life, is individuated by death and dying. For we must each die alone, even if we are with others at that last moment, or even if we actually die with others. That "aloneness" is the last extension of the existential lonliness that we are born to: the fact that we can never fully know or become "other;" that we are always, to varying degrees alone. What silent anguish we are all thus marked with!

But at the same time, we are, in a way, blessed by this anguish, if it draws us together, to share its commonality and its burden. The anguish of separation is with us always: We are wrenched from the womb; we are separated from the breast and the mothering-one; and as we grow and develop we are unceasingly separated from self and others —— all in order for us to know what reality is in this life; so that we can know the relationships between self, time and world.

And our anxiety over this continuous separation, this thankless guarantee from the future, need not be borne alone. For in our anguish, we are united with each other. And from the recognition of this commonality, and of the unity of being, comes our greatest appreciation of the meaning of being-in-the-world. And to not recognize the universality of being and anguish, is to perhaps never realize why it is that we have evolved into cultural animals: to share the anguish, and to enhance the being, together.

The more we face away from the reality of being and anguish, the more we face away from life, the future and becoming. And hence, we see the source of alienation. For alienation is not a given of existence. It is an artifact of human denial, of the resistence to see the fundamental dualities of human existence: being and non-being, anguish and guilt, activity and receptivity, good and evil. Alienation is that painful and confused look on our faces when we pull our Ostrich-heads out of the sand, only to realize that death is still there, waiting, and so is choice, will, value, and responsibility. And to deny any of them, is to give to death the ultimate, black victory —— the one that lurks behind the words, "I don't care."

Apathy is a reflection of our time, especially. We see it arising as a defense against an unspeakable scientific paradox. On the one hand, science has enabled us to live far longer than our grandparents, so that many more people have survived to live amongst each other, than ever before. And hence, we can see that death is perceptually distanced from our lived experience, more and more. Fewer people we know personally well, die before us. We are confronted less-directly by the event. And consequently the personal element of death is being dissolved by more than symbolic realism. We then see that there are significantly greater numbers of people who must deal with those special dichotomies of life, for longer periods of time, or not deal with them, as the case may be. Hence the possibility of greater numbers of "walking dead."

And on the other side of the paradox, science has generated heinous means of destroying us all, with the flip of a switch, accidental or purposeful. We are all potential victims of this imminent and pointless death. Is it any wonder then, that so many people feel apathetic, that so many don't care about themselves, others, or the condition of the world, in which we all have to live? Who can blame someone for encasing himself in an armor-plated suit of depressed affect and non-caring, when he knows that he *could* live to be seventy-five, easily, according to scientific knowledge of longevity, but that he could just as easily be blown out of the cosmos tomorrow, at age twenty?

This is the cruel reality of the nuclear age. And it is ironic that such uncertainty about the external world has directed so many persons to be increasingly outer-oriented. For the courage to live fully, in the face of any kind of death, is not to be found "out-there." It is to be found "in-here," inside our-selves. For the reality of our personal time, death, dying and timelessness, is not in believing that we can live forever, in this life, or any other. The reality of those relationships, is that it only takes an instant in time, or a hint of timelessness, or a glance at our own death, to recognize that care is greater than any death, even that of nuclear holocaust. For it is care that will lessen the anguish which we all inherit, and care as well which will make us treasure being and becoming all the more. Care will make us look at the future with the realization that our individual deaths are nothing, when compared to the establishment of a sharing and open society —— something we owe to future generations.

NOTES

Chapter Six:

1. Arnold Metzger, *Freedom and Death*, London: Human Context Books, 1973, p. 146.

2. The advancement of medical science has provided us with the capability to revive persons who have been clinically dead. For a not altogether unconvincing summary of the experiences of near-death, and their possible implications, read Raymond A. Moody's *Reflections On Life After Life*, New York: Bantam Books, 1977.

3. Herman Feifel, "Death —— Relevant Variable in Psychology," in Rollo May (Ed.), *Existential Psychology*, New York: Random House, 1961, p. 63.

4. Rollo May, *Love and Will*, New York: Dell Books, 1969, p. 105.

5. Joost Meerloo, *Along The Fourth Dimension*, New York: John Day, 1970, p. 222.

6. Edwin S. Shneidman, *Deaths of Man*, Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1974, p. 162.

7. Feifel, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 73.

9. Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, *Death: The Final Stage of Growth*, Toronto: Prentice-Hall, 1975, p. 161.

10. Shneidman, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 7.

12. Metzger, *op. cit.*, p. 134.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 39.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 206-207.

15. Carl Jung, "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle," in Robert Ornstein (Ed.), *The Nature of Human Consciousness*, San Francisco: W. H. Freeman, 1973, p. 451.

16. Ernst Cassirer, *The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms: The Phenomenology of Knowledge* (Vol 3), New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957, p. 98.

17. Lawrence Le Shan, "What is Important About the Paranormal?," in Ornstein, *op. cit.*, p. 460.

SIXTH INTERLUDE

A Guided Meditation on Dying *

To be fed slowly to oneself or read aloud to a friend:

Bring your attention to the level of sensation, of feeling in the body.

Feel the weight of the head on the neck. The buttocks on the pillow or the feet on the floor. The beating of the heart.

Don't grasp at sensation; just allow it to be received as it arises.

Just come into the body. Feel the solidness of the body. Feel its thickness, its heaviness. Feel the pull of gravity on the body. The substance, the stuff, the matter of the body. The heaviness of the earth body.

And in that earth body, in that substance, in that vessel are multiple tinglings and sensations.

There's movement and vibration. There's the life force.

And the senses like hearing and smelling.

And there's touch.

And the perception of those things which seem lighter than the heaviness, the weightiness of the body, different from the thickness of the body.

Light as the subtle matter of mind watching it all, feeling within this heavy earthen body.

Imagine, feel, sense within this heavy body, a lighter body: a body that receives the sensations produced by the heavy body, a body that is awareness itself, a body of light —— a light body.

Feel the earth body, the heavy body, breathe. Breath coming and going.

Through the breath, this light body seems to energize this heavier body, this earth body. Feel this connection between the two.

Feel how the breath connects the light body and the heavy body, each breath keeping the light body balanced in the heavy body.

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*Stephen Levine, "A Guided Meditation on Dying," *New Age*, 1977, 3 (6), pp. 48-49.

Keep the attention very alertly, very carefully, on each inbreath and each outbreath. Feel the contact between these two levels of the life force. The light body encapsulated in the heavy body, connected and sustained by breath.

Take each breath as though it were the last. Watch mind and body, each inhalation as though it were never to be followed by an exhalation.

Each breath is your last one.

Each breath ending without another to follow, severing the connection between the light body and the heavy body.

How does the mind respond to there not being another breath coming? The thought of there not being another inhale? To severing?

Let go. With each breath, as though it were your last, let go. Don't hold on to it. Let yourself die.

Each thought the last one —— each thought disappearing into empty space, all recognition ended.

The last moment.

Let yourself die. What's stopping you? Each moment the last.

Let go of fear. Let go of knowing. Die into the moment. Die out of anything to come but what is. Let go of everything at once.

What keeps the light body from leaving? Thought? Feeling? Let go of whatever you're holding on to. Die into the silence.

Let go. With an open heart, let go. Go into the light. Don't be afraid. Let go. Let go into the moment, just the moment. Go into the light.

Just space. Just light and space. Let go of the heavy body. Let go of thought. No inside, no outside. Just light and space. Die. Let yourself die, and just be.

From the vast space of light, watch your thoughts seek another body, another vessel of the life force.

Watch each breath as though it were approaching from far away.

Each breath the first. Each inhalation the first breath. Born a moment at a time.

The power of the life force in the body. Its vibrancy, its light.

Gently the lightness and the heaviness merging. No separation anywhere. Only mind separates. Life just is.

See mind. Feel life. The light is awareness and wakefulness. Gently. Gently alive. Hearing, alive. Feeling, alive. The motion of thought, alive.

When we open our eyes, light meets light. Gently hear. Enter the moment fully alive. Each moment so precious. All there is.

CHAPTER SEVEN

TIME AND EARLY CHILDHOOD

> When a tree is pollarded, it puts out new shoots at the base, and in the same way a soul, too, which was ruined in the bud, finds its way back to the springtime of beginnings, and prescient childhood, as if it might discover new hopes there and tie up the broken threads once again. The roots thrive quickly, full of sap, but it is only a semblance of life and never again will it become a healthy tree.
>
> —— From *The Prodigy* by Hermann Hesse, 1906.

I

The previous six chapters have presented a great number of factors which interact to influence the adult's construction and subsequent alteration, of a personal perspective on time. And it is clear that while many of the variables may be exactly the same for many people, the specific manner in which they combine to influence the individual, are as unique as the composite experience which each has lived.

The construction of an outlook on time, is perhaps the most convincing support for an interactionalist viewpoint on human development, in general. For time is indeed the composite cause and effect, of many interacting factors. And development, itself, is nothing without time.

It is then, more than an arbitrary choice, which leads me to such a stance on human development (although it is indeed, arbitrary enough). I believe any study of "Time" must necessarily presuppose an interaction of various factors. For while there are many singular events in time, whose importance arises from classical or operant conditioning, or from the Freudian unconscious or Gestalt perception, these individual events can never account for a life-in-process, unless they are seen as parts of a wider interaction.

If we narrow or prejudge our perceptive world, restricting ourselves to the study of very specific areas, without heed as to the larger patterns or configurations, then life often does appear to be reductionistic. But the larger the patterns we perceive, the more interaction we see emerging, as well. If the supreme whole (life or time) is obviously understood best, as arising from interaction, is there any reason to expect that the parts are not, themselves, independent sub-wholes which also arise from interaction? Because even at the lowest levels of organic life, we can see at every step, the composite influence of organism and environment, on each other. And at the higher levels of life, we can see that there is not only this "thing-world" engagement, but also a mutual relationship between aspects of the thing, itself. This is what I have been discussing all along, in the form of the person's subjective and objective experience of self.

And so, it is not enough to simply observe language behavior, in the absence of affective or paralinguistic involvements. It is not sufficient to study work or play, or consciousness, without an attempt to inter-relate them to a life-in-process. And similarly, it is necessary to specify the temporal relationships between events —— in effect, to show how any event or process mediates what precedes it and what follows it. A "hope" is only relevant in respect to one's previous experience with it, and with one's measure of anticipation that it be fulfilled, in opposition to his fear that it will not.

In the same manner, the study of perception, memory, cognition, language, motor skills, or whatever, are only relevant in light of the connecting and interacting functions which they assume in the formation of an entire life.

It is easy, and perhaps understandable, to take for granted the interaction of events and processes in adult life, because the mature life is marked by greater stability and autonomy of the sub-wholes. Or, in effect, because maturation is no longer a major issue.

But this is not the case with children, prior to adolescence. Nothing is an independent function. No parameter is divorced from others. No experience can be dismissed as "unimportant." The young life that is developing, the unique person who is evolving towards maturity, is both the cause and the effect, taken in totality.

I care little, for example, that children usually say their "first word" sometime around their first birthday, or that they are usually toilet trained by eighteen months. I do care, however, that by the time they have passed their first birthday, most children are not only saying single words, but are also walking, engaging in solitary play, beginning to "self-talk" and beginning to grasp the notion of object permanency —— and that all of these so-called behaviors are interacting in universal and idiosyncratic ways, to effect the separation of a personal and unique identity —— an ongoing process, which *is* behavior, in the most global sense.

The goal of the present chapter then, is not in presenting chronological facts (although that is necessary for the sake of example), nor in exhaustively examining language, perception, or any other single topic (although that is a valid and necessary exercise for the field of developmental psychology, in general). The purpose is rather, to assess the effects of all of these parameters on the child's increasing awareness of self-time-world relationships. For the essence of that affective arrow of time —— that very real notion of time, as the connecting, two-way link between development and death, is that time *is* interaction.

Secondly, there is a derivative purpose in writing this chapter. It is hoped that infancy and early childhood will not only be seen as an active and functionally unique period of human development, but more, that in its timeless, affective and open character, we adults may obtain some insights about the nature of our mature being-in-the-world. For we appear to be as desperately in need of the timeless as the temporal; in need of the self as much as "other." Indeed, any sensitive adult knows how very much he can learn about his-self from children. For in their lack of rational consciousness lies the very clue that can lead the adult back to a more balanced interface of experience, for his own living-in-the-world. I write this chapter then, not only so that we may know something about the child's development of temporal conceptions, but something about our own, as well.

II

The human infant is born into a world of movement, sights, sounds, smells, tastes and feelings. But these are never empty, isolated sensory effects, just as the child is never an empty vessel, waiting to be filled with knowledge. These sensations are part of a cultural milieu, of which the child actively becomes a member. In a truly cooperative effort, the newborn acts to integrate and regularize the stimuli, at the same time that the parents and significant-others, pattern the stimuli for him, in the form of language, parent-child affect, and the tacit and explicit rhythms of the culture, at large. Development is truly a mutual effort from the earliest days. The child is thus enculturated in time. He is also enculturated by time. That is the essence of the developmental process, as Fraisse has noted:

> Social life is the background par excellence of our adaptation to change; it refracts, as it were, the transformation of the world around us. Is it not true that bringing up children consists essentially in teaching them to adapt their cycle of activities and desires to the rhythms of adults?...It is through living with others that we suffer from postponements forced on the fulfillment of our desires. These two forms of adaptation, expectation and the precipitation of an action, are aggravated and increased in number by our social life. When we submit to time it means for all practical purposes that we submit to the time of others.[1]

The human being needs this cultural context, this being-in-the-world, in order that he may develop a self. For individuation would hardly occur, apart from such interaction. To be certain, that is the nature of our specie. The tiny infant necessarily requires a surround of language, affect and care, in order to perceive a sense of "other." And from this other-world, his self-world is eventually distinguished and refined, so that by the end of the third year of life, the two worlds have become parts of a very reciprocal dialectic, in time.

But the experience of life begins long before birth. While still *in utero*, the foetus feels the rhythms of life, from both "internal" and "external" sources. At first, the rhythms of respiration and circulation are dependent upon maternal connections, but by the end of the fifth month of pregnancy, the growing foetus has a detectable heartbeat of its own.

And at the same time, the foetus experiences movement and rhythm because of the mother's external life. She has not only adapted her life to the cycles of the society in which she lives; she has adapted also, to the basic annual, seasonal and diurnal rhythms of nature: She sleeps at night and is awake during the day; she is in motion or at rest, often in relationship to these cycles. The preborn feels these rhythms, as well as those which have been societally conditioned in the mother, such as eating times. But most importantly, the foetus senses the survival rhythms within the mother's body. "The sensations of his mother's heartbeats and of her blood coursing rhythmically through his body are the child's introduction to the rhythm of life."[2]

In these prenatal rhythms then, we see not only the earliest rudiments of time, but the prelude to the self-other dialectic, as well. For in the distinction between his own bodily rhythms, and those of the mother, lies the seed for the self-world distantiation process, which will begin the moment he is born.

III

A primitive awareness of time is first seen in the infant, when he displays some conditioning to the reflexive responses of feeding and sleeping. The latter is probably a pre-temporal conditioning to a natural cycle, in which the child rapidly moves from largely unpatterned sleep, to sleep which occurs primarily at night. This conditioning is usually accomplished within a week or two, post-birth.[3] And at the same time, the infant is also demonstrating an increased outward focus, in his attentional patterns to auditory and visual stimuli. He will often fixate on visual stimuli, and will alter his motor patterns, especially his sucking behavior, when attending to sounds in the environment.[4] And from this early undifferentiated awareness of the environment, will come the primary extractions for spatial-temporal cognition.

But it is nevertheless in the first conditioning to the feeding schedule, that we see a true, primitive awareness of seriation and duration. In forming a feeding association, first with the nipple, and later with more generalized maternal stimuli, such as the individuality of body contact, the infant is demonstrating an immature form of seriation. He learns to anticipate the feeding event, and he also demonstrates some simple, sensory-motor memory, to the extent that, by responding to the feeding stimuli over and over again, he is utilizing previous experience, in a limited fashion. And of course, by waiting for satisfaction, he begins to learn something about duration.

This first bond between the mothering-one and the infant, indeed, has more than biological import. For it is from this basic context that he first comes to know his world, in any form, at all. He learns about his affective, social and body-world-self, exclusively from the mother, during the first few months. The focus of attention is created and refined by the mother's body contact with the child, her reassuring language, and by the unity created in fact-to-face interaction.

During this early period, the infant receives and registers information from the environment according to specific sensory modalities. That is, mother is at one time a tactile or auditory thing; again a visual thing, and at other times equally an olfactory or taste object. In effect, the child has individual sensory memories of the mother, depending upon which attributes he attends to.

And by the third week, the infant has come to discriminate between human voices and other sounds. This is a significant accomplishment, for now, the speech of the significant-others may assume its supreme role, in the education of the newborn, into his fully human form. At the same time, the infant has begun to smile undifferentially, in response to visual stimulation, and by the end of the first month of life, he is actively looking for interesting objects, especially mother, and will smile differentially, in response to her face. The mother's face then, becomes the first representative, sub-whole the child recognizes. Or as Mahler, Pine and Bergman have commented,

> The young infant has familiarized himself with the mothering half of his symbiotic self, as indicated by the unspecific, social smile. This smile gradually becomes the specific (preferential) smiling response for the mother, *which is the crucial sign that a specific bond* between the infant and the mother has been established.[5]

This smiling bond is perhaps the first indication of the "co-responsive participation," to which Schmidt has referred.[6]

And shortly after this great connection has been created, the baby also learns to discriminate between familiar and unfamiliar voices. Mother is then, not only a face, but a special sounding face, as well. And with the emergence of these two sub-wholes, face and voice, the child begins to recognize the first meaningful Gestalt in his world —— "Mother." All of these developments have thus coalesced and interacted, to effect the beginnings of distantiation: Mother is now becoming a relatively stable and permanent emotional object; one which returns to provide contact, pleasure and release from discomfort, over and over again.

As the child's visual field enlarges, he becomes increasingly aware of other sub-wholes, which are attached to the mother-figure. Spitz has pointed to the importance of this developing visual acumen, in the establishment of notions of space and time, when he says,

> ...Only now that the child can see well does he realize that the mother who is coming closer and closer and finally picks him up, is indeed the same person who walks away, who seems to become smaller and smaller and ultimately vanishes through a door.[7]

This awareness of the relative constancy of the mother in space, is the indispensable beginning of object permanence. For emotional object constancy is a prelude to the Piagetian object constancy which develops at about sixteen to eighteen months. It is interesting to note, however, that while the identification of the mother as a permanent object starts first, it is not fully established until some time after the child has already acquired a sound sense of the permanency of his toys, pets, and so on.[8] The child is, therefore, embedded in the mother-environment to some degree, until he is well beyond eighteen to twenty-four months of age. In fact, a separate sense of self, will not be clearly defined for the child, for a long time, although it will be in a continuous process of emergence, all along. It is probable that before the child can risk separation from the mothering-one, completely, he must first have the accomplished security, provided by inanimate, concrete objects that "do not go away."

To return to early infancy, part of this initial emergence of self, is announced when the child can successfully coordinate visual and auditory signals (2-3 months). For now, he can hear mother's voice and *expect* to see her in a particular space, or see her face and no longer be startled to hear her voice, at the same time, coming from the same location. Such coordination is essential, if the child is ever to perceive an objective source of objects, or more generally, if he is to come to grips with this multi-dimensional world, in which we live. And it is apparent then, that if he cannot integrate these two important modalities, he will never develop a personal or objective sense of time, either. Hence, the establishment of a sense of self, in both its objective and subjective reality, also hinges upon this early skill.

Another occurrence during this same time period (3-4 months), is the discrimination of "friendly" versus "angry" voices, as well as male versus female voices. The first is significant because it greatly expands the affective import of human speech. In effect, punishment can now enter the scene, in a manner much different from that of "rough handling" or physical abuse. Language now has the potential for providing both pleasure and pain. And anticipation becomes another "kettle of fish" when pleasure is no longer a certainty.

The significance of the other voice discrimination is more obvious. The four or five month infant can now begin to attach increased meaning to the fathering-one, as well, and in so doing, establishes some further rudiments of the self-world relationship. But in spite of this expansion of possibilities, the infant remains overwhelmingly attached to the mother. In fact from about this time until the tenth or eleventh month, he increasingly smiles only at mother, a phenomenon which clearly supports this attachment.

During this entire period, from birth to about six months, the child has continued to evolve a subjective sense of time, which is oriented to the immediate actions in which he is involved. He anticipates being picked up by raising his arms, and begins to show the first signs of interest in objects which move to one side of his immediate visual field. The continuing present which he experiences, is becoming more extensive, and is beginning to be differentiated, first towards the future, and eventually to the past, as well. And of course, since the third or fourth month, he has become interested in more than just sucking his fingers. He begins to experience objects in his world with increased curiosity, as to their shapes, colors, uses, smells, tastes, sounds, and so on. And in this exploration, he continues to expand his notion of "world," beyond the primary mediacy of the mother. He is experiencing isolated attributes of his world, which must wait for at least another six or seven months, before they are integrated in his early linguistic conceptualizations. He is increasingly curious about novel and changing elements, also, and attends increasingly to complex stimuli. He is, in short, becoming more open to the world, as it opens to him.

And then, this growing curiosity is offered some real fulfillment, when, at about six or seven months of age, he can "hitch" and "crawl" along the floor. He is no longer then, dependent upon others for the satisfaction of his inquisitive mind. And by moving away from the mothering-one, the infant is able to observe her more fully, and in so doing, can also see larger patterns of meaning about self, as well. This marks the first true steps towards differentiation of self, because the child is becoming progressively more aware of the finer details of the mother-self, and is beginning to compare the Gestalt which he forms, to other people in the environment. This "checking back to mother," as Mahler, *et. al.* have called it, appears to be an important first stage in cognitive functioning.[9] And whether or not the classic phenomena of "stranger anxiety" and "separation anxiety" strongly occur at about eight or nine months of age, is dependent, in part, upon the outcome of this event. If the child has not had the opportunity of integrating the mother-figure into a significant whole, then the foundation of trust which ordinarily exists in her, will not be present for him to venture from, and return to, in his early explorations of the environment. For only in developing such a base of trust, will the child eventually be able to perceive a positive sense of self, and the outward focus that is required, for the appreciation of temporal events.

At the same time this exploration is occurring, we see that the mother is recognizing the uniqueness of this "little person," more and more. She begins to have "conversations" with him, rather than merely talking at him for stimulation purposes. We especially see this important advance in co-responsivity in conjunction with the earliest stages of play, which are a function of mother-child interaction, long before they become an independent pleasure for the child. Murphy[10] notes that in a healthy relationship, the mother will play with her child of six months and up, such time-motion games as "pat-a-cake" and "peek-a-boo." These activities impress upon the child the sequential nature of present events. Later, at about ten months, games such as "I-throw-the-ball-you-pick-it-up-I-throw-the-ball," etc., enlarge upon the theme of sequence and action related to time. The child demonstrates anticipation of the next sequence, and hence primitive knowledge of the future. And when he initiates these games, he also displays sensory-motor memory for past events.

In this early play, the child is embedded in language just as much as he is embedded in the mother-world. At three and four months of age, language primarily transmits the paralinguistic elements of intonation, inflection, melody, stress, etc. But as early as eight or nine months, the child is attending to the words that are said to him, the manner in which they are said, and in fact, is beginning to imitate many single utterances. The imapct of these early "conversations" on his temporal perspective, is that they are truly a mutual sharing of thoughts, emotions and desires. And in this sharing, he begins to learn to wait, and to take turns. In effect, he is learning as much as he can about the relationship of self to world —— I: thou: now: then: here: there: this: that: before: after: earlier: later: my turn: your turn: I talk: you talk: I listen: you listen: I care: you care: my world: your world.

It is through this affective sharing that the young child's attention is first called to objects and people which are present or absent. But at first, the mother's language calls his attention only to what is present; for example, "Here's your ball," or "This is your cup." The child may try to imitate the salient feature of such utterances, but more likely responds with action, by taking the object, or gesturing towards it, in response to the adult's words. It is no wonder that this is a great time of growth and development, for indeed everything is there: language, affect, work, play, control, self and others.

By the eighth or ninth month, the child can sit unsupported, and so can now begin to engage in the first stages of play, properly speaking. We have seen in earlier parts of the paper, that the significance of play lies in its solidifying and cohesive nature. This is, of course, true for the child as well as for the adult. First, play provides a necessary psychophysical release for him. Secondly, it is largely through play that he explores and comes to know his world, in an independent fashion.. Thirdly, play also provides opportunities for the child to examine and master skills which he has learned previously. And finally, play becomes the primary mode of acting out his identification with, and transformation of, reality.

The nine-month-old child has also developed adequate control over his vocal mechanism, as well as fine auditory discrimination for speech sounds, so that he begins to accompany his solitary play with babbling and vocal play. We see here, then, a precursor to the actual self-dialoguing which comes to characterize symbolic play, later on.

The present moment in play, is amplified and extended temporally (psychologically) by these early utterances. They serve not only as pleasurable release, but also to provide the child with a simple feeling of coordination between self and events (although they are not directive, yet), and as such, have a limited distancing function.

Then, beginning with the ninth or tenth month, the infant demonstrates a new phase in his relations with objects, which, in accompaniement to his play, significantly enlarges his temporal perspective. He will now actively search for a misplaced object, if he knows it to be in a certain place. For example, he will remove other objects which hide or screen the desired toy or object. He does not need the completed stimulus image before him, in order to be motivated to obtain it. A significant part or aspect of the toy, is quite sufficient to motivate him to disclose the entire thing. The immediate future (anitcipation) and immediate past (visual imagery, rudimentary memory) are both then enlarged, in the service of the here-and-now.

Gross and fine motor coordination is improving markedly at this time, also. The child can now creep on hands and knees, or even on all fours, and can pick up and examine objects, using finger-thumb opposition. Exploration is therefore greatly enhanced during this period, before expressive language takes its first big jump. The child is continuing to acquaint himself with the parts and wholes of objects, many of which he will shortly begin to name.

During this entire time period, from birth to the end of the first year, the infant remains largely dependent upon the mother-figure for security, comfort, pleasure and identity. Time remains embedded in the moment-to-moment, affective ground of this relationship. Play has continued to expand, but remains purely spatial in character, and language continues to function on the passive or receptive level. And similarly, any sense of self as independent from the mother-world, is very rudimentary. But as the formal period of infancy draws to a close, all of these processes begin to combine in a critical form.

IV

Somewhere around the first birthday, a number of significant events occur. The child begins to sit alone for short periods of time, near the mother, and to engage in solitary play. Without the interaction provided by adults, he still demonstrates an extremely limited sphere of play, and attends to one activity after another, for short durations, without creating a related sequence of action. The present is, at one moment, the block he is chewing on, and at the next, the shiny ashtray he is crawling to get. The present constitutes the primary limits of this young child's temporal horizons. He is beginning to make reference to the immediate future, in his actions (and later still, to the past), but this is always done to amplify and accentuate the present moment. As Werner has remarked,

> For the child, systematization of time does not begin with the construction of a continuous, quantitative schema, but rather with the conception of time as a sort of substance brought together as discontinuous pieces and determined by concrete and affective qualities.[11]

With continuing mobility and exploratory play, however, he becomes more goal directed: He sees...and he crawls to get; he hears...and he toddles to confirm.

And during this same period, the toddler begins to say his first single words —— an event which catapults the co-responsivity between parent and child to new levels; an event which also allows the child to truly distance himself from other objects. Play then becomes increasingly social, as it becomes accompanied by a more advanced form of "running commentary." This increase in language and play abilities, in tandem with independent walking, which is also just occurring, results in the toddler who is constantly in movement, constantly curious, and constantly testing the mother's patience to the limit. So in spite of the fact that this great surge in development is opening up new psycho-physical spaces or "spatialities," (Merleau-Ponty), from which he can gain additional self-world information, he is at the same time, increasingly hearing that famous "show-stopper" from mother: "No!" And so, he is also learning about some limitations of the self-world dialectic, in the same breath.

It is interesting to note, that during this period of time (12-15 months) boys are observed to play further away from the mother than girls. This is likely the result of differential socialization, which began shortly after birth (eg. Male babies are picked up less, when they cry, than female babies). I can only wonder whether or not this has some differential effect on the distantiation process, as well. On the one hand, one might hypothesize that male toddlers would develop a sense of individuated-self, earlier than females. But this is clearly not easy to determine, on the other hand, since culturally speaking, female children might be identified as individuated or not,-according to other variables than physical distance from the mothering-one. For example, I would hypothesize that for girls, language becomes the prevalent means of distantiation, since they are known to be ahead of boys in speech and language development, from very early on. In short, perhaps Billy gains more visuo-spatial distance on self and world, and Julie gains more linguistic distantiation, during the early years.

There is no doubt that language is a most important developmental influence, as we have seen, from various points of view. It becomes the major means by which the child reflects about his self, time and world. Language aids him when he is in the process of understanding time, by coordinating his various life spaces into sequences of cohesive events. It helps him to inter-relate these sequences into past, present and future, as well. At the more primitive, sensory-motor level, it is the use of language by the significant-others around him, that reflects the reality of time. And later, it is the child's use of language alone, and in conversation with others, which reveals to him the meaning and importance of time. And of course, the bi-directional arrow of time, then teaches the child about his self-world.

But at the age of twelve to eighteen months, the child's language is still partly dependent upon the interaction with significant others, since he is still embedded in the mother-world to a very considerable extent. He is aware only of people and things, or events in the immediately generalizable environment. And most of his one-word, context-bound utterances demonstrate this, as they function to coordinate the events.[12] He points and says, "ba" for ball or "gog" for dog, and uses such labelling to coordinate his present activity.

In addition to nomination, he frequently expresses nonexistence and recurrence, when he says, "a-gone" and "more." We particularly see primitive awareness of past and desire for change (future), when the child says "More!" as he extends his cup, or says the relational word, "Up!" (to the parent), as he stands by the high-chair. When he says, "No!" we may be seeing in addition, a primitive use of antithesis, especially if he is demanding the cessation of some event, such as outside interference with his play. Or "No!" may be said as a refusal to comply with a request which has implication for future action, such as "Time for bed...."

Sometime after this single word stage, and before the onset of two-word phrases, the child goes through the holophrastic period. Holophrases are single words, which carry the intention of complete sentences. The child may say, "ball..." and mean "I see the ball...," or "Get me the ball...," "Play ball with me...," or any other variety of meanings, which only the mother or father may understand. This holophrastic stage can be considered a transitional stage, in which the toddler has a wider comprehension of linguistic usage, than his expressive abilities allow him to demonstrate.

The importance of holophrasis to the present topic is in the variable distancing function, which intention provides, regardless of word meanings from the listener's point of view. When the fourteen-months child says "cup" in three different ways, at three different times, he is demonstrating an ever wider range of personal wants and desires. For although many of these utterances must be contextually defined, and may then still not be understood by the parent, this is largely the listener's problem. The child clearly knows what he wants in most cases. Hence, this increasing awareness of his own needs, combined with some better means of communicating them, allows him to see his world from yet new and important points of view.

By the age of eighteen months, the toddler has accomplished two very notable achievements: object permanence and self-regulation via language. This is another critical period, in the development of the self-time-world dialectic. For from the coordination of the two processes, memory and anticipation are both markedly improved.

Two points which have been previously mentioned, have bearing on the present discussion. The first is that a concept of time is an extension of a concept of space; the second is that it is the emotional object constancy based in the child's attachment to the mother, which precipitates the awareness in the child that other objects can be displaced in space without losing their physical reality.

Piaget has said that "space is a still of time, while time is space in motions —— the two taken together constitute the totality of the ordered relationships characterizing objects and their displacements."[13] Space then, provides the "room" for the coordination of successions, or continuous time. And while it is ultimately our tactile and auditory senses, which assume the role of primary temporal reception, it is, nevertheless, vision which must lead the way through spatial awareness and object constancy, before a true sense of time can begin to be conceptualized. This occurs only after the child has learned that "out of sight" does not necessarily mean "out of mind."

Spitz[14] has summarized well the distinguishing features of vision, in establishing this spatial awareness:

(1) *Quantitative*: Vision transmits more continuous pieces of the environment. The elements are perceived as simultaneous but distinct units (eg. a baby playing with his own feet as if they are not a part of him).

(2) *Qualitative*: It is only vision which can give meaning and continuity to objects as they are displaced in space. It is therefore vision which comes to organize many of the infant's perceptions.

(3) *Gestalt Quality*: Vision allows the use of the Gestalt principles of perceptual organization. We can therefore see the significance of objects and events, and anticipate gratification, as well as avoid danger.

(4) *Cause-Effect Quality*: Because vision conveys the regularity of sequences in the environment, it encourages logical thinking, and fosters the reduction of "magical thinking" and increases of the "reality principle."

To continue, before the age of sixteen to eighteen months, a child will frequently cry, if an object with which he is playing is removed from his immediate view. He cries not only because his activity has been interrupted, but also because he does not understand that the toy, which has been removed for the time being, still exists in its reality, someplace else. But by sixteen or eighteen months, the child has established the idea of permanency of objects —— that they exist apart from his immediate action upon them. The notion is directed and emphasized by the adult's references to things which are not present, and by the internalization of a positive image of the mother, which remains relatively constant, in spite of her comings and goings.

The importance of object permanence to the development of temporal conceptualization is just this: by understanding that things still exist which are not visually present, the child learns to anticipate the return of pleasurable events, people, and objects. He learns to avoid pain or punishment through anticipation of its impending probability, also. In this anticipation, whether it be hopeful or fearful, he learns to cope with frustration, and develops a forward-looking view of the world. And of course, in waiting for the return of pleasure, or of imminent pain, he becomes aware of the psychological nature of duration.

In addition, attainment of the concept allows for more than the retention of imagery (memory and anticipation) for external objects, per se. It also means that the child is now capable of maintaining a guiding image of his own psycho-physical self. He can now begin to appreciate that he has a life with considerable endurance, and he can begin to move towards the adult notion of "making plans." Is it not possible, in fact, that the marked increase in egocentrism which we see in the child, after eighteen months, is nothing more than a reflection of his awareness of his own continuity, of his own importance, as well as a reflection of his limited cognitive abilities?

For since the earliest stages of infancy, he has explored his own body, and that of the mother, especially their faces. He plays with his own facial features, and those of his mother. They have played the game of "show me your nose, etc.," from the time he was eight or ten months old, and he has come to observe a certain regularity in the facial-body characteristics of what he later learns, is a class of objects, called "human beings" or "people." And from the time that he could maintain an erect head posture, the mother has also held him up in front of mirrors and darkened windows, to observe his own face, and hers as well. By twenty-four months, then, he has begun to recognize that he *belongs* to this group of human beings; that he has a physical appearance which is undeniably similar, not only to mother, but to every other human, as well. This recognition of the essential belongingness of his face, may mark the first point where he *knows* that he is a human being —— an important step in the evolution of his human consciousness. The implications for the self-time-world relationship, are obvious. For whenever we perceive that we belong to a particular class of objects or people, there is a certain openness to experience, which has a much greater opportunity of becoming reciprocal, than when we perceive our-selves as outsiders.

Now, what about the directive function of language (speech) in this process? Luria,[15] in his now classic article, noted that prior to the age of sixteen to eighteen months, language does not serve as a director of action, if a more interesting (i.e. more brightly colored; closer) stimulus interferes. The child acts as if he is simply distracted by the more attractive stimulus (which is true). Yet on a more complex level, he does not yet have the ability to retain and internalize "the word," and hence, cannot use it to direct his behavior, towards a specific end. But by sixteen or eighteen months, this phenomenon disappears, and the toddler can maintain the selective effect of speech, towards a purposeful end. Words can now become as "things," involving the child in the reciprocal relationship between action and reception, without the necessary presence of the thing, itself. This is a necessary prelude to that soon-to-be-discovered notion that all "things" have names.

By itself, the advent of self-regulation by language, is a monumental milestone, because it frees the child from the domination of present-centered objects, and allows him to coordinate his life, regardless of what "things" are present or absent. But when we observe the relationship between this achievement and the development of object constancy, the effects are nearly overwhelming.

"The word" has now become "the thing," and calls attention to the presence or absence of the object. The eighteen-month-old hears his mother say, "Where's your truck...?" and the words direct him to first try and remember where he last saw it, and then to begin the search. Without the notion of object constancy, he would either look blankly at the mother, or would more likely cry, because the word, "truck," would elicit desires, which the absence of the object interferes with. And without the regulative effect of speech, he would not have the ability to pursue the search, no matter how strongly he retained an image of the desired object. He would become distracted by the moment-to-moment presence of other things, which spatially and temporally, come between his awareness and desire for the special toy, and its subsequent acquisition. But because of the combination of these processes, the child can now listen, internalize, image, remember and act, all in order to secure a future goal.

And as he gets older and develops the interrogative forms of language, the interaction can be additionally expanded. He can then ask, "Where is my truck?" in order to verify what he knows about the past and present, and their bearing on the fulfillment of a need (getting the truck).

Thus we see, as Lewis so capably demonstrated,[16] that the use of language to cognize about time, first begins with reference to an absent object, later abstracts to the future, and later still, to the past. The framework for this cognizing has existed all along, in the child's spatial and linguistic dialogue with the environment and self.

With these critical stage accomplishments, we also begin to see and increasing luberation in play. By nineteen or twenty months, the child can engage in parallel play. He has developed sufficient outward focus to be able to play alongside another child, and to occasionally observe what his friend is doing. He may even imitate some of the actions of his playmate. And in this play, he also begins to re-examine and master those events and processes, which he has experienced first, in other spatialities.

Play is now becoming very purposeful. Indeed, as he nears his second birthday, he has come to be very goal directed in his play. It continues to have its releasing function, as it will for as long as he lives; yet release is no longer sufficient motivation. He is becoming increasingly oriented towards the future.

A spatial characteristic no longer dominates his play, since he has now developed the object concept. Consequently, he does understand that the ball which has just rolled beyond his field of vision, still exists in another space; that the doll which mother hides during play, is the same doll he later finds, and that the dog he hears barking in the kitchen, is the same beloved Spot that was earlier romping with him, on the living room rug.

And as he matures, he forms more elaborate, but yet concrete, associations between people, places and things. By the time he is two-years-old, many of his toys hold special signification for him, and may stimulate a time-action series. For example, a child may hear his family talking about "Grandma coming," and although he may not know her well, he fondly associates her with a toy which she gave him earlier. He may not have played with the toy for some time, but in the few days prior to the grandmother's arrival, he digs out the toy, and plays with it continuously, in anticipation of her visit. In this case, the child's immediate play has been formed by a definite awareness of a future event, and, the toy itself, has cued the child's memories of past interaction with his grandparent. This example demonstrates the early inter-relationship of past, present and future in the child's play —— play which supports him in understanding the significance of events, which others around him note best by verbalizing.

There is then, an increasing sense of meaningfulness, purpose and security, in his world. Events, people and things, *are* related to each other in ways, apart from his direct and immediate involvement with them. People talk to each other when he is not present; sometimes they laugh with him, and sometimes they cry; it snows and rains, even when he is not there to see it happen; and day follows night, even if he sleeps until noon. In all of this, he is continuing to understand the autonomy of "other," as well as his personal

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involvement with that external world. And slowly, very slowly, he is beginning to be aware that he is an object in-the-world, just like his toys, the trees, and other people.

V

Sometime around his second birthday, the toddler arrives at an awareness which he has been moving towards, all the while: Every-thing has a name. Now, the child can really begin to use language as a tool for self-world and self-time understanding. For he quickly acts as if he knows that these labels can be combined in an infinite variety of ways. And in these combinations lies the true distancing value of language. Now that his intentions are becoming clearer, the parents are able to expand his utterances into the model, adult form. This increased social action not only modifies his language; it also modifies his relationships with significant-others, and his world-view, in general.

New, two-word expressions virtually burst on the scene every day, after this "discovery," as William Stern called it. First, he begins to loosely chain together two, single-word expressions, such as "door...close" or "down...baby...." These are said with a pause between the words, and appear to be another transitional phase, towards true multi-word expressions.[17] And once he has begun to habitually use two-word utterances, he continues to use language as a means of coordination, between action and perception. He says such things as "more milk," "there baby," and "all gone Mommy," all of which are context tied, or minimally related to the near past or future. He is also becoming much more adept at using inflection and stress to indicate possession or location, as well. He may stress "baby" in "baby room," to note ownership, or he may emphasize the latter word, in order to note his own spatial location.

He is also using two-word utterances to note simple sequences of action. He may say, "room sleep" to denote the sequence of being taken to his room for bed, or he may pair-together, two or more two-word phrases, for additional specificity, such as "Daddy up...room sleep." And he is also marking his genuine awareness of past and future, by commenting on what has just happened, or is about to happen. For example, he may say, "Oh, Oh! Cup drop!" referring to the china that has just shattered on the floor, or "Mommy read...," as his mother approaches his bed for his nightly story.

But equally significant in this entire naming process, is the realization that *he* has a name. By the time his second birthday has come and gone, he can refer to himself by various means, including "self," "Billy" (proper name), "I" and "me," or even by a self-given nickname.

As first used, "I" and "me" are undifferentiated as subjects. And similarly, he may not distinguish the notion of possession, exactly, either. "Me car," and "my car," may be used interchangeably. The importance of all of this, is that the child has come to refer to his-self, and in so doing, is advancing a conception of self, of a personal space and time, which is distinct from others'. And as he evolves the more appropriate use of "I" and "me," he also comes to distinguish between his self of action (subject) and his self of reception (object), more and more.

During the same period, he has been extending his notion of time, by first understanding the use of semantic references, such as "today," "tomorrow," and "yesterday," and then by using them in his expressive language (30-36 months). He is also using simple verbs to denote present, continuing action, although he doesn't yet use the "—ing" marker. But overwhelmingly, his temporal understanding is most enhanced by the interaction of question and answer, between child and parent.

Many a parent has been driven to distraction by the incessant questioning of the growing toddler. Without the slightest indication of boredom, he can ask a hundred questions a day. And the manner in which such questioning is handled by the parent, has great impact on the further development of the child's self-world dialectic. He has continuously come to observe relationships between things and events: He pushes the light switch and the light comes on; he sees the clouds gather and watches the rain fall; he observes that the wind blows and the trees sway, at the same time. And whether or not he extends such awareness into logical, linear and causal thinking, depends to great extent, upon the willingness of the parent or significant-other to respond meaningfully to the questions. Even at the earliest stages of questioning, when he is specifying interrogation in his vocal inflection, it is important that the parent-figure assume a seriousness and concern, and especially later, when the "Wh___" questions begin, at around the age of two-and-a-half. For in asking where, when, why, who, and so on, the child is seeking clarification of the complex relationships which characterize his external world: conditionality, causality, displacement, continuation, change, figures and ground.

And although the child of two-and-a-half to four, often plays games with questions, or uses them for the purposes of attention from adults, it is important that he eventually learns his responsibility in asking "serious questions," as Lewis has suggested,[18] just as the parents and others around him, need to learn their responsibility in forming a serious attitude of response. Any child will attempt to understand the "not-understood" via play, but there is never any guarantee that such play will actually enhance the reality principle. There is, however, a much greater liklihood of such benefits, if a genuine attitude of co-responsivity exists in the frequent, question-and-answer interaction. And I am here, again reminded of the impact of Bernstein's thesis on sociolinguistics (Chapter Four). For the response to questioning is very different between a lower-class parent and a middle-class parent, in many cases. And so, we can see that the inhibition of a future-oriented, temporal perspective, may begin very early on —— much earlier than adolescence.

The world is indeed a complex set of relationships (and yet sufficiently simple in its categorical nature, to the child). He knows so much more than he can communicate or make known to the adult. It is a frustrating time for that reason, and also because he can see how many more things are done, than his physical abilities allow him to actually perform. Is it any wonder then, that this is the period of normal non-fluency in the child's speech?

But with the support of a warm and stimulating environment, the young child continues to advance his perspective on self, time, and world. He demonstrates this awareness in his constantly growing vocabulary and in his syntactic use of these words. By the age of three-and-a-half, he is using three and four-word sentences, and using conjunctions such as "and," "but," and "then," to extend seriation and coordination of events. He is, also, now using simple present, past and future tenses, as well, although very imperfectly. He will describe an entire sequence of past activity, as if it is all one complete present, such as "...ride in the car and eat ice cream, then goed home." And he is coordinating future events, by talking about what he wants to do the next minute or the next day: "Tomorrow, my going Billy's." The significant event of telling Daddy what he did that day, is of course, his demonstration of memory and of the past, as well.

Antithesis appears in his language in many forms, but mainly is apparent when the child's present activities are interrupted. He uses "but," not only to negate or oppose ideas, but also to defend his own rationale for a particular position: "But...but...I'm playing zoo!" References to dependency relationships (conditional and causal) are frequently expressed as a variation on the theme of, "When I'm grownup...," for example, "When I'm big, I'm gonna stay up late," or "When I grow up, I'm going to be nice." Such references appear to clearly reflect his growing concern with what he wants to become.

The child's increasing awareness of action and events which happen simultaneously to others, in a different space, is being demonstrated, as well, when he first strings together two sets of words which refer to the same time period. Such expressions are usually quite situationally bound, so that when he says to his father, "Cars smash...you working." the mother may have to interpret to the other parent, that the child saw a car accident while his dad was at work. Later, at four-and-a-half or five, the child will *begin* to code concurrent events by using "both" and "at the same time as...."

But even by the age of thirty to thirty-six months, the child has developed enough language and imagery skills, to be able to embark upon symbolic play. This is indeed a significant development. By using symbols, he can create or re-create an entirely separate world of fantasy, role taking and actual events. By using words to direct his play, he can now be a whole host of different objects or people, which relate in various ways, to an infinite assortment of other real or imagined things. He can form and dissolve these combinations in totally novel or mundane ways, at his discretion. He thus continues to explore and master his world.

Equally important, however, is that symbolic play allows him "change" the flow of events in the world, by merely re-creating them. For example, the four-year-old who has just been punished, can symbolically re-present with dolls, the series of events surrounding the punishment. He can do this, not only according to his very real perceptions of the actual events, but also according to the way in which he might wish they had occurred. In effect, he may have a rather diffuse perception of the actual events, but by symbolizing them in play, he can re-examine and clarify them, in a manner he could not have done at a much earlier period.

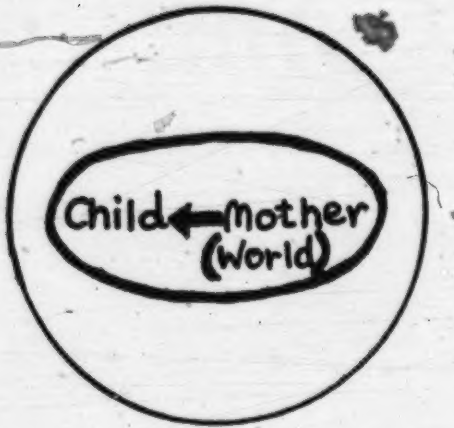
In a similar way, the child will re-produce past events which have great significance for him. A three-year-old may visit a farm, and later re-create the event in play, by using toy animals which become real, and totally imaginary objects which become just as real. His use of imaginary objects demonstrates that he has truly grasped the notion of object constancy. This permanence of attributes exists beyond the present moment, and so allows him to hold a make-believe tea cup, in exactly the same way as he would hold the tangible object, or to "play catch" with a ball that exists only in his imagination.

Observing the role-playing activities of children affords us the best opportunity of seeing them demonstrate their reality of the past, present and future. When the four-year-old puts on Mommy's apron and shoes, he assumes the character of the parent, and usually does so remarkably well. He imitates gestures, voice inflections, and general affect, quite precisely, and in so doing, reaffirms what he knows about the parent, in the present. He may then create a common theme, such as "playing house," or "making pies," in combination with the role-playing, or may place the appropriate affect in a totally fictitious situation, and thus display some projection of desires and wishes into the future.

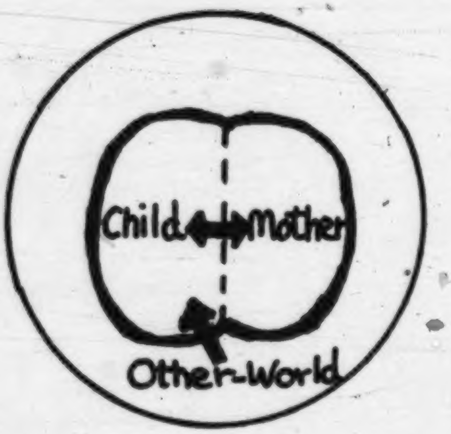
By assuming alternate roles of baby, mother, father, or even dog or airplane, all in a potentially short time-span, the young child examines what it is he may become, what he now is, and what he has once been. But it is by identifying with, and role-playing his baby brother, mother and father, whom he loves, that he learns what it is he *will* become, one day.

Symbolic play, then, results from the interaction of language and imagery with the child's ability to now see his-self as subject and object of experience. It is still a limited distantiation, but in his play, he is truly in another reality, at times, and is therefore the virtual *subject* of everything; the lord and master of whatever he chooses to constitute. And in his statement of recognition that "It's just play," he also reveals his awareness of self as the *object* of a much wider realm of experience, which occurs in his everyday reality. He has learned something of the realtionship between the self-time-world dialectic, and the notion of "control."

Interestingly enough, we see that symbolic play begins at about the same time as cooperative play. It may well be, that playing with others is precipitated by the need for shared symbolic expression —— expression which the child has used alone, to accompany his earlier, parallel play. This would appear to be entirely plausible, since it is the child's self-talking, and his conversations with others, that finally enables him to see his-self as part of a larger whole. This childhood separation process is presented in schematic form, in Figure Two. Table One presents the various dimensions of play and their relationship to this separation process.

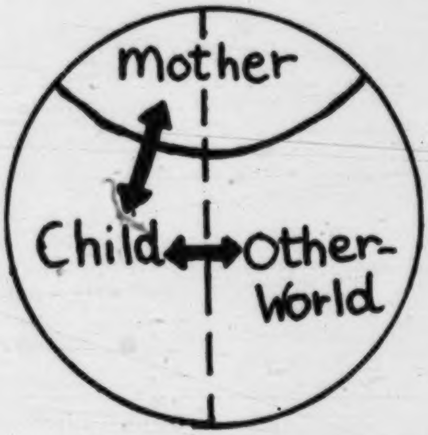


STEP 1: The period from birth to approximately three months is characterized by the total embedding of the child in the mother figure. It is a period of conditioning to maternal stimuli. The child has not yet begun to act upon the mother, to any extent.

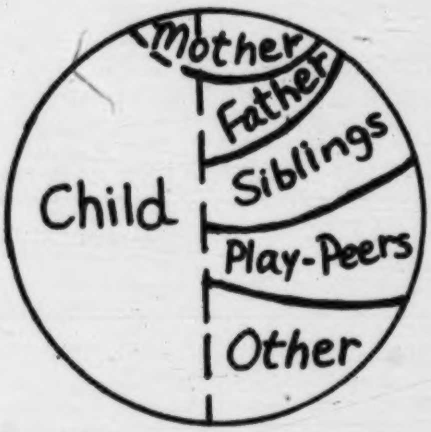


STEP 2: The interval from approximately three to seven months, is marked by the establishment of a permanent and increasingly affective bond, which is precipitated by the infant's smiling response to the mother's face. This is the beginning of true interaction between mother and child, and also between child and others, as he generalizes his responses to the mother.

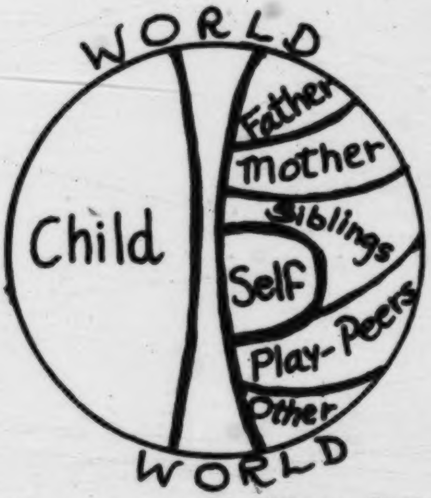
Figure Two: The Separation Process


Mother
Child
Other-World

STEP 3: The period from approximately seven to eighteen months begins when the child has internalized a positive, permanent image of the mother figure, and begins to compare her with others. The mother is becoming both an extension of "self" and part of "others." There is true interaction between the child and the world.


Mother
Father
Siblings
Child
Play-Peers
Other

STEP 4: From approximately eighteen months to three years, the child develops many more, objective-subjective spaces in his world, including differentiation of the mother as "other." The period is announced by the advent of object permanency and by the self-regulation of behavior by language.


WORLD
Father
Mother
Siblings
Child
Self
Play-Peers
Other
WORLD

STEP 5: From approximately three to five years, the child begins to regard the environment as many things, *including the "self."* He can now begin to see himself as at once subject and object of action, and has thus distanced himself from his world. This great interactional achievement is marked and refined by the more adult form of language which the child has begun to use.

Figure Two: The Separation Process

Table One: The Dimensions of Play

↑ Increased Separation From the Environment

Separation Process	Functions of Play	Relatingness of Play	Concrete-Symbolic
Step 5: With lang. the child sees himself as both subj. and object of act. (3½ - 5 years)	(Re)creation of reality (also release, mastery and exploration)	Cooperative Play	Symbolic Play (Imagination, fantasy, role playing, story telling)
Step 4: Child has distanced himself from the mother-figure, and is more aware of others. Begins with self-regulation of behavior by lang. and object constancy (1½ - 3 years)	(Re)creation of reality ↑ Mastery Play (including exploration and release)	Cooperative Play ↑ Parallel Play	Symbolic Play ↑ Concrete Play
Step 3: Child has internalized a permanent image of mother, and begins to venture from her to others. (7 - 18 months)	Mastery Play ↑ Exploratory Play ↑ Release	Parallel Play ↑ Solitary Play	Concrete Play: Child uses objects as intended, in stereotypic manner with present reference, only.

With the confluence of symbol and play, we now begin to see an acting-out of the child's increasing awareness of death. For although he has had the tacit knowledge of his finite existence, since the moment of birth, he has only recently come to symbolize and understand it. By age four, he has not only experienced the notion of death and dying in fairy tales, but has likely also seen a dead animal along the roadside, or even experienced the death of a family member, or close relative. Questions such as, "Is the dog asleep?" "Do people come back like the flowers?" and "Why did Grandma go live with Jesus?" reflect this growing concern.

The theme of death and dying is often then, acted out symbolically, in play. Mock burials and dramatic, lingering deaths are common enough, indeed. And by age five or six, the child has grasped the notion of death sufficiently, to know that it is not "just another accident," but that all things which live, will die. Time, then takes on an increased importance, and many children begin to be very interested in the passing of time, in clocks, calendars and so on. Waiting becomes increasingly intolerable, and the future begins to acquire real connotations of both hope and fear. Hence, the child begins to be more concerned with making appropriate decisions for how he will spend his time. Choice becomes not only a matter of what he can see in the present, but also of what he can remember in the past and imagine in the future.

And finally, with increased separation of self from self, and others, the pre-schooler comes to demonstrate his conceptualization of time in an ever wider manner, but most especially in language.

By the time he is five, he can use verb tenses quite accurately, and has a good grasp of semantic time words, and modifiers such as "quickly," or "as soon as possible," as well as more mature use of dependency markers, and others, which show relationship.

He now talks about "When I was four..." and "When I'll be six." He looks forward to his birthday and Christmas, and he demonstrates his awareness of duration by repeatedly asking, "When are we going to get there?" while travelling. Waiting *is* unendurable to him, because he now has a sufficiently wide temporal perspective to know that the present moment is only a stepping stone to what he wants. He links all of his pasts, presents, and futures together with language and imagery, talking about "getting big" and the pains of "being small." And he is beginning to be interested in the history of others, and of his own culture. All of this serves to make him more aware of what it is he wants to become, as well as what he wants to avoid becoming.

With every increase in his cognitive-social abilities, he has demonstrated a proportional awareness of the world. He is learning that he is a part of the world which acts upon him, and which can be acted upon; that some of his plans will be thwarted and others realized; that good things which have happened before, may occur again. In effect, he learns what the adult has known for years: that by sharing ideas and feelings with other people, in time, he can expand the possibilities of his life, and reflect upon who and what he is, has been, and might become. He is becoming truly educated, or humanized, as Schmidt has said.[19]

And so, by the age of six, the child may very likely express his awareness of self, time and world, in conversational language, such as this conversation I once had with a young friend:

Child: "I wish it was Christmas."

Adult: "Why?"

Child: "Cause if it was Christmas, I'd get a lot of presents."

Adult: "Did you get many presents last Christmas?"

Child: "Yes, but they were baby things, and I don't play with them any more."

Adult: "What do you mean...'they were baby things'?"

Child: "Well, last Christmas I was six, and I got baby things like trucks and blocks."

Adult: "Oh, I see. What would you have liked?"

Child: "I really wanted a Racerific Set, but I didn't get one. My dad said I wasn't old enough yet."

Adult: "Maybe you'll get one for your birthday. You'll be seven then."

Child: "Yeah, I'll get to do a lot of things then. I'll be able to stay up later, and watch more T.V.....and I'll be able to walk to school all by myself.... Lots of things."

Adult: "Do you remember the last time that I talked with you?"

Child: "Uh-huh...Last week when I was at the playground at school."

Adult: "Right...What did we talk about?"

Child: "Bout me and you...."

Adult: "And what did I ask you to do?"

Child: "You wanted me to help you...talk to you...just like now...."

This young child, just beginning school, has quite obviously developed an individuated sense of self. He has gone through all of the phases and stages in continuous growth and childhood development, that affect the early separation process. Yet he will continue to re-define and separate a concept of self-other, for the rest of his life. For he has not yet even learned to coordinate his own personal sense of events with that of the society-at-large. And according to Piaget, we cannot claim much temporal awareness for the child, until he has developed a reversible schema which coordinates events in reference to speed and distance.[20]

But while this particular intellectual accomplishment will take several more years for completion, it is apparent that much of great cognitive and affective import, has already happened, to create a personal perspective on time. For my concern, all along, has not been with an external focus, but rather on the proper interface of subjective and objective experience. For without a personal and perceptual feeling about time, which is based upon the inter-relationships of significant persons, places and things, there will be no foundation for any objective sense of time, which is to follow.

But more importantly, without a sound perception of the personal flow of time, any child (person) may become prey to a society which appears to increasingly devalue the "personal," of any sort. In proper defense then, it is my hope for these children of tomorrow, that in developing a healthy, personal perspective on their own time, and living from that perspective, they will also acquire a strong feeling of personal integrity and individuality. All of this, so that if they are ever confronted with the demand to sell-out, or otherwise give up their-selves, they will feel good enough about their self and time, to laugh in the face of such an invitation to non-being.

NOTES

Chapter Seven:

1. Paul Fraisse, *The Psychology of Time*, London: Spottiswoode, 1964, pp. 288-289.

2. Alice Yardley, *Discovering The Physical World*, London: Evans Brothers Publishers, 1970, p. 49.

3. Fraisse, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

4. Wherever specific references are not included, it can be assumed that sufficient corroboration has been found in the following sources:
   (a) Alfred Baldwin, *Theories of Child Development*, New York: John Wiley, 1967.
   (b) John Eliot (Ed.), *Human Development and Cognitive Processes*, Toronto: Holt-Rinehart and Winston, 1971.
   (c) Brian Foss (Ed.), *New Perspectives In Child Development*, Markham, Ontario: Penguin Books, 1974.
   (d) Mary Sheridan, *The Developmental Progress of Infants and Young Children*, London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 1969.
   (e) Ernest Watson, *Growth and Development of Children*, Chicago: Yearbook Publications, 1952.

5. Margaret Mahler, Fred Pine and Anni Bergman, *The Psychological Birth of the Human Infant*, New York: Basic Books, 1975, p. 52.

6. W.H.O. Schmidt, *Child Development: The Human, Cultural and Educational Context*, New York: Harper and Row, 1973, p. 116.

7. Rene′Spitz, "Fundamental Education," in Maria Piers (Ed.), *Play and Development*, New York: W.W. Norton, 1972.

8. Mahler, *et,al.*, *op. cit.*, p. 124.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 55.

10. Lois Barclay Murphy, "Infants' Play and Cognitive Development," in Piers, *op. cit.*, p. 124.

11. Heinz Werner, *Comparative Psychology of Mental Development*, New York: International Universities Press, 1948, p. 186.

12. Heinz Werner and Bernard Kaplan (*Symbol Formation*, New York: John Wiley, 1963.) have listed five categories of linguistic relationships between temporal events. Since I shall be referring to them in the future, they are described here as follows:
    (a) Coordination: This consists largely in pointing out or demonstrating the existence of things, without attempting to seriate events in time.
    (b) Sequence: There is here, an attempt to place events in

time, into an ordered, but non-causal relationship.

(c) Antithesis: This category is exhibited in expressions of negation, discordance or opposition.

(d) Dependency: This category includes causal and conditional relationships, and is coded by the use of linguistic devices, such as "why...because," etc.

(e) Simultaneity: This relationship is marked by the use of such phrases as "same time as," "both", etc.

13. Jean Piaget, *The Child's Conception of Time*, New York: Basic Books, 1969, p. 2.

14. Spitz, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

15. A. Luria, "The Directive Function of Speech in Development and Dissolution," Part I, *Word*, 1959, 15 (3), pp. 341-352.

16. M.M. Lewis, "The Beginnings of Reference to Past and Future in a Child's Speech," *British Journal of Educational Psychology*, 1937, 7, pp. 39-56.

17. Philip S. Dale, *Language Development: Structure and Function*, Hinsdale, Illinois: Dryden Press, 1972, p. 39.

18. M.M. Lewis, *Language, Thought and Personality in Infancy and Childhood*, London: Harrap, 1963, pp. 130-131.

19. Schmidt, *op. cit.*, pp. 21-22.

20. Piaget, *op. cit.*

SEVENTH INTERLUDE

The Story of the Year *

The snow covered the field and the hills and lay deep in the streets and lanes. It whirled in the faces of travellers and fell in great bunches from the housetops. Toward evening it stopped snowing, paths were cleared, and the sparrows came fluttering forth in search of food. "Tweet, tweet," said one, "they call this a New Year, but we might better have kept the old one."

"When will spring come?" asked another.

"When the stork returns, but he is very uncertain, and here in the city they know nothing about him. We will fly away into the country and look for spring."

And away they flew.

In the country it was really winter, a few degrees colder than in the town. The sharp winds blew over the snow-covered fields. The farmer, wrapped in warm clothing, sat in his sleigh, and beat his arms across his chest to keep off the cold. The horses ran till they smoked. The snow crackled, the sparrows hopped about in the wheel-ruts, and shivered, crying: "Tweet, tweet; when will spring come? It is very long in coming.

"Very long, indeed," sounded over the field, from the nearest snow-covered hill. It might have been the echo which people heard, or perhaps the words of that wonderful old man, who sat high on a heap of snow, regardless of wind or weather. He was all in white. He had long, white hair, a pale face, and large clear blue eyes. "Who is that old man?" asked the sparrows.

"I know who he is," said an old raven, who sat on the fence. "It is Winter, the old man of last year; he is not dead yet, as the calendar says, but acts as guardian to little Prince Spring who is coming.

One week passed, and then another. The forest looked dark, the hard-frozen lake lay like a sheet of lead. Large black crows flew about in silence; it was as if nature slept. At length a sunbeam glided over the lake, and it shone like burnished silver. The white form of Winter sat there still, with his unwandering gaze fixed on the south. He did not perceive that the snowy carpet seemed to sink, as it were, into the earth; that here and there a little green patch of grass appeared, and that these patches were covered with sparrows.

"Tee-wit, tee-wit; is spring coming at last?"

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*Hans Christian Andersen, *Fairy Tales*, New York: Arno Press (Legacy Library), 1967, pp. 54-61.

Spring! How the cry resounded over field and meadow, and through the dark-brown woods, where the fresh green moss still gleamed on the trunks of the trees; and from the south came the first two storks flying through the air, and on the back of each sat a lovely little child, a boy and a girl. They greeted the earth with a kiss, and wherever they placed their feet white flowers sprung up from beneath the snow. Hand in hand they approached the old ice-man, Winter, embraced him and clung to his breast; and as they did so, in a moment all three were enveloped in a thick, damp mist, dark and heavy, that closed over them like a veil. The wind arose with a mighty rustling tone, and cleared away the mist. Then the sun shone out warmly. Winter had vanished away, and the beautiful children of Spring sat on the throne.

Wherever the two children wandered flowers sprang up and the birds sang. They sat down on the green grass, and, holding out each other's hands, they sang and laughed and grew. The gentle rain fell on them, but it only made them happier. How beautiful everything was. Many an old dame came forth and shuffled about with great delight to find everything growing again.

Days and weeks went by and the girl of Spring had become the wife of Summer. The warm air waved the corn, as it grew golden in the sun. The trees were laden with fruit. Great clouds rolled across the sky, and showers drenched the earth. At last the fruits ripened and the nuts grew brown on the trees. The scythes of the reapers gleamed in the harvest fields. The wife of Summer saw the storks fly over, and she grew chilly, and wished to go back with them to the land of her childhood.

The forest leaves became more and more yellow, leaf after leaf fell, and the stormy winds of Autumn howled. Upon the fallen, yellow leaves, lay the queen of the year, looking up with mild eyes, and her husband stood by her. A gust of wind swept through the foliage, and the leaves fell in a shower. The summer queen was gone, but a butterfly, the last of the year, flew through the cold air. Damp fogs came, icy winds blew. The ruler of the year appeared with hair white as snow, but he knew it not; he thought snow-flakes falling from the sky covered his head, as they decked the green fields with a thin, white covering of snow. The ice glittered, the snow crackled, and in the still air old Winter clinched his fists. Then came the sparrows again out of the town and asked: "Who is that old man?" The raven sat there still, or it might be his son, and he answered:

"It is Winter. He is watching for the Spring, which is coming."

CHAPTER EIGHT

AN INVITATION TO THE FUTURE

> In order to actualize our potentialities, in order to become fully human and completely ourselves, we must not merely think; we must also permit ourselves to be thought.
>
> ——From "Education on the Nonverbal Level" by Aldous Huxley, 1962.

> I don't feel "I want." I feel "I lack." I decide "I want."
>
> ——From *Notes to Myself* by Hugh Prather, 1970.

> We should all be concerned about the future, because we will have to spend the rest of our lives there.
>
> ——From *Seed For Thought* by Charles Franklin Kettering, 1949.

I

This book has been about "relationships" —— relationships between symbols of time, life and death, which continuously form and dissolve, create and destroy: children and adults; males and females; workers and players; awareness and action; fulfillment and alienation; care and apathy; stasis and becoming; freedom and determinism; self and world, and past, present and future.

In this context, we have seen that one's personal evaluation of his time, as being "good," "bad," "significant," or "empty," is essentially related to how he is educated to make choices —— how he "looks at things;" what possibilities he considers; how and what he selects, and finally, how he feels about the choices he has made, in realtion to the formation of his personal future. For lived time, in the best sense, can be validly defined as a continuous process of deciding what and how to become.

The *experience* of time is not really linear, at all. It is not an irreversible push towards eternity. It is, more properly, a continuous re-creation, re-cognition and re-investment of events which are predicated on choice. Any moment in our conscious present, is best seen as a convergence of possibilities, which necessitates a choice of one (or some) over others. In effect, at every second of my conscious existence, I can acknowledge that there is a wide variety of other angles, directions and spatialities, which can alter the pace, use and bearing of my time. And these individual possibilities are not linear, either. They are part of an interwoven network of human thoughts, emotions and feelings, which changes priorities, and constantly re-works the past, present and future into a life-in-process. In short, there is throughout this lived time, a looping back of consciousness and experience, upon itself, such that the woof (person) and the warp (culture) of time and human development are never in pure spatial or temporal opposition to each other. There is an ever changing pattern of obliqueness and circularity, in addition, which always makes personal time much more a matter of the possible, and not of the predictable or linear.

There is always a greater range of possibilities, than one is usually aware of. But then, that is not because human existence is innately marked by limited perception. It is simply a matter of choosing to expand perceptual awareness; of raising our consciousness about the world, and the possibilities in it. And we are quite capable of enhancing that process beyond the pace of human development and evolution. That is why this chapter is primarily about education.

No matter how "education" is defined, it is indisputable that it either fills or fulfills a great amount of an individual's time. And consequently, a great deal of one's affective and intellectual notions about self and time, are related to what one is educated to become, and the manner in which that is accomplished.

If failure and frustration are the hallmarks of a person's educational experience, then his appreciation of time and its use, is probably quite different from that of one who is academically successful. Indeed, there is no doubt, that failure of any sort, has a way of emotionally negating one's experience in time.

Moreover, we can no longer measure educational success and fulfillment according to economic values, because there are increasing numbers of North American youth, who are bright, competent, economically bound for success, but nevertheless disillusioned as hell. And they are disillusioned because they have "played the game" so well, yet still feel unfulfilled.

They feel like depersonalized products of a system which is largely concerned with its own continuation. They have spent great amounts of time and energy, memorizing facts, figures, theorems and cultural memorabilia. They have learned to be intellectual, superficial, and unquestionably obedient. They have, in fact, suppressed their desire for stimulation and sharing, so well, that they are actually threatened when offered the opportunity for creative problem posing and solving, and critical thinking. And these are the one's who are said to have been educationally successful. What a laugh!

How can we possibly say that our educational system is serving its purpose, when high school and university graduates cannot even think critically, or express themselves literately? And most of all, how can we ever claim to have educated someone, when he has not even the vaguest idea of what a world-view is, much less have defined one for himself?

It is apparent to me that the system is not working. Not only is it failing those who do not fit closely enough to the golden mean; it is also failing those who do. For proof of that one need only experience the overwhelming atmosphere of alienation and disillusionment at any high school or university. Factory alienation is only one symptom of the cultural malaise we are experiencing.

Students at every level, are expressing severe doubts about the value of their education, and it is not because they do not know what is good for them. They do know. But they are so alienated by a system that doesn't seem to care about them, that they have taken on the same attitudes of apathy and withdrawal. They are *oppressed*, but most of them have not yet conceptualized that fact. They will tell you quickly enough, however, that they feel *depressed*.

They are depressed by what Paulo Freire[1] has called the "banking system" of education —— a narrative education, where the teacher talks and the students listen, deposit the information and regurgitate it later. It is all very neat and tidy, and all very oppressive. There is little sharing, cooperation, or co-responsivity.

It is a system which disregards their individual experience and conceptions of the self-time-world dialectic —— one which forces them to give up the self, and to become a passive object of external manipulation. It is a system which is oriented towards the past, towards the external world, and towards conformity. And as well, it is a system which is so afraid of *not* being oppressive, that it appears to perpetuate the cycle of oppression-repression-depression, indefinitely. In short, it is a system which is essentially afraid of consciousness raising, because increased awareness on the part of students is "dangerous." Memorization and obedience are not dangerous, according to this system, but imagination and critical thinking are.

The North American educational system has indeed been concerned with memory and maintenance of the past. There seems to be little awareness, for example, that human intelligence, may itself be as much or more based upon imagination, than memory; that the Wechsler Tests and the Stanford-Binet may be the most dangerously presumptuous assessment tools ever conceived. But then, suggesting such a possibility is based upon critical thinking, and of course, that is undesirable in the first place, according to the system which so generously gave us special education and vocational training, as antidotes for ineffective educational praxis.

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What I am talking about here, is a system which has come to blame its failures on limited economic funding; a system which ignores the human urge for creativity and unity, and a system which relegates "self" to a mere duplication of "other." It is a system which is undeniably based upon a negative conception of man as passive, evil, and in need of manipulation and control. It is a system which requires a thorough overhauling.

In a proper focus, we must come to see education as the *life-long* source of expanding the co-responsivity between learners, oriented towards increased awareness of the self-world dialectic. With such a focus, education *is* the means of expanding critical awareness of possibilities, and of utilizing these towards constructive decision making. And ultimately, this is education which encourages people to realize that we are all oppressed, as long as competition is more highly valued than cooperation; as long as winning is more important than learning, and as long as "having" is more highly prized than "being."

And if we are to re-conceptualize education as co-responsive consciousness raising between persons, then we must first come to grips with a fundamental educative responsibility: the education of the intuitive mode, and a properly balanced interface between this mode and the external mode of rational consciousness. For without both the subjective and objective components of consciousness, possibilities remain hidden in the frenetic ground of life, decisions are thus always more-or-less premature, and transcendent or responsible consciousness is never achieved.

The purpose of this final chapter, therefore, is to focus on the responsibility of the educative process in re-establishing a healthier interface for the experience and understanding of the self-time-world relationship. It is not my intention to make pedantic suggestions, but rather, to reassert a more positive focus, which has existed all along; to pose some additional questions, and to raise the consciousness of both writer and reader.

II

To continue, let me summarize my position: First, there appears to be two basic "realities" in the self-time-world dialectic, with which most individuals in our culture must deal ——— realities which education should attempt to mediate. On the one hand, we all have the intuitive, personal dread of dying, of being no more. This results in the existential anxiety/guilt dichotomy, which further separates into hopes and fears, and which greatly affects our feelings about the flow of time. It is this individual development, upon which I have primarily focused.

On the other hand, there is the external threat of cultural alienation, stemming from insufficient economic power, and which specifies many more dichotomies and sub-divisions, notably characterized by inequality and oppression. This is the "Marxist" reality of the external world. I have not dealt with such issues in detail, and have not intended to do so, from the outset. However, I believe I have given sufficient evidence that this economic reality is very much involved in one's personal construction of time.

These then, are the two "dilemmas" with which one must deal in this world: death and dying, and money and power. And to make my position undoubtedly clear at this point, a phenomenological theory and praxis aids us in coping with the first issue, and a Marxist theory and praxis helps us to deal with the second. Together, they comprise the essential theoretical interface of human experience. One is slightly more oriented towards the subjective, the other, towards the objective. Both are humanistically oriented towards the concepts of cooperation, sharing, caring, and becoming fulfilled creators of a malleable world.

I am fully cognizant that there has been a great reluctance on the part of many theorists to advance a unity of these two psychologies. But I believe this is because they have not properly analyzed that conjunction of the two fields, which does mesh well: the notion of being-in-the-world. For in a suitable perspective, it is seen as the very interface (not necessarily positively balanced, however) between the internal reality of dying and the external reality of economic survival. Being-in-the-world implies that the subjective and objective reality of the self is constantly in dialogue with what the Marxists would call the rules of cultural nature. But culture does not entirely make the person, any more than the person makes the culture, alone. It is a cooperative interface. And in this interchange, we see that part of the difficulty arises from the issue of ethics.

Some notions of phenomenology, especially the French existential school, would posit that no choice is of greater or lesser ethical value than another; that none are inherently irresponsible, given the individual's existence. Marxism would say that such an attitude is deplorable. I agree. And that is why I now speak of phenomenology and not of existentialism. For the former is much more concerned with "what is there," inside and out, than some of its existentialist subdivisions, and consequently does not resist ethics and moral responsibility.

And at this interface of inner and outer experience, we see the importance of man's symbolic nature, from both the Marxist and phenomenological points of view —— the fact that man can control his evolution and historicity towards truly human ends, by coming to recognize the relationship of his symbols to his praxis.[2]

Properly understood, education *is* praxis. It *is* the conjunction of reflection (both intuitive and intellectual) and action, oriented towards *human* fulfillment. And part of this education-as-praxis, is its responsibility to raise the individual and societal consciousness about self, time and world, to the level of responsibility and care, and not to the level of manipulation and apathy.

And this is a positive evaluation of the role of education, in the most global sense —— education which is directed towards the elaboration of two very basic issues: "What is my responsible relationship to self, time and world?" And "what does it mean to be human?" Hence, any aspect of the continuous process of education which is not directed to these issues, in a co-responsive manner, is not truly educative.

The basics of effective education, do indeed exist, from the earliest months of infancy: co-responsivity (care), interest in self and interest in others (curiosity and motivation), and the natural process of growth and development. The mother-child relationship begins this educational dialogue, and formal education carries it on, if at all aware of its proper role. And later still, in adulthood, the process continues, in the confrontive and supportive dialogue between self and friends, family, and lovers, and of course, between self and self.

Conceived in these terms, education becomes not a matter of winning, but a matter of learning; not a matter of cut-throat competition, "right" answers, highest grades, most money or fastest advancement, but a matter of co-responsivity: thinking together, trying together, sharing together, failing together, and growing together.

And in addition, education of this sort, is obviously as concerned with the intuitive awareness of self, world, time and "humanness," as it is with intellectual consciousness. For reason alone, seems no more able to inhibit prejudice, bigotry and oppression, than intuition, alone. And similarly, if education is solely oriented towards the "slotting of individuals" into the existing structure, or in effect towards the protective, rational mode of consciousness, then we should not anticipate much in the way of a reduction in anxiety, alienation and self-estrangement, either. For in that case, alienation is the inevitable consequence of ignoring the creative human impulse —— the vital pulse of becoming.

In short, education must be oriented towards providing maximum information about the possibilities for human fulfillment. But as such, it cannot therefore, avoid the issues of ethics, responsibility and freedom of choice. In fact, these issues must be confronted head-on, in every phase of the life-long educational process. The "I'm Ok-You're Ok" philosophy may be great for the mental health of the unattached individual, but in its diminution of ethics and value, it does little to encourage an open, honest and humane society.

And I am not disputing the existential reality of independent lives, either. That should be clearly understood, by this time.

Rather, I am urging that education involve itself, not necessarily with the maintenance of individuals, or of society —— with the *status quo* —— but with the encouragement of question-asking, doubt, skepticism, and a future focus. And this involves teaching the relationships between ethics, possibilities and responsibility.

For in the absence of ethics and responsibility, how can we ever teach members of our society that Blacks, Orientals and Native peoples *are* just as full of potential as whites; that children *do* have rights; that old people *do* have a great deal to contribute to society; that the poor *do* work hard; that Jews are *not* capitalist geniuses; that homosexuals are *not* sick child molesters; that men are *not* innately macho; that women are *not* innately subserviant; and ultimately, that the world we all live in together, is *not* going to continue to yield its plenty in the face of a make-more-buy-more-waste-more technology?

There are certainly many values which need to be supported, for the sake of the sharing individual, and for the establishment of a co-responsive society. For otherwise, we shall delude our-selves into confusing our modern potential with a very entrenched and subconscious mythology: the myth that we don't have any myths. And any mythology is extremely dangerous when it is taken as absolute truth. But then, is it not one proper role of education to secure the distinction between modern myth and contemporary possibilities; between the "has been" and the "might be?"

There is indeed a major difference between teaching facts, and teaching possibilities and probabilities. It is the difference between teaching about the relative and the absolute. And although much of education is unfortunately oriented towards the latter, towards memorization and regurgitation, it is doubtful that it thus succeeds in its primary purpose of increasing self-world understanding.

The world, itself, is essentially a construction of relative relationships. Do the workings of the self-time-world dialectic not depend upon the relativity of associations between persons, places, things and events? And is the existence of the natural world not also posited upon changing, variable and relative phenomena?

Nowhere do we see a greater detriment to human becoming, than in the absolutist nature of contemporary education. For in saying, "This is the way it is..." we leave no room for questions, doubts, individuality, imagination, intuition and possibility. We then effectively restrict education to a fragment of conscious potential. Not only do we relegate the receptive component of consciousness to inexistence; we even restrict the intellectual realm to a fraction of its power. Or, in other words, how much intellect does it take to memorize and regurgitate structure and function? And at the same time, how long can we expect the intuitive self to remain passively subjugated? In effect, is it critical and coneptual thinking that we should be encouraging, or passive memorization?

It is certainly clear to me, that education should orient itself towards the encouragement of critical analysis of the relationships of self to world, and self to self, and not to unrelated memorization of facts and figures. For data and trivia will neither educate one to the level of being human, nor defend him against the dehumanizing onslought of the technological age. But education which utilizes the whole of conscious experience *will be* both a proper guide, and a proper source of defense.

III

Throughout this book I have repeatedly called for a healthier balance between internal and external experience. And accordingly, the role of "education," as I have just defined the word, is thus not only to foster the admission that imagination and intuition are alive, since that is undeniable, in the first place. The role is, rather in the realm of *politicizing* the reality of human consciousness, *in toto*; of working towards the use and appreciation of both modes of human awareness in just proportion, in order to evolve a praxis of human becoming.

Hence, education, if it is to label itself as such, must not only be a reflection of man's position in the world; it must become a force which fosters his own specific urge to actively create and transform both the world, *and* his position in it. And in order to do this, the self must receive terrific support in the self-time historical experience, or dialectic.

In a manner of review, we can see three essential subdivisions in the self-world dialectic, which inter-penetrate the individual's experience of time. First, there is self as subject, and secondly, there is self as object of experience, both of which form to make the composite self, or person. And thirdly, there is "other," or world. It must be well understood and appreciated, by all who would call themselves, "educators," that intuition and receptivity is a mode of consciousness which applies equally to all parts of this self-time-world dialectic.

But this is not to suggest that intuition exists apart from the self, for that is clearly absurd. Rather, the self can intuit about its objective reality, its subjective status, and, the composite relationship of both, to the world. I can obtain insight to the purely subjective "I" ("I lack..." or "I feel..."), to the objective "me" —— the person who stands-in-the-world as a "thing," and who knows something of how other person-things see him, and lastly, I can always intuit about the world-at-large. All of this is on the level of how *I feel* about my being-in-the-world.

The subjective self makes itself known through intuition most easily, because it is the egocentric, desirous self —— the self of imagined or real world-mastery. Or, that is to say, that in a human world, man knows his subjective self, whenever he knows his needs, wants, desires or feelings. The older child or adult who lacks a sufficiently strong subjective self, is characterized by an excessively strong orientation towards the external world. He tends to be overly concerned with how other people perceive him, or is overly anxious to please others. He introspects little, and has a tendency to introject experience. There is a distortion in his distantiation process, such that he sees his-self too much as an object, both of his own experience and of others'.

The problem here, in the broader context of education, is whether or not the learner has repressed his affective nature, in general, regardless of the cause, be it oppressive early education, current fears, or whatever. For if he is in this cycle of oppression-repression-depression, then it is the educator's responsibility to contravene the cycle, by showing the highest possible regard for intuition and feelings. He must somehow reverse the symbolic realism of the denial of affect, so that feelings, emotions, insight and sponteneity become visible and valuable, once again. He must not only talk about them; he must live them, as well. He cannot bring a commercially prepared kit into the classroom and expect it to suffice as a substitute for his own co-responsivity. He must feel a participation and responsiveness in the educational process, which exhibits itself in sensitive dialogue and nonverbal support.

In effect, if the educator (so-called by virtue of his wisdom, sensitivity and care) is open to the holistic dialogue (that only the inclusion of intuition can create), then he is also prepared to accept the student's reality as a valid one, from which he (the teacher) can learn. This is more than empathy, too, although that is a hopeful derivative of the process. On a broader level, it is the recognition of an autonomous life-in-process; an appreciation of the temporal experience of another. For nothing so encourages the positive evaluation of one's life, as the acceptance by others, of one's form and manner of being-in-the-world —— his hopes and fears, as well as his personal style, in general.

And with this kind of co-responsivity, we can see that education subsumes therapy. The anxious, frightened or withdrawn person then becomes a respected partner in co-responsive consciousness raising, rather than a labelled outsider. His mental health derives from being educated into fully human forms, and not from being "cured." And this is true, not only for the person with a limited awareness of subjective self, but as well, for the individual whose self is too externally oriented.

That objective self, or the person that is defined in the mirror reflection of "other," is the second component of the dialectic. A lack of development here, is marked by a limited perception of his being-in-the-world, by limited extrospection, and by a tendency towards projection of motives, feelings, and perceptions. He might be described by some persons, as having a "strange affect." Distantiation has rarely occurred, and thus the individual is either unaware of how others perceive him, or unaware of a personal sense of objective self, or both.

The responsibility of the educative process here, is not in *telling* the person what he is or should be, but rather, in *showing* him the wide variety of possible roles which he plays, or can play according to the varying spatialities that comprise his experience. Only the individual has the right to specify what he, as another object-in-the-world, is or will become. But reflection from others is always helpful.

And by constantly dialoguing about these roles, and by encouraging the student to actively imagine what he wants to become, he will eventually articulate a strong notion of objective self —— one which will not alienate him from his subjective self, nor from others around him. The educator should see his role, throughout this process, as "mentor," in the very best sense of that classic word. For by guiding the student (at all levels of education) to imagine himself in various situational roles, the learner is actively encouraged to distance his subjective self enough, to be able to see what is possible, what is likely, and eventually, what is "real" about that person called "me."

The dialogue is extremely important, not only between educator and student, but between student and self, also. Hence, by suggesting alternative roles and possibilities, the educator teaches the person how to carry on the sub-dialectic between objective and subjective selves. Not only does the teacher instruct about objects and things in the external world, which is important in terms of "content," but he also supports critical evaluation of the objects, in relationship to the self-world dialectic. Both aspects are important, if we are to arrive at co-responsive education. And by constantly dialoguing about both feelings and rational thoughts, regarding an issue or object, the subjective and objective selves become united into a flexible and changing "composite self."

Thus far, in discussing the broad role of education in supporting the examination of the possibilities for becoming, there has been little reference to ethics and responsibility. But now the focus changes, as we include the integrated notion of being-in-the-world. For with the evident inclusion of "others," the role of education as a cultural power, assumes its most critical dimensions.

The relationship of self to the world must be positively focused by the educational system. That is, there must be an ethic of responsibility to self and others, more than an ethic of success or achievement. There must be a saliency of consciousness about what kind of world we want to inhabit, now, and what kind of better world we would like to foster, for future generations. For only in that sort of context does the composite self have any credibility as a cultural entity. Otherwise we see a person who has a limited sense of other persons' needs and feelings; an individual who is egocentric and non-empathic; an individual who sees little relationship between his "being" (which may be strong, in fact) and his being-in-the-world.

A good education, or high consciousness, must be focused essentially on three subdivisions of social concern, as Harman has suggested:[3] First, on ecological imbalances, such as pollution, resource depletion and over-population (to which I would also add aspects of personal ecology, such as diet, exercise, and so on); secondly, a very salient consciousness of the increasing disparity between the "haves" and the "have-nots," both inter-nationally and intra-nationally, thridly, technological threats, such as nuclear holocaust, bio-engineering, threats to private rights, the technology of sabotage and anarchy, and finally the generalized mental stress which is a bi-product of complex living.

In a co-responsive manner, these issues must be explored and critically examined, not only from the point of view of "interesting content," but from the goal of an open, sharing society. They are the issures which lie at the heart of being-in-the-world, today. And education cannot pretend to be without values and ethical judgements, here. Silence and an objectivist (non-committed) attitude will not suffice, any longer. Education must confront these issues, and be open to confrontation by them, even if this encourages a complete overthrow of the entire social structure. For responsible and co-responsive education recognizes that there is always a choice to act now, and not to wait until the oppressed rise up in violent revolution, or until we simply back away, into "the great abyss."

A humanistic education wills to confront itself and its participants with these issues at every turn. For in the absence of such saliency, any dicisions which individuals make for their-selves, in time, are premature and inconsiderate. Education usually prides itself on its role in fostering proper decision-making. Yet it is hardly deserving of this claim unless it teaches that any choices must be mindful of the self and of others, and that intuition and intellect are both required, if a beneficial outcome is to arrive. In short, education must be responsible for teaching that how one spends his time and whether or not that time is fulfilling, is in large measure, related to how much he has assessed the possible choices from all dialectical points of view: from the "I" of action, from the "me" of reception, and from the "you" of co-responsibility. But there again, we are faced with the necessity of encouraging intuition and introspection, in equal parts with analysis and reason, at every level of the decision-making dialectic.

The first step towards a co-responsive educational program then, must be to return the concept of "intuition" —— the word —— to common parlance in psychological and educational circles (lay, as well as professional). The concept must be openly used and its appreciation, publically encouraged. It must be made clearly understood by all, that intuition is not some mythical, subterranean "extra-sense," which only women and children are party to. It must be made patently transparent, that we are talking about a major mode of human consciousness; a major manner of experiencing the world, which is equal to that of reason, logic and analysis, and one to which *all* humans are party.

Intuition is not ignorance or introspection, nor is it instinct without reason, or impulsivity. It is not even the whole of knowledge (as opposed to understanding). Its meaning may be seen in the following collection of words: receptivity, insight, discovery, relevant knowledge, unfoldment, trust, feelings, sensations, affect, participation, immediacy, sponteneity, intention, intimacy, and self.

The importance of the intuitive mode, to the human condition, is clear, when Burden says,

> Quite aside from the personal unfoldment that it offers —— the increasing insight into vistas of wisdom not available to the intellect, and real wisdom tending always toward a state of peace and creativity —— it becomes the obligation of everyone who understands the situation to help the whole of mankind over the hump of a necessary evolutionary step. Nature gives ample proof that when new forms and expressions are given to life, these must either struggle into perfection or fall into malformation, which in turn breeds further malformation in a long series of evils prior to extinction. *The eternal impetus of nature is to move on, and almost all personal and social disruption results from the effort of individuals and societies to stand still —— to plant themselves firmly against the current of intended progress and refinement* [emphasis added].[4]

Once this supreme importance is grasped by social scientists and educators, and intuition is returned to a state of full complementarity (eg. textbooks, for a start), then the issues of curricula and instruction can be addressed.

IV

It has become very fashionable to advocate transcendental meditation, yoga, biofeedback, or whatever, as means of "getting in touch" with this "other side" of consciousness. But without a conceptual understanding of intuition, and its role in the fulfillment of human potential, these methodologies become nothing more than a few additional behavioral techniques.

Moreover, the solutions to our peculiarly Western problems, are not to be found in imported techniques. We have had the culturally appropriate means available to us, all along, in the conjunction of our own internal experience and that of the external world.

If we divide education (whether formal or not) into the subdivisions of art and science, we can readily see that the focus in our culture has been on science. Not only does the power complex (government and industry) dictate this split, on the basis of awards, grants, and so on, but as well, there remains the tacit cultural judgement, that science is the "meat" of education, and art is merely the (unessential) "trimmings." Regardless of how one evaluates the advance of science and technology, this is obviously a cultural bias and bifurcation, which is unnatural to the nature of human consciousness.

That is the extreme danger inherent in the so-called "back to basics movement." It is essentially a retreat from consciousness, towards the past. It is not only a reflection of the economic pressure that arises whenever taxpayers feel they are not "getting their buck's worth," but as well, it is a refusal to see that the issue is not really over "a return to..." but "a balance of...." That is, if education strove towards a balance of conscious experience, and not towards a return to previous experience, then the fact that "Johnny can't read" and "Julie can't add," would be much less problematic.

If we begin from the rather indisputable consideration that education is primarily symbolic, both in its content and in its structure, we can see that the increasing apparency of poor language and mathematics skills, may stem from a basic difficulty with symbol systems, in general.

Now, quite apart from the creative potential of symbols, the problems of illiteracy and poor arithmetic reasoning, are on the level of protective consciousness. That is, without these basic skills, survival in this machine age is dubious. Educators would appear to be in agreement about that. But there does not appear to be any essential agreement on the relationship of the various symbol systems to each other, in the educative process. And perhaps that is because we have virtually eliminated those which are primarily systems of the intuitive mode: art and music.

Language, as I have said before, is essentially a transconscious symbol system. It is linear, logical and the greatest tool of analysis, yet it is also very affective. Thus, in teaching any of the other systems, art, mathematics or music, language is the primary conveyor of instruction.

However, regardless of this potential, language is nearly always taught as an exclusively analytical system, even when rules of grammar are not explicitly taught. There is usually an emphasis on the controlled and controlling elements, and not upon the melodic, affective components, such as we see in poetry (which is so limitedly a part of the formal language-learning experience).

Mathematics, on the other hand, has little claim at all to the intuitive mode, the way it is commonly taught, à la the "banking concept" of education. This symbol system is indeed, very rigorously analytical and logical. And it is quite apparent, as well, that for all of the mathematics that grade school, high school and university students learn, they utilize very little of the knowledge in the process of becoming, unless their occupations necessitate further use and development. It is simply irrelevant most of the time. In fact, I would venture to say that the emphasis on mathematics is, for the most part, a result of a value judgement on the part of Western societies and their educational institutions, that scientific thinking (ergo mathematics) is preferable to any other thinking. But aside from the essential arithmetic skills, which we all need for survival, and aside from the discoveries which stem from the mathematical talent of relatively few persons, mathematics as a useful symbol system *for all*, is highly over-rated.

To reverse the coin, art and music are grossly underrated parts of most educational curricula. They are considered as optional or extra-curricular activities, rather like "hobbies," and they are often the first to be restricted or eliminated when school budgets are tight. This is unfortunate, because both art and music are highly developed symbol systems, which can greatly aid us in finding solutions to our uniquely cultural problems: with our imbalance of conscious experience, culturally, and with the specific problems of educating children with special difficulties in the more rational symbolic areas.

Learning a completely different symbol system well, is partly analogous to learning another language. Indeed, there are many benefits of multi-lingualism, which are similar to the mutual-illumination derived from learning a completely different symbol system. Just as learning a "foreign" language provides another cultural perspective for being-in-the-world, so art and music (or math, for that matter) can teach about our symbolic life, too. Just as two languages intertwine, revealing conjunctions and disjunctions of world experience, so music and language, or art, intermesh, for example, to do the same. Just as different languages all have form and function, structure and content, movement and stasis, so all of the subsuming symbol systems have the same elements. And finally, just as language has rhythm and spatio-temporal qualities, so do art and music.

But learning a completely different symbol system, such as art or music, is additionally illustrative, because the symbols, of course, are not the same. In effect, transfer between different kinds of symbols is a lengthier or more difficult process, than interpretation within one system. Consequently, the person is often forced to rely on his knowledge and intuitive understanding of the specific symbol-event, according to that system, alone. For example, one can look at a beautiful painting or sculpture, or hear a remarkable musical composition, and know what it "means." He may even attempt to "translate" the experience and significance into language. But if he does so, it is always at the risk of losing the original symbolic import and structure of the work.

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Music and art obviously do not use words as the conveyor of meaning. One uses tones (auditory) and notes (visual); the other uses the visual imagery of color, shading, perspective, and so on, as its symbols. And both systems elicit a feeling, a postural tonus, which can never be equivalently understood via linguistic analysis, or via mathematical reduction.

To return then, to the pragmatic issues of teaching children mathematics and language, it appears to me that there are two basic issues here: First, does the student understand the notion of symbolic reality, at all? Does he understand that when he scares himself with ghoulish tales, or when he pledges allegience to a flag or ruler, that this is a symbolic representation? In effect, does he understand, proportional to his development, that symbols of any sort are an arbitrary and selective means of understanding self and world? Secondly, and more pragmatically, given the proper elucidation of the first issue (i.e. dialoguing about symbols), is there another symbol system, such as art or music, which can teach the student about language or mathematics? Can art or music as symbol systems serve as a reflection for the more analytical and logical systems, in the same manner that learning French serves as a reflection for a better understanding of English?

I am suggesting this possibility on two levels of formal education. One is that of remedial education and the other of mainstream education. At both levels, the individual experience of art or music mediates against an absolutist philosophy of education, in effect allowing the student's intuitive knowledge about the systems —— his feelings, emotional responses, etc. —— to lead him, successfully on to the more difficult and analytical systems. And this means something more than the encouragement of artistic talent, although that is a lovely derivative. It means, rather, that we encourage the *appreciation* of art and music, as means towards the appreciation of language and mathematics. For it occurs to me, that appreciation or relevancy, is a necessary prelude to motivation.

It is a well observed phenomenon, that children who have failed to learn language and arithmetic properly, are, like most persons who have experienced failure of any sort, caught-up in a self-perpetuating cycle of fear, self-denigration, lack of will, and continuing failure. As a result, educators long ago discovered the notion of teaching from a student's perceptual strengths. But this simply amounts to redistributing the failure, in many cases. We have seemingly not discovered the broader possibilities for truly breaking the negative cycle, inherent in teaching via a completely different mode of consciousness.

The experience of art and music, by their very nature, allow for novelty and success, in the first place. Any sensitive teacher will accept the student's experience with these systems as unique and valid. And by so doing, the co-responsive educator removes the new system from the source of fear and frustration found in the more analytical systems. Success then becomes independent of the feared symbols.

But the truly co-responsive educator will never stop at that point, nor will he push the student too quickly towards a transfer of knowledge. Rather, in a continuing dialogue with the student, he begins to help him discover the beauty and utility, and the similarity of these intuitive symbols to the feared ones. And as the process unfolds, the educator can begin to move closer to the feared symbols (eg. language via poetry, or mathematics via geometric forms in nature). In short, the educator gradually raises the child's consciousness about self and word, and their relationships to symbols.

On a much broader educational scale, we must come to see that the general use of arts as a complementary, and not extra-curricular source of learning about self, time and world, is urgently needed. For it is only from such a conjunction that students at all levels of the developmental process, will realize that knowledge is only valid when it is derived from a unity of conscious experience; only when it is as relevant to the relationships of human lives-in-process, as it is to the categorical understanding of the universe.

At the earliest developmental levels, this means that we teach parents to understand and appreciate the notion of intuition and imagination, and to encourage the development of artistic appreciation, in their children, as much as analytical thinking and scientific reasoning. The child is eager to learn about both, from the very earliest months.

Later on, during the years of formal schooling, the curricula must include significant opportunities for experiencing the intuitive self, including art, music, poetry, and of course, constant dialogue about feelings. All of this ultimately means more money for intuitive education, not less. And later still, at the secondary and post-secondary levels, this plan calls for an increasing orientation towards the liberal and fine arts: music, art, literature, drama, dance, history, anthropology and philosophy. For once we give up the idea that personal fulfillment and societal needs are at odds with each other, the relevancy of this kind of education is transparent.

A better balance between the education of the intellectual and intuitive modes, does not completely preclude proper or effective teaching, however. I have been discussing some general outlines for curriculum development, only. Instruction is quite another matter.

V

No matter what curricula are arranged, a psychology of instruction must never lose sight of the notion of co-responsivity. It must never assume that learning is a one-way or narrative affair. The teacher who believes that he has little to learn from his students, is no more co-responsive than a programmed android. Co-responsivity is more than giving and receiving feedback, just as it is more than the occasional dialogue. It is a continuous co-participative attempt to raise the level of integrated consciousness. It is a first-rate confrontive dialogue between student and teacher, between individuals and the world, and between each individual's objective and subjective selves.

In fact, it is very important that it be understood that the notion of co-responsivity is *not* simply a "lovely set of guidelines," to which every educator naturally gives his theoretical blessing, followed by an immediate practical dismissal. It is *not* taken for granted that most educators are, by virtue of their label as educator, teacher, professor, parent or person, necessarily co-responsive.

A teacher who lectures and expects regurgitation is *not* co-responsive, nor is one who is threatened by his students' abilities, but who nevetheless maintains a façade of control and oppression. An educator who does not welcome dialogue and sharing is also not co-responsive; neither is one who cannot say, "I don't know," or "You know that better than I." Any professor who shouts for "feedback," but who then punishes students for offering their opinions, is *not* co-responsive. And most of all, any person who cannot accept the expression of feelings, his own and others', or who does not foster their expression, is also *not* co-responsive.

Co-responsivity, including co-responsibility, is not a natural bi-product of one's chosen profession, or interests. It is a process which arises within a context of cooperation and mutual regard, and it is oriented towards the increased awareness of what it means to become ever more human. And given such a good education, there is one specific area of instruction, which is a natural part of the process; one which needs to be further enhanced and used: discovery learning.

Just as the young child has a drive to explore and discover his world, so every other growing person has the same needs. This appears to be true, in spite of society's penchant for didactic learning and controlled experience. For discovery learning seeks to maintain the individuality of process, while at the same time arriving at the appropriate product. It allows the unique experience (personal time) of every individual to create a train of reasoning and thinking which incorporates parts and wholes into a wide arrangement of possible configurations, any one of which might lead to the "correct response," if that is even an issue in many cases. It is truly an instruction of the mind, and not just of the memory.

It is interesting to me, that the usual objections to discovery learning, are raised on temporal grounds: It takes too much time per child; it demands too much time and attention from the teacher; it provides no assurance that the child's future knowledge about "the product" will necessarily be any greater or more sophisticated, and so on.

But all of these objections are simply artifacts of the banking or depository concept of education. For if properly understood, discovery learning is the natural consequence of cooperating in, and with, time. It teaches the child much more than a proper solution: It teaches him to pose hypotheses, to utilize insight, imagination and intuition. And most of all, it instructs him towards doubt and critical thinking.

By encouraging the learner to doubt the absolute, he is also exposed to self-doubt, which is of critical importance in the process of developing, of becoming. But this self-doubt is not the agonizing recognition that leads to a lack of self-confidence. It is, rather, the person's re-cognition that who he is, what he is doing and becoming —— in effect that the choices he makes —— are most appropriate, and best understood, if he subjects himself to the possibility that he is wrong. Self-doubt then becomes indispensable to personal growth and change, over time.

And additionally, but on another level completely, self-doubt is a means of learning about the nature of human consciousness. For at a very high level of significance, the idea of a self-reflecting consciousness can be seen at work, at any moment of self-doubt.

Discovery learning has other major benefits, as well. It turns failure into a meaningful attempt towards success. For the process may yield many individual parts, which alone, do not lead to the desired end, but which can be integrated into a very meaningful

Gestalt, at a later time. But more pertinently, at the same time that the student "fails" on one attempt towards a particular end, he may have discovered something very valuable about an entirely other problem or relationship, perhaps one more related to internal experience.

Throughout the process of discovery learning, the learner is educated about his abilities, limitations, his individuality, his manner of coping with problems, failure, and the unknowns of the future. As Bruner[5] has summarized, the benefits derived from discovery learning are great: (1) the increase in intellectual potency [productive or critical thinking]; (2) a shift from extrinsic to intrinsic rewards [the joy of self and things becoming]; (3) the learning of the heuristics of discovery [the significance of process], and (4) the aid to conserving memory [content embedded in personal process or cognitive style, is more easily remembered]. And above all then, discovery learning redefines success as a matter of increased articulation of the self-time-world dialectic, and not as a function of memory, or "winning."

Perhaps no other single scientist-educator has done more to advance the validity of discovery learning, than Max Wertheimer. His brilliant elucidation of the discovery process in the problem of the area of the parallelogram, is perhaps the best example. For present purposes, I need not explicate his Socratic method here, since it is available elsewhere.[6] Suffice to say that it gives ample evidence of what I have been suggesting, and more. It shows that by utilizing an exploratory-discovery method, the student is freed from the constraints of conformity and didacticism, to utilize his unique past experience, his imagination and prospective thinking (future), and his "unlimited" perceptual abilities (the present), to solve the problem. And as well, it demonstrates that such an approach serves to expand the consciousness of the student, beyond the realm of the specific problem, to the significance of being-in-the-world, where there are always problems which need to be solved.

This latter benefit of discovery learning is especially derived from the continuous dialogue between self and self, and between self and other (educator, for example), which is a primary characteristic of any proper problem solving method. It is this continual use of language and imagery, which opens new possibilities, closes other, anticipates results, and re-members appropriate substages. And in all of this, the student learns, at a very phenomenal level, the value of suspending judgement: not only that what is a problem today, may tomorrow be solved, but that what one perceives at any moment in time, is but a fraction of what he can perceive, if he only expands his awareness of possibility and change.

Students must learn to suspend judgement (the classical phenomenological notion of the *epoche*); to be open to the inclusion of ever-wider possibilities, and to approach all of these phenomena, whether "real," "unreal," or "dubious," from an equally considered viewpoint. For the solutions to age-old problems, and to new social conditions, will never be found in preconceptions, absolutist dictums, or narrow perceptions. In short, humanity for all, will never be achieved as long as educators (parents, children, teachers, students, etc.) respond according to the point of view, that "this is the way it is."

At the adult level of experience, we are not necessarily concerned with discovery learning of the sort that Wertheimer's examples suggest. But in the broader context of co-responsivity, education continues to encourage discovery of self and world throughout life. This means "brain storming" and open dialogue, creative problem posing, openness to possibilities, and an attitude of sharing. And it also means that the selection of solutions, or choices, must recognize all levels of choice: the conscious (salient desires), the subconscious (repression, sublimation), and the supraconscious (imagination, creativity and responsibility). It is the role of education to help the individual and society, to integrate these considerations towards self-fulfillment, as Harman has suggested.[7] Such levels indeed fit well with the awareness of self and other, and with the need for introspection and intuition, in equal measure with extrospection and analysis, as I have been discussing those issues, from the start.

As I end this section, I am aware that I have not made any specific curricular or instructional suggestions, and this is largely because I am not a specialist in these areas. But also, it is because I do not want to encourage anyone else to forego his own ability to be co-responsive and creative. Co-responsive education has no room or time for "one-size-fits-all" techniques. There is no panacea other than care and responsibility. And if we come to re-cognize this, then we may begin to see that being human is not "guaranteed" by birth. We are all *Homo sapiens*, but we are only as human as we want to become. And it is, I believe, a newly defined concept of education as co-responsive consciousness raising, which will lead the way for all, towards increasingly greater ways of being-human-in-the-world.

VI

More than six months and three-hundred pages have elapsed, since I first began this book. And more than two years have passed, since I first became interested in the topic of personal time. What a significant chunk of *my* time, this all has been. I have rarely worked harder or more persistently, and yet I have hardly ever felt more fulfilled.

I do not know, even now, however, how important this writing has been for me, because I am only just beginning to distance my-self from it —— to obtain a perspective on it as others might see it. In some ways, this distantiation makes me want to make a considerable number of (minor) changes, throughout the book. But then, is that not the essence of my own personal growth and development, or that of anyone else, for that matter? The moment we look ahead, we can invariably see other ways, or better ways of doing the old things over. I should indeed be surprised, if I were to arrive at this concluding chapter, without feeling that I somehow know more about human nature, consciousness, affect, language, and so on, than I did when I first wrote those chapters.

Months ago, when I first wrote the preface (pre-face), I posed my-self this question: "Do I become more aware or understand time, primarily because I look for it, or primarily because it comes to me?" Only now, as I am nearing the close of this book, do I realize the importance of such a question. For essentially, any of the changes

I would now make in the text, are derived from my personal answer to that one question.

In one sense, it is apparent that I can never actually "see" time, any more than I can see "being," "truth," or "consciousness." They are not physical entities; they subsume no concrete attributes. But that does not mean that I cannot know and understand my reality of time, or that it is a topic unworthy of scientific or psychological address.

Regardless of the extent to which any element of the universe is visible or not, it is apparent to me that the more I actively look for them, or intellectualize about them, without intuiting that external view, the less I understand them. The more I structure or pre-conceptualize my approach, the more they disappear into the ground of life. And so, time, like any of the other insubstantial but significant components of human life, appears to me only when I cooperate with it; only when I suspend judgement, only when I forego my preconceived notions about "what is there," or in effect, only when I trust the reality of the conjunction of self and time, and of intuition and intellect. Only then does time reveal to me its supreme nature and its incredible potential.

Whenever I have felt strongly about including a specific topic, according to a pre-defined structure, time vanished before me, and I found myself addressing other topics, instead. The project then became drudgery, and I began to feel alienated from my-self and doubtful of my abilities.

But then, somewhere during the first weeks of struggle, I simply realized that I must let go of some control; that I must let time lead me on to the unknown, in cooperation with my intuitive feelings about it. And subsequently, I realized as well, that the vehicle of cooperation was right here, all along: my writing, itself. For these graphic symbols are capable of reflecting any knowledge I have acquired about time, self, and world. And by trusting my-self more, I discovered that the words revealed to me knowledge long buried by my life experience, but which I did not re-cognize until after the symbols were on the page. In effect, the writing has mediated between what I intuitively have come to know, and what I rationally have come to understand. And on another level, this means that when I am open to my-self, time is open to my use and fulfillment.

This writing has most certainly lead me on, to much that I had never anticipated —— to my own experience in time, and to those developmental notions which appear to characterize more than my own experience. Or, as Merleau-Ponty has summarized the writing process,

> ...The writer says what his language wants and passes for profound; each lack in him, once it is put into words, becomes a powerful form, and the sum of the accidents which go to make a book appears as the author's intention.[8]

I willingly admit to such accidents or discoveries, for I have been both delighted and amazed, frightened and overwhelmed by the summation of such accidents. But at the same time, I must also admit that it is the trust which I have had in my person from the outset, that lies at the base of my intention, much more than my knowledge or understanding.

This is not to suggest, however, that I have had no "will" in the creation of this book, for that is undoubtedly false. Rather, I have willed from the outset, to remain as open to the possibilities of the future-as-writing, as I could be. And I have consciously chosen to make a plea for a return to a more healthy balance of experience. That has always been my intention. For that reason, I have tried to evolve a book which is a conjunction of art and science. I am pleased with that attempt. And if I have been, in any way successful, then I can only repeat that it is because I have opened my-self to self and time, as much as they have been the objects of my active search.

This interface has raised my consciousness of my self-time-world dialectic singificantly, not only on the general level of being, becoming and being-in-the-world, but also on a more specific and urgent level: I clearly know and understand my role as both oppressor and oppressed. And I am conscious as well, that we are all on the same "ship of fools," as long as we value possessing more than sharing.

VII

It is not an easy task to raise individual or societal consciousness about the nature of oppression. It is a painful and painstaking process, because it is predicated on coming to know the self, in the first place. And that, as we have seen, is very frightening for many persons.

On one level, it is difficult to convince people in the West, especially Canadians and Americans that capitalism and democracy can be oppressive, and that they further spawn institutions which are simply oriented towards reproduction of the past, domination by the economic majority, and conformity. "We live in Anglo-French America, the lands of freedom and equality," people say. "How could we be oppressed?" And in response to such (understandable) naïveté, I would ask them these questions: "When was the last time you were disgusted by the mediocrity of commercial television, or other media? When was the last time you found yourself buying a product you didn't really need or want? When was the last time you went to a public park and had to step around broken beer bottles? When was the last time you were aware of air and noise pollution, or the scum on our lakes? When was the last time you were denied work, lodging or service, because you were the wrong age, sex, or color, or because you had a different sexual preference, or set of beliefs? When was the last time you felt put-down for being sensitive? And when was the last time you sold-out, or otherwise gave up your-self?"

Oppression is a cultural artifact, most assuredly. But it is useless to talk about eliminating oppression, and increasing possibilities for all, when we cannot first admit to consciousness that we are *all* victims and victimizers; and that if we are white, middle-class and well educated, we may be the biggest oppressors and the most oppressed, of all. For self and others are apparently still eagerly traded for money, status and power.

It is not easy to convince someone with economic security that he is an oppressor. It is not even easy to convince him that he is oppressed, as I have just said. But as long as any person unquestioningly accepts the system, he is both. As long as the *static quo* (sic) is the ideal (and of course, every oppressor is basically against change), then he is both victim and victimizer. In other words, oppression begets oppression (Who said that?). Defending the *static quo* is the epitome of self-oppression and oppression of others; so is a refusal to face the fact of death in advance of the event; so is mindless education; so is selling-out the self, and so is the rejection of affect and intuition. Or in short, oppression exists whenever we are inhibited from becoming fully human.

Time for one last story (well, almost): One day, a few months ago, in an attempt to further establish co-responsive consciousness raising in one of the development seminars which I lead, I showed the film *Future Shock*, based upon Alvin Toffler's book. Aside from being slightly dated, regarding some aspects of personal style, the film's premise remains valid and vital: We do have the power to create a human society of becoming, or some other society of ease, technocracy and oppression. It is essentially our choice.

As the film drew to a close, I did not know what to expect from these first and second-year students. But I was truly unprepared for the overwhelming response that I received from the class, which was primarily this: "I think it's a rather exaggerated statement," and "I don't think that's ever going to happen to us." Such attitudes surprised me at first, and then disturbed me, since I had anticipated that *some* of the students would find *some* threat to human becoming in the likes of pollution, bio-engineering, over-population, and so on —— all potent themes of the film.

As the discussion unfolded from this starting point of rejection, apathy and embedded consciousness, I began to see that not only did the students not see the justification for the film's urgency; they did not want to see it. They wanted to be irresponsible and egocentric; to be left to memorize facts and figures, to not think, and to continue to feel alienated.

At that point, I decided to shift the focus from the purely distanced and intellectual medium of the film, to the most basic and affective level, I could perceive possible: role playing. I began to ask questions, such as, "How would you feel about being offered the opportunity to have a brain implant that would provide you with instant pleasure, at your will?" And then, I began to get some very interesting reactions. At first, the students were embarrassed and reluctant to respond. But gradually, via the role playing process, a definite attitude or consensus developed, according to what they thought was "human," and what they thought was not. For example, "messing around with genetic composition is not ok," but "air pollution is an inevitable consequence of modern technology, and (therefore) ok."

As the seminar continued, I was eventually faced with the decision of whether or not I, as the group leader, should verbalize the nature of their categorization. I decided to wait to see if another of the group members would make the re-cognition. And shortly afterwards, following some additional discussion and dialogue, a young woman responded to another student's judgement about one of the film's themes, by saying to him, "Oh come on! That's inhuman."

A rather pregnant silence followed, as if no one knew how to follow such an apparently plausible judgement. Then, I asked for clarification from the woman, and in response, she said, "Well, you know...it's dangerous to play around with the human body too much.

It's not a thing for people to do to each other." There was a buzz of conversation then, after which I paraphrased the categorization by asking, "Do you think there are some things that technological man has given us, or may give us, that are not necessarily "human" gifts?"

Again, another buzz of conversation occurred, but this time there was an active attempt to more selectively categorize the film's events or themes, according to other parameters, as well: personal feelings, effects on the environment, possibility-probablility, what could be happening in other parts of the world, etc. The discussion went on in this manner, until it was necessary for me to end the class. I summarized the discussion by asking this question: "For the last forty minutes, have we not been trying to determine what it means to be a human being?" Another short round of discussion followed, as the class left the room. Some of them could still be heard arguing, as they walked away, down the hall.

Now, the foregoing is a fairly accurate summary or description of the events which proceeded from my conscious attempt to raise the awareness of that seminar group. In terms of group process, the events could be analyzed as follows:

(1) *Directed purpose*: To raise the group consciousness of selves and world, by showing *Future Shock*.

(2) *Reaction*: Rejection, withdrawal, apathy.

(3) *Directed role playing*: "How would you feel if...?"

(4) *Unreflective categorization*: Basis for categorization, not yet verbalized.

(5) *Realization of the issue*: "Humanness."

(6) *Paraphrase by group leader*: Reflective question.

(7) *Increased categorization*: More considered possibilities.

(8) *Summary conceptualization*: Verbalized by leader.

And to extend the process to the level of the self-time-world dialectic, and thus to the level of actual consciousness-raising, the eight steps can be further analyzed, thus:

(1) *Directed purpose*: same.

(2) *Reaction*: Refusal to reflect intuitively; much intellectualization.

(3) *Directed role playing*: Empathy with possible future-self or other, arising from contact with subjective self: INTUITIVE CONSCIOUSNESS RAISED.

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(4) *Unreflective categorization*: Insufficent distantiation of subjective self from objective self. Have not "heard" themselves yet.

(5) *Realization*: Production plus knowledge (PRAXIS) is evident. Self-world dialectic working well. INTEGRATED CONSCIOUSNESS RAISED.

(6) *Paraphrase*: Continuation of dialectic: subjective self being reflected by other; therefore objective self being reflected, as well.

(7) *Increased categorization*: RATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS RAISED.

(8) *Summary conseptualization*: Question asked; INTEGRATED CONSCIOUSNESS RAISED; a return to the interface.

It occurs to me, that while the individual process of co-responsive consciousness raising, obviously varies according to the individual dynamics of the issues and group, this example amply illuminates the necessary interaction between self and world, and between rational and intuitive consciousness. It also demonstrates the necessity for untilizing role playing and other similar techniques, as part of the co-responsive education, in order to ensure that the dialectical awareness begins, at all. For it is quite apparent to me, that in most cases where learners are turned-off by the system, and are emotionally withdrawn and rejecting, it is because they are not in-touch with their intuitive knowledge, or very much with their subjective selves. And unfortunately, the same may be said about the educator, in all too many cases, as well.

VIII

Just yesterday, a friend and I were riding on a city bus. We were talking about the "people-watching" that so characterizes this, or any other event, where individuals are confronted with "other" in an anonymous and intensive manner. Needless to say, some of the people around us overheard our conversation. I noticed one woman, across from me, who was paying special attention. So, as I finished talking with my friend, I smiled at her, waved, and said, "Hello." And before I knew it, half-a-dozen people around me and my friend were laughing and chatting about "people-watching," too.

I thought to my-self, then, "Wow! We're all just waiting for someone to reach out to us; to share a little time and space with us, to make an uncomfortable moment a bit more fulfilling. We don't really want to be alienated, and lonely, nor do we really dislike sponteneity and joy. We're just afraid of being rejected; afraid of being vulnerable; afraid of making that first, little gesture towards cooperation and caring."

But I realized as well, that such fears are lessening, as we learn to be more co-responsive with each other; as we learn that taking emotional risks and jumping into the future, is not only surprisingly easy, once we try it, but more, it is incredibly fulfilling.

Once we recognize that consciousness raising is a co-responsive activity in which humans actively engage, in order to change their world, we shall see that we are no more like passive objects of a specified universe, than time is, itself. Once we learn to trust that special conjunction of affect and reason, we shall be surprised how much self-trust we each have. And then, taking risks will be as easy as shaking hands, giving hugs and creating dialogue.

We do have the power, the reason and the sensitivity, to effect this major psychological revolution. The world is primed for it. We have the economic prowess, the scientific knowledge, the manpower and the desire. All we need now, is a little step into the future —— to that realization that *we* create the world; that *we* have the power to do good or ill, and that *we* must specify the kind of world we want, for all. We cannot go back to what once was, anymore than we can resist the incredible and inevitable hand of change, or the irresistible human urge towards creation and fulfillment.

As economic conditions become harsher; as more work-time is required, in order to ensure survival, we must consciously resist our desires for things to return to earlier times. We must consciously remind our-selves of our need to re-create our memories, and of our penchant for romanticizing the past.

And above all, we must clearly understand that what we really seek by returning to the past, is not "better ways of doing things." It is, rather, our youth that we seek in this return —— our vital and "carefree" days of dreams and imagination. In short, we seek immortality. But if immortality is a possibility, it lies in the other direction —— in the direction of the future: towards imagination, creativity and unity. For the future is indeed where we all shall have to live, for the rest of our lives.

We are a civilized species, and we must begin to realize that this implies more responsibility and care, than simply resisting the urge to tear each other apart. It means that we are literally responsible for the creation of a co-responsive society, wherein the opportunities for becoming are not opposed by the past, and where self-fulfilling time is not a luxury, available only to those who can afford to buy it.

History has guided the way, but the future will give us the solutions: The 1920's were a time of escape, repression and choice. The 1930's were a time of depression, strength and choice; the 40's of anxiety, victory and choice, and the 50's of paranoia, regression and choice. The 1960's were a time of activism, concern and choice. And the 1970's have been a time of disillusionment, reflection and choice.

The 1980's must be a time of praxis. We have no other choice.

NOTES

Chapter Eight:

1. Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, New York: Seabury Press, 1968, p. 57.

2. It appears to me that this conjunction between Marxism and phenomenology has become titled as a "new school," known as Critical Theory, which seeks a praxis that is evolved from a fully realized, co-responsive consciousness.

3. Willis W. Harman, "The Future of the Existential Humanistic Perspective in Education," in Thomas C. Greening (Ed.), *Existential Humanistic Psychology*, Belmont, California: Brooks/Cole, 1971, p. 109.

4. Virginia Burden, *The Process of Intuition*, New York: Greenwich Book Publishers, 1957, p. 14.

5. Jerome Bruner, "The Act of Discovery," *On Knowing: Essays for the Left Hand*, New York: Atheneum, 1973, p. 83.

6. Max Wertheimer, *Productive Thinking* (enlarged edition, edited by Michael Wertheimer), New York: Harper and Brothers, 1959, pp. 13-78.

7. Harman, *op. cit.*, p. 118.

8. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Themes from the Lectures*, Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1970, p. 15.

POSTLUDE

From Time to Time
Poems by Steven S. Scofield*

TIME
July, 1970

Oh time! What is it
with your bastardly scheme,
that makes an hour of love
a minute, and a minute of separation
FOREVER?
Why is it that the
touch of love hardly reaches,
yet the look of goodbye
pulls at my guts
FOR ETERNITY?
What ungodly plot is this
to remove the memories...to heal all...?
Always the good ones, too!
Time...
YOU FUCKER!

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WAITING

June, 1976

Waiting is the whore of time:

The mistress of life, stopped in its paces;

Balancing worlds, seemingly faceless.

Forward looking but naught else...

Anticipating and waiting...

Waiting...

Waiting...

IF I COULD...

June, 1976

If I could see through the prism of time,

I'd block out the bright hues for you.

I'd set them aside and choreograph

the reds and the greens and the blues.

I'd line them all up, like jewels on a shelf,

and make them dance lovingly for you.

Or if I could lock away time, in itself,

I would choose perfection for you.

I'd bring back the warmth

of gold autumn days, and sleepy Sunday noons.

I'd randomly choose any moment of love...

Love which we've shared many days.

Then I would quietly take up the box,

and happily put time away.

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